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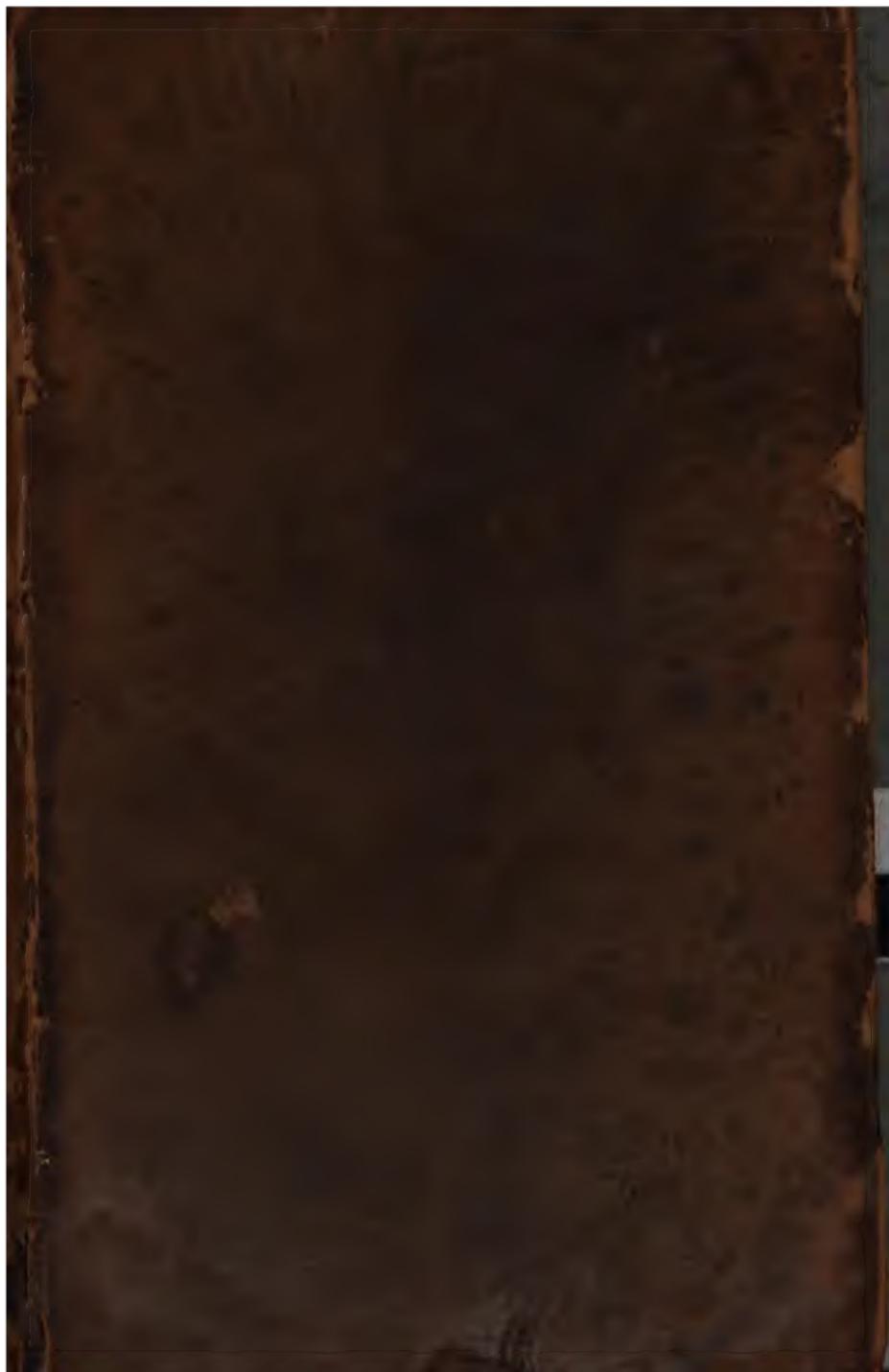
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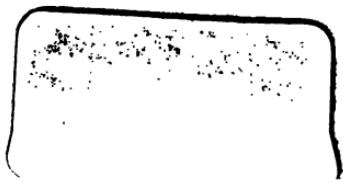
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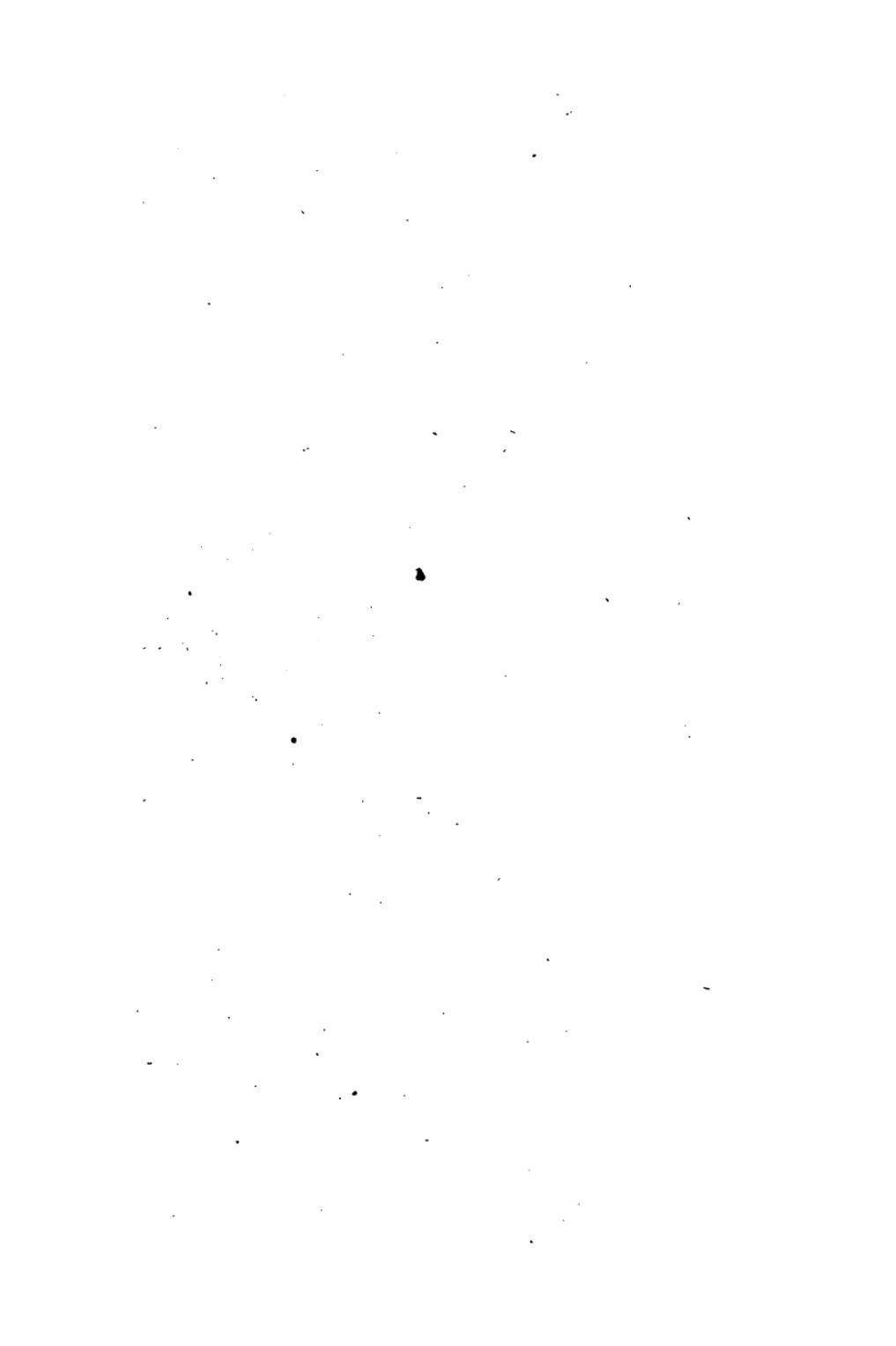




1

2





T H E  
I L I A D  
O F  
H O M E R.

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TRANSLATED BY MR. POPE.

VOL. III.

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*Men' movent cimex Pantilius? Aut cricetus  
Vellicat absentem Demetrius? Aut quod ineptus  
Fannius Hermogenis laedat conviva Tigelli?  
Plotius, & Varius, Mecenas, Virgiliusque,  
Valgus, & probet hæc Octavius optimus!* Hor.

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The SEVENTH EDITION.

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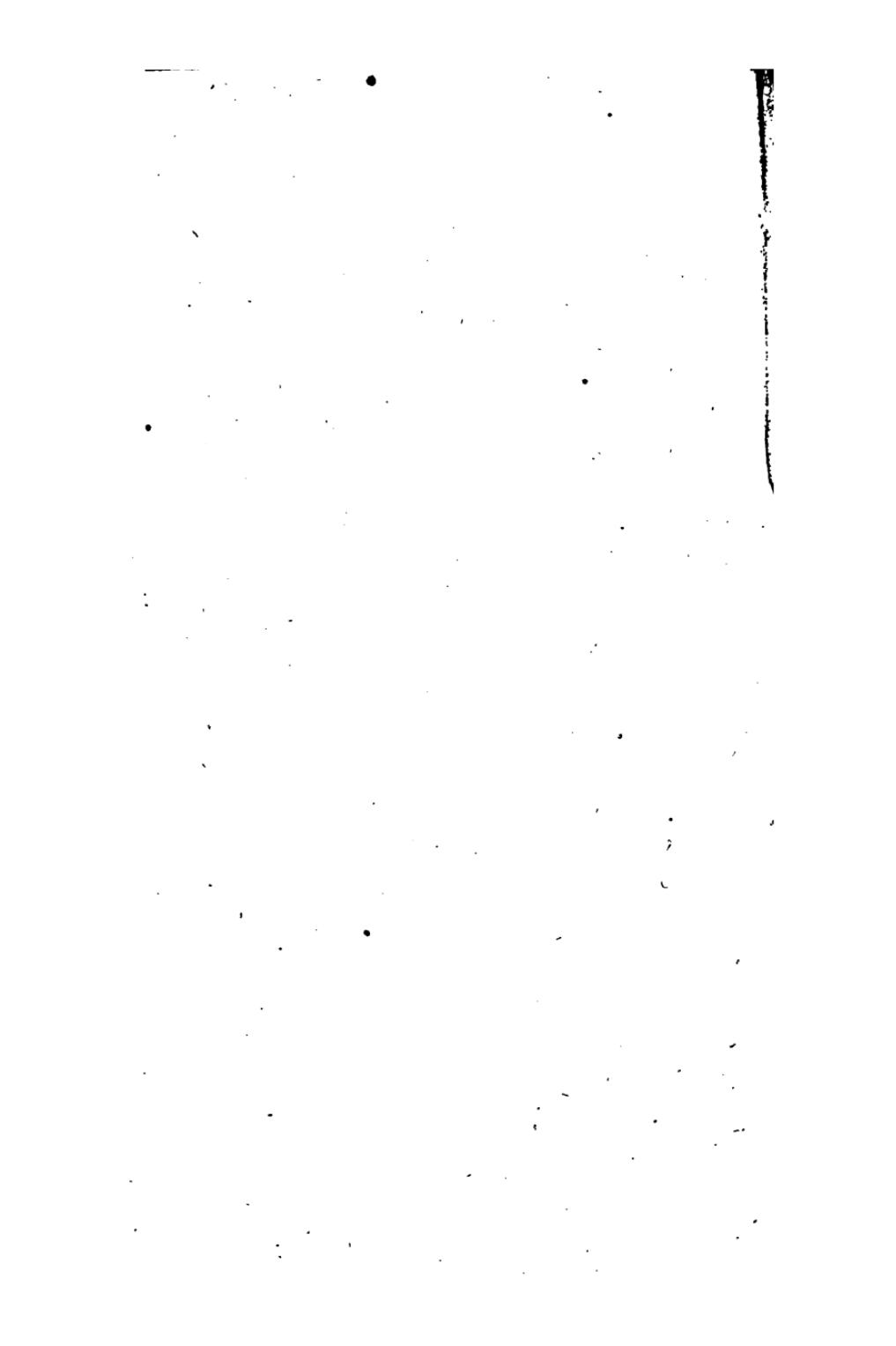
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M. DCC. XC1.

293. g. 56.



T H E

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T H I R T E E N T H B O O K

O F T H E

I L I A D.

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A 2

## The A R G U M E N T.

The fourth battle continued, in which *Neptune* assists the Greeks: The acts of *Idomeneus*.

**N**EPTUNE, concerned for the loss of the Grecians, upon seeing the fortification forced by Hector (who had entered the gate near the station of the Ajaxes) assumes the shape of Calchas, and inspires those heroes to oppose him: Then in the form of one of the generals, encourages the other Greeks who had retired to their vessels. The Ajaxes form their troops into a close phalanx, and put a stop to Hector and the Trojans. Several deeds of valour are performed; Meriones, lifting his spear in the encounter, repairs to seek another at the tent of Idomeneus: This occasion is a conversation between these two warriors, who return together to the battle. Idomeneus signalizes his courage above the rest; he kills Othryoneus, Aius, and Alcathorus: Deiphobus and Æneas march against him, and at length Idomeneus retires. Menelaus wounds Helenus and kill's Pilander. The Trojans are repulsed in the left wing. Hector still keeps his ground against the Ajaxes, till being galled by the Locrian slingers and archers, Polydamas advises to call a council of war: Hector approves his advice, but goes first to rally the Trojans; upbraids Paris, rejoins Polydamas, meets Ajax again, and renewes the attack.

The eighth and twenty-first day still continu'd. The scene is between the Grecian wall and the sea-shore.

THE

---

---

T H E  
THIRTEENTH BOOK  
OF THE  
I L I A D.

WHEN now the Thund'rer on the sea-beat coast  
Had fix'd great *Hector* and his conqu'ring host ;  
He left them to the-fates, in bloody fray  
To toil and struggle thro' the well-fought day.  
Then turn'd to *Thracia* from the field of fight 5  
Those eyes that shed insufferable light,  
To where the *Myrians* prove their martial force,  
And hardy *Thracians* tame the savage horse ;  
And where the far-fam'd *Hippemolyian* strays,  
Renown'd for justice, and for length of days. 10

V. 5. *Then turn'd to Thracia from the field of fight.*] One might fancy at the first reading of this passage, that Homer here turned aside from the main view of his poem, in a vain ostentation of learning, to amuse himself with a foreign and unnecessary description of the manners and customs of these nations. But we shall find, upon better consideration, that Jupiter's turning aside his eyes was necessary to the conduct of the work, as it gives opportunity to *Neptune* to assist the *Greeks*, and thereby causes all the adventures of this book. Madam *Dacier* is too refined on this occasion ; when she would have it, that Jupiter's *covering his eyes* signifies his abandoning the *Trojans* ; in the same manner as the scripture represents the Almighty *turning his face* from those whom he deserts. But at this rate Jupiter, turning his eyes from the battle, must desert both the *Trojans* and the *Greeks* ; and it is evident from the context, that Jupiter intended nothing less than to let the *Trojans* suffer.

V. 9. *And where the far-fam'd Hippemolyian strays.*] There is much dispute among the Critics, which are the proper

Thrice happy race ! that, innocent of blood,  
 From milk, innoxious, seek their simple food :  
*Jove* sees delighted ; and avoids the scene  
 Of guilty *Troy*, of arms, and dying men :  
 No aid, he deems, to either host is giv'n,      15  
 While his high law suspends the pow'rs of heaven.

Meantime the \* Monarch of the wat'ry main  
 Observ'd the Thund'r'er, nor observ'd in vain.  
 In *Samothracia*, on a mountain's brow,  
 Whose waving woods o'erhung the deeps below,    20  
 He sat ; and round him cast his azure eyes,  
 Where *Ida*'s misty tops confus'dly rise ;  
 Below, fair *Ilion*'s glitt'ring spires were seen ;  
 The crowded ships, and sable seas between.  
 There, from the crystal chambers of the main      25  
 Emerg'd, he fate ; and mourn'd his *Argives* slain.  
 At *Jove* incens'd, with grief and fury stung,  
 Prone down the rocky steep he rush'd along ;

\* *Neptune.*      Fierce

names, and which the epithets, in these verses ? Some making ἀγανή the epithet to ἵπποις, others ἵπποις the epithet to ἀγανή, and ἀβλοί, which by the common interpreters is thought only an epithet, is by *Strabo* and *Ammianus Marcellinus* made the proper name of a people. In this diversity of opinions, I have chosen that which I thought would make the best figure in poetry. It is a beautiful and moral imagination, to suppose that the long life of the *Hippemolgiæ* was an effect of their simple diet, and a reward of their justice : And that the Supreme Being, displeased at the continued scenes of human violence and dissention, as it were recreated his eyes in contemplating the simplicity of these people.

It is observable that the same custom of living on milk is preserved to this day by the *Tartars*, who inhabit the same country.

V. 27. *At Jove incens'd, with grief and fury stung,*  
*Prone down the rocky steep he rush'd—*]

Mons. *de la Motte* has played the Critick upon this passage a little unadvisedly. “ *Neptune*, says he, is impatient to assist

“ the

Fierce as he past, the lofty mountains nod,  
The forests shake ! earth trembled as he trod, 30 }  
And felt the footsteps of th' immortal God.

A 4

From

" the Greeks. Homer tells us that this God goes first to seek " his chariot in a certain place ; next he arrives at another " place nearer the camp ; there he takes off his horses, and " then he locks them fast, to secure them at his return. The " detail of so many particularities no way suits the majesty of " a God, or the impatience in which he is described." Another French writer makes answer, that however impatient Neptune is represented to be, none of the Gods ever go to the war without their arms ; and the arms, chariot and horses of Neptune were at *Ægea*. He makes but four steps to get thither ; so that what *M. de la Motte* calls being slow, is swiftness itself. The God puts on his arms, mounts his chariot, and departs ; nothing is more rapid than his course ; he flies over the water. The verses of Homer in that place run swifter than the God himself. It is sufficient to have ears, to perceive the rapidity of Neptune's chariot in the very sound of those three lines, each of which is entirely compos'd of dactyles, excepting that one spondee which must terminate the verse.

Βῆ δ' ἵλας ἐπὶ κύματ, ἀταλλα δὲ κύτε' ὑπ' αὐτῷ,  
Γιθεούν δὲ θάλασσα διέσαλο, τοι δὲ ἐπέτοιο  
Ψίμφα μέλλ, οὐδὲ ὑπέρερθ διαίνειο χαλκεος ἔξων.

V. 29.—*The lofty mountains nod,  
The forests shake ! earth trembled as he trod,  
And felt the footsteps of th' immortal God.]*

*Longinus* confesses himself wonderfully struck with the sublimity of this passage. That Critic, after having blam'd the defects with which Homer draws the manners of his Gods, adds, that he has much better succeeded in describing their figure and persons. He owns that he often paints a God such as he is, in all his majesty and grandeur, and without any mixture of mean and terrestrial images ; of which he produces this passage as a remarkable instance, and one that had challenged the admiration of all antiquity.

The book of *Psalms* affords us a description of the like sublime manner of imagery, which is parallel to this. *O God, when thou wentest forth before thy people, when thou didst march through the wilderness, the earth shook, the heavens dropped at the presence of God, even Sinai itself was moved at the presence of God, the God of Israel.* Ps. 68.

From realm to realm three ample strides he took,  
And, at the fourth, the distant *Egæ* shook.

Far in the bay his shining palace stands,  
Eternal frame ! not rais'd by mortal hands : 35  
This having reach'd, his bras'd-hoof'd steeds he reins,  
Fleet as the winds, and deck'd with golden manes.  
Resfulgent arms his mighty limbs infold,  
Immortal arms, of adamant and gold.  
He mounts the car, the golden scourge applies, 40  
He sits superior, and the chariot flies :

His

V. 32. —*Three ample strides he took.*] This is a very grand imagination, and equals, if not transcends, what he has feign'd before of the passage of this God. We are told that in four steps he reach'd *Egæ*, which (supposing it meant of the town of that name in *Eubæa*, which lay the highest to *Tb:ace*) is hardly less than a degree at each step. One may, from a view of the map, imagine him striding from promontory to promontory, his first step on mount *Aibos*, his second on *Pallene*, his third upon *Pelæs*, and his fourth in *Eubæa*. *Dacier* is not to be forgiven for omitting this miraculous circumstance, which so perfectly agrees with the marvellous air of the whole passage, and without which the sublime image of *Homer* is not compleat.

V. 33. —*The distant Egæ shook.*] There were three places of this name which were sacred to *Neptune*; an island in the *Egæan* sea, mentioned by *Nicost:atus*, a town in *Pelep:nesus*, and another in *Eubæa*. *Homer* is supposed in this passage to speak of the last; but the question is put, why *Neptune*, who stood upon a hill in *Samo:brace*, instead of going on the left to *Trey*, turns to the right, and takes a way contrary to that which leads to the army? This difficulty is ingeniously solved by the old *Scholiast*; who says that *Jupiter* being now on mount *Ida*, with his eyes turned towards *Tb:ace*, *Neptune* could not take the direct way from *Samo:brace* to *Trey* without being discovered by him; and therefore fetches this compass to conceal himself. *Eustathius* is contented to say, that the Poet made *Neptune* go far about, for the opportunity of those fine descriptions of the palace, the chariot, and the passage of this God.

His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep ;  
 Th' enormous monsters, rolling o'er the deep,  
 Gambol around him on the watry way ;  
 And heavy whales in awkward measures play : 45  
 The sea subsiding spreads a level plain,  
 Exults, and owns the monarch of the main ;  
 The parting waves before his coursers fly ;  
 The wond'ring waters leave his axle dry.

Deep in the liquid regions lies a cave, 50 }  
 Between where *Tenedos* the surges lave,  
 And rocky *Imbrus* breaks the rolling wave : }  
 There the great ruler of the azure round  
 Stop'd his swift chariot, and his steeds unbound,  
 Fed with ambrosial herbage from his hand, 55  
 And link'd their fetlocks with a golden band,  
 Infrangible, immortal : There they stay.  
 The father of the floods pursues his way ;  
 Where, like a tempest dark'ning heav'n around,  
 Or fiery deluge that devours the ground, 60  
 Th' impatient *Trojans*, in a gloomy throng,  
 Embattel'd roll'd, as *Hector* rush'd along,  
 To the loud tumult and the barb'rous cry,  
 The heav'n's re-echo, and the shores reply ;  
 They vow destruction to the *Grecian* name, 65  
 And, in their hopes, the fleets already flame.

A 5

But

V. 43. Th' enormous monsters rolling o'er the deep.] This description of Neptune rises upon us ; his passage by water is yet more pompous than that by land. The God driving thro' the seas, the whales acknowledging him, and the waves rejoicing and making way for their monarch, are full of that *marvellous* so natural to the imagination of our Author. And I cannot but think the verses of *Virgil* in the fifth *Aeneid* are short of his original :

*Carucole per summa levis volat aquora curru :*  
*Subsidunt undæ, tumidunque sub axe tonanti*  
*Sternunt aquæ aquis : fugiunt vasto æthere nimbi.*  
*Tum variæ conitum facies, immania æte, &c.*

[fancy]

But *Neptune*, rising from the seas profound,  
 The God whose earthquakes rock the solid ground,  
 Now wears a mortal form ; like *Calchas* seen,  
 Such his loud voice, and such his manly mein ;      70  
 His shouts incessant ev'ry *Greek* inspire,  
 But most th' *Ajaces*, adding fire to fire.

'Tis yours, O warriors, all our hopes to raise ;  
 Oh recollect your ancient worth and praise !  
 'Tis yours to save us, if you cease to fear ;      75  
 Flight, more than shameful, is destructive here.  
 On other works tho' *Troy* with fury fall,  
 And pour her armies o'er our batter'd wall ;  
 There, *Greece* has strength : but this, this part o'er-  
 thrown,  
 Her strength were vain ; I dread for you alone.      80  
 Here *Hector* rages like the force of fire,  
 Vaunts of his Gods, and calls high *Jove* his fire.  
 If yet some heav'nly pow'r your breast excite,  
 Breathe in your hearts, and string your arms to fight,  
*Greece*.

I fancy *Scaliger* him'self was sensible of this, by his passing in silence a passage which lay so obvious to comparison.

V. 79. —*This part o'er thrown,*

*Her strength were vain : I dread for you alone.]* What address, and, at the same time, what strength is there in these words ? *Neptune* tells the two *Ajaces*, that he is only afraid for their post, and that the *Greeks* will perish by that gate, since it is *Hector* who assaults it : at every other quarter, the *Trojans* will be repulsed. It may therefore be properly said, that the *Ajaces* only are vanquished, and that their defeat draws destruction upon all the *Greeks*. I don't think that any thing better could be invented to animate courageous men, and make them attempt even impossibilities. *Dacier*.

V. 83. *If yet some heav'nly pow'r, &c.]* Here *Neptune*, considering how the *Greeks* were discouraged by the knowledge that *Jupiter* assisted *Hector*, insinuates, that notwithstanding *Hector*'s confidence in that assistance, yet the power of some other God might countervail it on their part ; wherein he alludes

*Greece yet may live, her threat'ned fleet maintain,* 85  
*And *Hector's* force, and *Jove's* own aid, be vain.*

Then with his sceptre that the deep controls,  
 He touch'd the chiefs, and steel'd their manly souls :  
 Strength, not their own, the touch divine imparts;  
 Prompts their light limbs, and swells their daring hearts.  
 Then, as a falcon from the rocky height, 91  
 Her quarry seen, impetuous at the sight,  
 Forth-springing instant, darts herself from high,  
 Shoots on the wing, and skims along the sky :  
 Such, and so swift, the Pow'r of Ocean flew ; 95  
 The wide horizon shut him from their view.

Th' inspiring God, *Oileus'* active son  
 Perceiv'd the first, and thus to *Telamon*.

Some God, my friend, some God in human form  
 Fav'ring descends, and wills to stand the storm : 100  
 Not *Calchas* this, the venerable seer,  
 Short as he turn'd, I saw the Pow'r appear :

I mark'd

Iudes to his own aiding them, and seems not to doubt his ability in contesting the point with *Jove* himself. 'Tis with the same confidence he afterwards speaks to *Ulys*, of himself and his power, when he refuses to submit to the order of *Jupiter* in the fifteenth book. *Eustathius* remarks, what an incentive it must be to the *Ajaces*, to hear those who could stand against *Hector* equalled, in this oblique manner, to the Gods themselves.

V. 97. *Th' inspiring God, Oileus' active son — Perceiv'd the first.*] The reason has been asked, why the lesser *Ajax* is the first to perceive the assistance of the God? And the ancient solution of this question was very ingenious: They said that the greater *Ajax*, being slow of apprehension, and naturally valiant, could not be sensible so soon of this accession of strength as the other, who immediately perceived it, as not owing so much to his natural courage.

V. 102. *Short as he turn'd, I saw the pow'r.*] This opinion, that the majesty of the Gods was such that they could not be seen face to face by men, seems to have been generally received

I mark'd his parting, and the steps he trod ;  
 His own bright evidence reveals a God.  
 Ev'n now some energy divine I share, 105  
 And seem to walk on wings, and tread in air !

With equal ardour, (*Telamon* returns)  
 My soul is kindled, and my bosom burns ;  
 New rising spirits all my force alarm,  
 Lift each impatient limb, and brace my arm. 110  
 This ready arm, unthinking, shakes the dart ;  
 The blood pours back, and fortifies my heart ;  
 Singly, methinks, yon' tow'ring chief I meet,  
 And stretch the dreadful *Hector* at my feet.

Full of the God that urg'd their burning breast, 115  
 The heroes thus their mutual warmth express'd.  
*Neptune* meanwhile the routed *Greeks* inspir'd ;  
 Who breathless, pale, with length of labours tir'd,  
 Pant in the ships ; while *Troy* to conquest calls,  
 And swarms victorious o'er their yielding walls : 120  
 Trembling before th' impending storm they lie,  
 While tears of rage stand burning in their eye.  
*Greece* sunk they thought, and this their fatal hour ;  
 But breathe new courage as they feel the Pow'r.

*Teucer* and *Leitus* first his words excite ; 125  
 Then stern *Pene'eus* rises to the fight ;  
*Tboas*, *Deipyrus*, in arms renown'd,  
 And *Merion* next, th' impulsive fury found ;  
 Last *Nestor*'s son the same bold ardour takes,  
 While thus the God the martial fire awakes. 130  
 Oh

ed in most nations. *Spondanus* observes, that it might be derived from sacred truth, and founded upon what God says to *Moses* in *Exodus*, ch. 33. v. 20, 23. *Ma* ; *shall not see me and die* : *Thou shalt see my back parts, but my face thou shalt not behold*. For the farther particulars of this notion among the Heathens, see the notes on *lib. 1.* v. 268, and on the 5th, v. 971.

Oh lasting infamy, oh dire disgrace—  
 To chiefs of vig'rous youth, and manly race !  
 I trusted in the Gods, and you, to see  
 Brave *Greece* victorious, and her navy free :  
 Ah no—the glorious combat you disclaim, 135  
 And one black day clouds all her former fame.  
 Heav'n's ! what a prodigy these eyes survey,  
 Unseen, unthought, till this amazing day !  
 Fly we at length from *Troy*'s oft-conquer'd bands ♫  
 And falls our fleet by such inglorious hands ? 140  
 A rout undisciplin'd, a straggling train,  
 Not born to glories on the dusty plain ;

Like

V. 131. *The speech of Neptune to the Greeks.*] After Neptune in his former discourse to the *Ajaces*, who yet maintained a retreating fight, had enco raged them to withstand the attack of the *Trojans*; he now addresses himself to those, who having fled out of the battle, and retired to the ships, had given up all for lost. These he endeavours to bring again to the engagement, by one of the most noble and spirited speeches in the whole *Iliad*. He represents that their present miserable condition, was not to be imputed to their want of power, but to their want of resolution to withstand the enemy, whom by experience they had often found unable to resist them. But what is particularly artful, while he is endeavouring to prevail upon them, is, that he does not attribute their present dejection of mind to a cowardly spirit, but to a resentment and indignation of their General's usage of their favourite hero *Achilles*. With the same softening art, he scorns to speak thus to cowards, but is only concerned for their misbehaviour as they are the bravest of the army. He then exhorts them for their own sake to avoid destruction, which would certainly be inevitable, if for a moment longer they delayed to oppose so imminent a danger.

V. 141. *A rout undisciplin'd, &c.*] I translate this line,

Ἄνδας ἀλάσκυσας, ἀνάλκιδες, οὐδὲ ιπποὶ χέρμην,

with allusion to the want of military discipline among the *Barbarians*, so often hinted at in *Homer*. He is always opposing

fig

Like frightened fawns from hill to hill purſu'd,  
 A prey to ev'ry Savage of the wood ;  
 Shall these, so late who trembled at your name, 145  
 Invade your camps, involve your ships in flame ?  
 A change so shameful, say what cause has wrought ?  
 The soldiers baseness, or the general's fault ?  
 Fools ! will ye perish for your leader's vice ?  
 The purchase infamy, and life the price ! 150  
 'Tis not your cause, *Achilles'* injur'd fame :  
 Another's is the crime, but your's the shame.  
 Grant that our chief offend thro' rage or lust,  
 Muſt you be cowards, if your King's unjust ?  
 Prevent this evil and your country save : 155  
 Small thought retrieves the spirits of the brave.  
 Think, and subdue ! on dastards dead to fame  
 I waste no anger, for they feel no shame :  
 But you, the pride, the flow'r of all our host,  
 My heart weeps blood to see your glory lost ! 160  
 Nor deem this day, this battle, all you lose ;  
 A day more black, a fate more vile, ensues.  
 Let each reflect, who prizes fame or breath,  
 On endlesſ infamy, on instant death.

For,

sing to this, the exact and regular disposition of his *Greeks*,  
 and accordingly a few lines after, we are told that the *Grecian*  
 phalanxes were such, that *Mars* or *Minerva* could not have  
 found a defect in them.

V. 155. *Prevent this evil*, &c.] The verse in the original,  
 "Ἄλλ' ἀκείμεθα θάττον ἀκεῖται τοι φέας; ἐσθλῶν,  
 may be capable of receiving another sense to this effect. " If  
 " it be your resentment of *Agamemnon*'s usage of *Achilles*, that  
 " withdraws you from the battle, that evil, (i.e. the dissention  
 " of those two chiefs) may soon be remedied, for the minds of  
 " good men are easily calmed and composed. I had once trans-  
 " lated it,

Their

For lo ! the fated time, th' appointed shore ; 165  
 Hark ! the gates burst, the brazen barriers roar !  
 Impetuous *Heitor* thunders at the wall ;  
 The hour, the spot, to conquer or to fall.

These words the Grecians fainting hearts inspire,  
 And list'ning armies catch the godlike fire. 170  
 Fix'd at his post was each bold *Ajax* found,  
 With well-rang'd squadrons strongly circled round :

So

*Their future strife with speed we shall r. dress,  
 For noble minds are soon comp'z'd to peace.*

But upon considering the whole context more attentively, the other explanation (which is that of *Dydimus*) appeared to me the more natural and unforced, and I have accordingly followed it.

V. 171, *Fix'd at his post was each bold Ajax found, &c.*] We must here take notice of an old story, which, however groundless and idle it seems, is related by *Plutarch*, *Philestratus* and others. “ *Ganier* the son of *Anfibidanus* king of *Eubaea*, “ celebrating with all solemnity the funeral of his father, pro-“ claimed according to custom several publick games, a song “ which was the prize for poetry. *Homer* and *Hesiod* came to “ dispute for it. After they had produced several pieces on “ either side, in all which the audience declared for *Homer*, “ *Panides*, the brother of the deceased, who sat as one of the “ judges, ordered each of the contending Poets to recite that “ part of his works which he esteemed the best. *Hesiod* re-“ peated those lines which make the beginning of his second “ book

Πλιάδων ἀτλαγεύειν ἐπίελλομενάν

“ Ἀρχεσθ' ἄμεττα ἀρότοι τὲ δυσσομέναν, &c.

“ *Homer* answered with the verses which follow here : But “ the Prince preferring the peaceful subject of *Hesiod* to the “ martial one of *Homer*, contrary to the expectation of “ all, adjudged the prize to *Hesiod*.” The Commentators upon this occasion are very rhetorical, and universally exclaim against so crying a piece of injustice : All the hardest names which learning can furnish, are very liberally bestowed upon poor *Panides*. *Spondanus* is mighty smart, calls him *Midas*, takes him by the ear, and asks the dead Prince as many insulting questions as any of his Author's own Heroes could have done. *Dacier* with all gravity tells us, that posterity proved a  
 more

So close their order, so dispos'd their fight,  
*As Pallas' self* might view with fixt delight ;  
 Or had the God of war inclin'd his eyes, 175  
 The God of war had own'd a just surprize.  
 A chosen Phalanx, firm, resolv'd as Fate,  
 Descending *Hector* and his battle wait.  
 An iron scene gleams dreadful o'er the fields,  
 Armour in armour lock'd, and shields in shields, 180  
 Spears lean on spears, on targets targets throng,  
 Helms stuck to helms, and man drove man along.  
 The floating plumes unnumber'd wave above,  
 As when an earthquake stirs the nodding grove ;  
 And levell'd at the skies with pointing rays, 185  
 Their brandish'd lances at each motion blaze.  
 Thus breathing death, in terrible array,  
 The close-compacted legions urg'd their way :  
 Fierce they drove on, impatient to destroy ;  
*Troy* charg'd the first, and *Hector* first of *Troy*. 190  
 As

more equitable judge than *Pandæs*. And if I had not told this tale in my turn, I must have incurred the censure of all the Schoolmasters in the nation.

V. 173. *So close their order, &c*] When Homer retouches the same subject, he has always the art to rise in his ideas above what he said before. We shall find an instance of it in this place ; if we compare this manner of commanding the exact discipline of an army, with what he had made use of on the same occasion at the end of the fourth Iliad. There it is said, that the most experienced warrior could not have reprehended any thing, had he been led by *Pallas* through the battle ; but here he carries it farther, in affirming that *Pallas* and the God of War themselves must have admired this disposition of the Grecian forces. *Eustathius*.

V. 177. *A chosen Phalanx, firm, &c*] Homer in these lines has given us a description of the ancient *Phalanx*, which consisted of several ranks of men cloicly ranged in this order. The first line stood with their spears levell'd directly forward ; the second rank being armed with spears two cubits longer, levell'd

As from some mountain's craggy forehead torn,  
 A rock's round fragment flies with fury borne,  
 (Which from the stubborn stone a torrent rends):  
 Precipitate the pond'rous mass descends:

From

led them likewise forward through the interstices of the first; and the third in the same manner held forth their spears yet longer, through the two former ranks; so that the points of the spears of three ranks terminated in one line. All the other ranks stood with their spears erected, in a readiness to advance, and fill the vacant places of such as fell. This is the account *Enstbius* gives of the Phalanx, which he observes was only fit for a body of men acting on the defensive, but improper for the attack: And accordingly Homer here only describes the Greeks ordering their battle in this manner, when they had no other view but to stand their ground against the furious assault of the Trojans. The same Commentator observes from *Hermolytus*, an ancient writer of *Tactics*, that this manner of ordering the Phalanx was afterwards introduced among the Spartans by *Lycurgus*, among the *Ajages* by *Lysander*, among the Thebans by *Epaminondas*, and among the Macedonians by *Charidemus*.

V. 191. *As from some mountain's craggy forehead torn, &c.*] This is one of the noblest similes in all Homer, and the most justly corresponding in its circumstances to the thing described. The furious descent of *Hector* from the wall represented by a stone that flies from the top of a rock, the hero pushed on by the superior force of *Jupiter*, as the stone driven by a torrent; the ruins of the wall falling after him, all things yielding before him, the clamour and tumult around him, all imaged in the violent bounding and leaping of the stone, the crackling of the woods, the shock, the noise, the rapidity, the irresistibility, and the augmentation of force in its progress: All these points of likeness make but the first part of this admirable simile. Then the sudden stop of the stone when it comes to the plain, as if *Hector* at the phalanx of the *Ajages* (alluding also to the natural situation of the ground, *Hector* rushing down the declivity of the shore, and being stopped on the level of the sea:) And lastly, the immobility of both when so stopped, the enemy being as unable to move him back, as he to get forward: This last branch of the comparison is the happiest in the world, and though not hitherto observed, is what methinks makes the principal beauty and force of it. The simile is copied by *Virgil*, *Aeneid* 12.

From steep to steep the rolling ruin bounds ; 195  
 At ev'ry shock the crackling wood resounds ;  
 Still gath'ring force, it smoaks ; and urg'd amain,  
 Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to the  
 plain.

There stops—So *Hector*. Their whole force he prov'd ;  
 Resistless when he rag'd, and when he stopp'd, uninov'd.

On him the war is bent, the darts are shed, 201  
 And all their faulchions wave around his head :  
 Repuls'd he stands, nor from his stand retires ;  
 But with repeated shouts his army fires.

*Trojans !* be firm ; this arm shall make your way 205  
 Thro' yon' square body, and that black array :  
 Stand, and my spear shall rout their scattering pow'r,  
 Strong as they seem, embattl'd like a tow'r.  
 For he that *Juno's* heav'n'ly bosom warms,  
 The first of Gods, this day inspires our arms. 210

He said, and rous'd the soul in ev'ry breast ;  
 Urg'd with desire of fame, beyond the rest,

Forth

*Ac veluti montis saxum de vertice præcepit,  
 Cum ruit aulsum vento, seu turbidus imber  
 Proluit, aut amnis solvit sublapsa vultus.  
 Fertur in abruptum magne mons in probus adiu,  
 Exultatque iols ; sylvas, armenta, virisque  
 Involutus secum. Disjecta per agmina Turnus  
 Sic urbis ruit ad murs—*

And *Tasso* has again copied it from *Virgil* in his 18th book.

*Qual garn saffo tal hero, che o la vecchiezza  
 S'olve da un monte, o s'uelle ira de venti  
 Rutuosa dirupa, e portia, e sperza  
 Le selve, e con le case anco gli armen'i  
 Tal giu trabea de la sublime altezza  
 L'horribil trave e merli, e armi, e gente,  
 Die la torre a quel motu une, o due crolli ;  
 Tremar le mura, e rimbombaro i celli.*

33

Forth march'd *Deiphobus*; but marching held,  
Before his wary steps, his ample shield.  
Bold *Merion* aim'd a stroke (nor aim'd it wide) 215  
The glitt'ring jav'lin pierc'd the tough bull-hide;  
But pierc'd not thro': Unfaithful to his hand,  
The point broke short, and sparkled in the sand.  
The *Trojan* warrior, touch'd with timely fear,  
On the rais'd orb to distance bore the spear: 220  
The *Greek* retreating mourn'd his frustrate blow,  
And curs'd the treach'rous lance that spar'd a foe;  
Then to the ships with surly speed he went,  
To seek a surer jav'lin in his tent.

Meanwhile with rising rage the battle glows, 225  
The tumult thickens, and the clamour grows,  
By *Tesucer*'s arm the warlike *Imbrius* bleeds,  
The son of *Mentor*, rich in gen'rous steeds.  
Ere yet to *Troy* the sons of *Greece* were led,  
In fair *Pedæus*' verdant pastures bred, 230  
The youth had dwelt; remote from war's alarms,  
And bles'd in bright *Medesicaste*'s arms:

(This

It is but justice to *Homer* to take notice how infinitely inferior both these similes are to their original. They have taken the image without the likeness, and lost those corresponding circumstances which raise the justness and sublimity of *Homer*'s. In *Virgil* it is only the violence of *Turnus* in which the whole application consists: And in *Tasso* it has no other allusion than to the fall of a tower in general.

There is yet another beauty in the numbers of this part. As the verses themselves make us see, the sound of them makes us hear, what they represent, in the noble roughness, rapidity, and sonorous cadence that distinguishes them.

'Πέτας, ἀστιρωπός ἀγαθός ἔχεια πέτρης, &c.

The translation, however short it falls of these beauties, may serve to show the reader, that there was at least an endeavour to imitate them.

(This nymph, the fruit of *Friam's* ravish'd joy,  
Ally'd the warrior to the house of *Troy*.)

To *Troy*, when glory call'd his arms, he came, 235

And match'd the bravest of her chiefs in fame:

With *Friam's* sons, a guardian of the throne,

He liv'd, belov'd and honour'd as his own.

Him *Teucer* pierc'd between the throat and ear:

He groans beneath the *Telamonian* spear. 240

As from some far-seen mountain's airy crown,

Subdu'd by steel, a tall ash tumbles down,

And soils its verdant tresses on the ground.

So falls the youth; his arms the fall resound.

Then *Teucer* rushing to despoil the dead, 245

From *Hector's* hand a shining jav'lin fled:

He saw, and shun'd the death; the forceful dart

Sung on, and pierc'd *Amphimachus* his heart,

*Cteatus'* son, of *Neptune's* forceful line;

Vain was his courage, and his race divine! 250

Prostrate he falls; his clang ing arms resound,

And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.

To seize his beamy helm the victor flies,

And just had fast'ned on the dazzling prize,

When *Ajax'* manly arm a jav'lin flung; 255

Full on the shield's round boss the weapon rung;

He felt the shock, nor more was doom'd to feel,

Secure in mail, and sheath'd in shining steel.

Repuls'd he yields; the victor *Greeks* obtain

The spoils contested, and bear off the slain. 260

Between the leaders of th' *Atbenian* line,

(*Stichius* the brave, *Menestheus* the divine)

Deplor'd *Amphimachus*, sad object! lies;

*Imbrius* remains the fierce *Ajaces'* prize.

As two grim lions bear across the lawn,

Snatch'd from devouring hounds, a slaughter'd fawn, 265

In

In their fell jaws high lifting thro' the wood,  
 And sprinkling all the shrubs with drops of blood ;  
 So these the chief: Great *Ajax* from the dead  
 Strips his bright arms, *Oikus* lops his head : 270  
 Toß'd like a ball, and whirl'd in air away,  
 At *Hector*'s feet the hoary visage lay.

The God of Ocean fir'd with stern disdain,  
 And pierc'd with sorrow for his \* grandson slain,  
 Inspires the *Grecian* hearts, confirms their hands, 275  
 And breathes destruction to the *Trojan* bands.  
 Swift as a whirlwind rushing to the fleet,  
 He finds the lance-fain'd *Idomen* of *Crete* ;

\* *Amphimachus*.

His

V. 278. *Idomen* of *Crete*.] *Idomen* appears at large in this book, whose character (if I take it right) is such as we see pretty often in common life: A person of the first rank, sufficient enough of his high birth, growing into years, conscious of his want of strength and active qualities; and therefore endeavouring to make it up to himself in dignity, and to preserve the veneration of others. The true picture of a stiff old soldier, not willing to lose any of the reputation he has acquired; yet not inconsiderate in danger, but by the sense of his age, and by his experience in battle, become too cautious to engage with any great odds against him: Very careful and tender of his soldiers, whom he had commanded so long that they were become old acquaintance; (so that it was with great judgment Homer chose to introduce him here, in performing a kind of office to one of them who was wounded.) Talkative upon subjects of war, as afraid that others might lose the memory of what he had done in better days, of which the long conversation of *Meriones*, and *Ajax*'s reproach to him in ll. 23. v. 478. of the original are sufficient proofs. One may observe some strokes of lordliness and state in his character: That respect *Agamemnon* seems careful to treat him with, and the particular dispositions shewn him at table, are mentioned in a manner that insinuates they were points upon which this Prince not a little insisted. ll. 4. v. 266, &c. The vaunting of his family in this book, together with his sarcasms and contemptuous railings on his dead enemies, favour of the same turn of mind. And it seems there was among the ancients a tradition of *Idomen*, which strengthens this conjecture of his pride: For we find

His pensive brow the gen'rous care exprest  
 With which a wounded soldier touch'd his breast ; 280  
 Whom in the chance of war a jav'lin tore,  
 And his sad comrades from the battle bore ;  
 Him to the Surgeons of the camp he sent ;  
 That office paid, he issu'd from his tent,  
 Fierce for the fight : To him the God begun, 285  
 In *Thoa's* voice, *Andræmon's* valiant son,

Who

find in the *Heroicks of Philostratus*, that before he would come to the *Trojan* war, he demanded a share in the sovereign command with *Agamemnon* himself.

I must, upon this occasion, make an observation once for all, which will be applicable to many passages in *Homer*, and afford a solution of many difficulties. It is, that our Author drew several of his characters with an eye to the histories then known of famous personæ, or the traditions that past in those times. One cannot believe otherwise of a Poet who appears so nicely exact in observing all the customs of the age he described ; nor can we imagine the infinite number of minute circumstances relating to particular persons, which we meet with every where in his poem, could possibly have been invented purely as ornaments to it. This reflection will account for a hundred seeming Oddnesses not only in the *characters*, but in the *speeches* of the *Iliad* : For as no author is more true than *Homer* to the character of the person he introduces speaking, so no one more often suits his oratory to the character of the person spoken to. Many of these beauties must needs be lost to us, yet this supposition will give a new light to several particulars. For instance, the speech I have been mentioning of *Agamemnon* to *Idomeneus* in the 4th book, wherein he puts this hero in mind of the magnificent entertainments he had given him, becomes in this view much less odd and surprizing. Or who can tell but it had some allusion to the manners of the *Cretans* whom he commanded, whose character was so well known, as to become a proverb : *The Cretans, evil beasts, and false bellies.*

V. 283. *The Surgeons of the camp.]* *Podalirius* and *Machaon* were not the only physicians in the army ; it appears from some passages in the poem, that each body of troops had one peculiar to themselves. It may not be improper to advertise, that the ancient Physicians were all Surgeons. *Eustathius.*

Who rul'd where *Calydon*'s white rocks arise,  
And *Pleuron*'s chalky cliffs emblaze the skies.

Where's now th' impetuous vaunt, the daring boast  
Of *Greece* victorious, and proud *Ilion* lost ? 290

To whom the King. On *Greece* no blame be thrown,  
Arms are her trade, and war is all her own.

Her hardy heroes from the well-fought plains.  
Nor fear with-holds, nor shameful sloth detains.

'Tis Heav'n, alas ! and *Jove*'s all-pow'rsful doom, 295  
That far, far distant from our native home

Wills us to fall, inglorious ! Oh my friend !  
Once foremost in the fight, still prone to lend

Or arms, or counsels ; now perform thy best,  
And what thou canst not singly, urge the rest. 300

Thus he ; and thus the God, whose force can make

The solid globe's eternal basis shake.

Ah ! may he never see his native land,  
But feed the vultures on this hateful strand,

Who seeks ignobly in his ships to stay, 305  
Nor dares to combat on this signal day !

For this, behold ! in horrid arms I shine,  
And urge thy soul to rival acts with mine ;

Together let us battle on the plain ;  
Two, not the worst ; nor ev'n this succour vain : 310

Not vain the weakest, if their force unite ;  
But ours, the bravest have confess'd in fight.

This said, he rushes where the combat burns ;  
Swift to his tent the *Cretan* King returns :

From thence, two jav'lins glitt'ring in his hand, 315  
And clad in arms that lighten'd all the strand,

Fierce on the foe th' impetuous hero drove ;  
Like light'ning bursting from the arm of *Jove*,

Which to pale man the wrath of heav'n declares,  
Or terrifies th' offending world with wars ; 320

In streamy sparkles, kindling all the skies,  
 From pole to pole the trail of glory flies.  
 Thus his bright armour o'er the dazzled throng  
 Gleam'd dreadful as the Monarch flashi'd along.  
 Him, near his tent, *Meriones* attends ;      325  
 Whom thus he questions : Ever best of friends !  
 O say, in ev'ry art of battle skill'd,  
 What holds thy courage from so brave a field ?

On

V. 325.—*Meriones* attends ; *Whom thus he questions* ;—] This conversation between *Idomeneus* and *Meriones* is generally censured as highly improper and out of place, and as such is given up by M. *Dacier*, the most zealous of our Poet's defenders. However, if we look closely into the occasion and drift of this discourse the accusation will, I believe, appear not so well grounded. Two persons of distinction, just when the enemy is put to flight by the *Ajaces*, meet behind the army : Having each on important occasions retired out of the fight, the one to help a wounded soldier, the other to seek a new weapon. *Idomeneus*, who is superior in years as well as authority, returning to the battle, is surprised to meet *Meriones* out of it, who was one of his own officers (*θεράπων*, as Homer here calls him) and being jealous of his soldier's honour, demands the cause of his quitting the fight. *Meriones* having told him it was the want of a spear, he yet seems unsatisfied with the excuse, adding that he himself did not approve of that distant manner of fighting with a spear. *Meriones* being touched to the quick with this reproof replies, that he, of all the *Greeks*, had the least reason to suspect his courage : Whereupon *Idomeneus* perceiving him highly piqued, assures him he entertains no such hard thoughts of him, since he had often known his courage prov'd on such occasions, where the danger being greater, and the number smaller, it was impossible for a coward to conceal his natural infirmity : But now recollecting that a malicious mind might give a sinister interpretation to their inactivity during this discourse, he immediately breaks it off upon that reflection. As therefore this conversation has its rise from a jealousy in the most tender point of honour, I think the Poet cannot justly be blamed for suffering a discourse so full of warm sentiments to run on for about forty verses ; which, after all, cannot be supposed to take up more than two or three minutes from action.

On some important message art thou bound,  
Or bleeds my friend by some unhappy wound ? 330  
Inglorious here, my soul abhors to stay,  
And glows with prospect of th' approaching day.

O Prince (*Meriones* replies) whose care  
Leads forth th' embattel'd sons of *Crete* to war ;  
*This* speaks my grief : this headless lance I wield : 335  
The rest lies rooted in a *Trojan* shield.

To whom the *Cretan* : Enter, and receive  
The wanted weapons ; those my tent can give ;  
Spears I have store, (and *Trojan* lances all)  
That shed a lustre round th' illuin'd wall. 340  
Tho' I, disdainful of the distant war,  
Nor trust the dart, or aim th' uncertain spear,

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B

Yet

V. 335. *This* beadle's lance, &c.] We have often seen several of Homer's combatants lose and break their spears, yet they do not therefore retire from the battle to seek other weapons ; why therefore does Homer here send *Meriones* on this errand ? It may be said, that in the kind of fight which the *Greeks* now maintained drawn up into the phalanx, *Meriones* was useless without this weapon.

V. 339. *Spears I have store*, &c.] *Idomenus* describes his tent as a magazine, stored with variety of arms won from the enemy, which were not laid up as useless trophies of his victories, but kept there in order to supply his own, and his friends occasions. And this consideration shews us one reason why these warriors contended with such eagerness to carry off the arms of a vanquish'd enemy.

This gives me an occasion to animadvert upon a false remark of *Eustathius*, which is inserted in the notes on the 11th book, " that Homer, to shew us nothing is so unseasonable in a battle as to stay to despoil the slain, feigns that most of the warriors who do it, are killed, wounded, or unsuccessful." I am astonished how so great a mistake should fall from any man who had read Homer, much more from one who had read him so thoroughly, and even superstitiously, as the old *Archbishop* of *Theffalonica*. There is scarce a book in Homer that does not abound with instances of the contrary, where the conquerors strip their enemies, and bear off their spoils in triumph. It was

Yet hand to hand I fight, and spoil the slain ;  
 And thence these trophies, and these arms I gain.  
 Enter, and see on heaps the helmets roll'd, 345  
 And high hung spears, and shields that flame with  
 gold.

Nor vain (said *Merion*) are our martial toils ;  
 We too can boast of no ignoble spoils.  
 But those my ship contains, whence distant far,  
 I fight conspicuous in the van of war. 350  
 What need I more ? If any Greek there be  
 Who knows not *Merion*, I appeal to thee.

To this, *Idomeneus*. The fields of fight  
 Have prov'd thy valour and unconquer'd might ;  
 And where some ambush for the foes design'd, 355  
 Ev'n there thy courage could not lag behind,

In

war (as I have already said in the Essay upon *Homér's* battles) is honourable an exploit in those days to carry off the arms, as it is now to gain a standard. But it is a strange consequence, that because our author sometimes represents a man unsuccessful in a glorious attempt, he therefore discommends the attempt itself ; and is as good an argument against encountring an enemy living, as against despoiling him dead. One ought not to confound this with plundering, between which *Homér* has so well marked the distinction ; when he constantly speaks of the spoils as glorious, but makes *Nestor* in the 6th book and *Hector* in the 15th, directly forbid the pillage, as a practice that has often proved fatal in the midst of a victory, and sometimes even after it.

V. 353. *To this, Idomeneus.*] There is a great deal more dialogue in *Homer*, than *Virgil*. The *Roman Poet's* are generally set speeches, those of the *Greeks* more in conversation. What *Virgil* does by two words of a narration, *Homér* brings about by a speech ; he hardly raises one of his heroes out of bed without some talk concerning it. There are not only replies, but rejoinders in *Homer*, a thing scarce ever to be found in *Virgil*, the consequence whereof is, that there must be in the *Iliad* many continued conversations (such as this of our two heroes) a little resembling common chit-chat. This renders the poem more natural and animated, but less grave and majestic.

In that sharp service, singled from the rest,  
 The fear of each, or valour stands confest.  
 No force, no firmness, the pale coward shews ;  
 He shifts his place ; his colour comes and goes ; 365  
 A dropping sweat creeps cold on ev'ry part ;  
 Against his bosom beats his quiv'ring heart ;  
 Terror and death in his wild eye-balls stare ;  
 With chatt'ring teeth he stands, and stiff'ning hair, }  
 And looks a bloodless image of despair !    365  
 Not so the brave — still dauntless, still the same,  
 Unchang'd his colour, and unmov'd his frame ;  
 Compos'd his thought, determin'd is his eye,  
 And fix'd his soul to conquer or to die :  
 If ought disturb the tenor of his breast,    370  
 'Tis but the wish to strike before the rest.

In such essays thy blameless worth is known,  
 And ev'ry art of dang'rous war thy own.  
 By chance of fight whatever wounds you bore,  
 Those wounds were glorious all, and all before : 375  
 Such as may teach, 'twas still thy brave delight  
 T' oppose thy bosom where the foremost fight.  
 But why, like infants, cold to honour's charms,  
 Stand we to talk, when glory calls to arms ?

B 2

Go

majestick. However, that such was the way of writing generally practised in those ancient times, appears from the like manner used in most of the books of the Old Testament ; and it particularly agreed with our Author's warm imagination, which delighted in perpetual imagery, and in painting every circumstance of what he described.

V. 357. *In that sharp service, &c.*] In a general battle cowardice may be the more easily concealed, by reason of the number of the combatants ; but in an ambuscade, where the soldiers are few, each must be discovered to be what he is ; this is the reason why the ancients entertained so great an idea of this sort of war ; the bravest men were always chosen to serve upon such occasions. *Eustathius.*

Go—from my conquer'd spears, the choicest take, 380  
And to their owners send them nobly back.

Swift as the word bold *Merion* snatch'd a spear,  
And breathing slaughter follow'd to the war.

So *Mars* armipotent invades the plain,

(The wide destroyer of the race of man) 385

*Terror*, his best lov'd son, attends his course,

Arm'd with stern boldness, and enormous force;

The pride of haughty warriors to confound,

And lay the strength of tyrants on the ground :

From *Tbrace* they fly, call'd to the dire alarms 390

Of warring *Phlegyans*, and *Ephyrian* arms !

Invok'd by both, relentless they dispose

To these glad conquest, murd'rous rout to those.

So march'd the leaders of the *Cretan* train,

And their bright arms shot horror o'er the plain. 395

Then

V. 384. So *Mars* armipotent, &c.] Homer varies his similitudes with all imaginable art, sometimes deriving them from the properties of animals, sometimes from natural passions, sometimes from the occurrences of life, and sometimes (as in the simile before us) from history. The invention of *Mars*'s passage from *Tbrace* (which was feign'd to be the country of that God) to the *Phlegyans* and *Ephyrians*, is a very beautiful and poetical manner of celebrating the martial genius of that people, who lived in perpetual wars.

Methinks there is something of a fine enthusiasm, in Homer's manner of fetching a compars, as it were, to draw in new images, besides those in which the direct point of likeness consists. Milton perfectly well understood the beauty of these digressive images, as we may see from the following simile, which is in a manner made up of them.

- Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
- In *Vallombrosa* (where th' *Etrurian* shades
- High over-arch'd e· bow'r.) Or scatter'd sedge
- Afloat, when with fierce winds *Orion* arm'd
- Hath vex'd the *Red sea* coast, (whose wave o'erthrew
- *Buſiſi* and his *Memphiſan* cavalry,
- While with perfidious hatred they purſu'd

‘ The

Then first spake *Merion* : Shall we join the right,  
Or combat in the centre of the fight ?  
Or, to the left, our wanted succour lend ?  
Hazard and fame all parts alike attend.

Not in the centre, (*Idomen* reply'd)  
Our ablest chieftains the main battle guide ;  
Each godlike *Ajax* makes that post his care,  
And gallant *Teucer* deals destruction there :

400

B 3

Skill'd,

- ‘ The sojourners of *Gosben*, who beheld
- ‘ From the safe shore their floating carcasses ;
- ‘ And broken chariot-wheels) — So thick bestrown
- ‘ Abject and lost lay these. —

As for the general purport of this comparison of *Homer*, it gives us a noble and majestic idea, at once of *Idomenus* and *Meriones*, represented by *Mars* and his son *Terror* ; in which each of these heroes is greatly elevated, yet the just distinction between them preferred. The beautiful simile of *Virgil* in his 12th *Aeneid* is drawn with an eye to this of our Author.

*Qualis apud gelidi cum flumina concitus Hebri  
Sanguineus Mavors, clypeo increpat, atque furentes  
Bella movens immittit equos ; illi aequo e aperto  
Ante Notos Zephyrumque ro'ant : gemit ultima pulsus  
Tbraca pedum : circumque atræ Formidinis ora,  
Iræque, Infidæque, Dei comitatus, aguntur.*

V. 396.—*Shall we join the right,  
Or combat in the centre of the fight,  
Or to the left our wanted succour lend ?*

The common interpreters have to this question of *Meriones* given a meaning which is highly impertinent, if not downright nonsense ; explaining it thus. *Shall we fight on the right, or in the middle, or on the left, for no where else do the Greeks so much want assistance ;* which amounts to this: “ Shall we engage where our assistance is most wanted ? ” The context, as well as the words of the original, oblige us to understand it in this obvious meaning ; *Shall we bring our assistance to the right, to the left, or to the centre ? Since the Greeks, being equally pressed and engaged on all sides, equally need our aid on all parts.*

V. 400. *Not in the centre, &c.]* There is in this answer of *Idomenus* a small circumstance which is overlooked by the commen-

Skill'd, or with shafts to gall the distant field,  
Or bear close battle on the sounding shield. 405  
These can the rage of haughty *Hector* tame,  
Safe in their arms, the navy fears no flame ;  
Till *Jove* himself descends, his bolts to shed,  
And hurl the blazing ruin at our head.  
Great must he be, of more than human birth, 410  
Nor fed like mortals on the fruits of earth,  
Him neither rocks can crush, nor steel can wound,  
Whom *Ajax* falls not on th' ensanguin'd ground.  
In standing fight he meets *Achilles'* force,  
Excell'd alone in swiftness in the course. 415  
Then to the left our ready arms apply,  
And live with glory, or with glory die.

He said ; and *Merion* to th' appointed place,  
Fierce as the God of battles, urg'd his pace.  
Soon as the foe the shining chiefs beheld 420  
Rush like a fiery torrent round the field,  
Their force embody'd in a tide they pour ;  
The rising combat sounds along the shore :  
As warring winds, in *Sirius'* sultry reign,  
From different quarters sweep the sandy plain ; 425

On

commentators, but is which the whole spirit and reason of what is said by him consists. He says he is in no fear of the centre, since it is defended by *Trojans* and *Ajax* : *Trojans* being not only most famous for the use of the bow, but likewise excellent in *cautum, in a close standing fight* : And as for *Ajax*, tho' not so swift of foot as *Achilles*, yet he was equal to him in *arrogantia*, in the same *stedfast* manner of fighting ; hereby plainly intimating that he was secure for the centre, because that post was defended by two persons both accomplished in that part of war, which was most necessary for the service they were then engaged in ; the two expressions before mentioned peculiarly signifying a *firm* and *steady* way of fighting, most useful in maintaining a post.

On ev'ry side the dusty whirlwinds rise,  
 And the dry fields are lifted to the skies :  
 Thus by despair, hope, rage, together driv'n,  
 Met the black hosts, and meeting, darken'd heav'n.  
 All dreadful glar'd the iron face of war, 430  
 Bristled with upright spears, that flash'd afar ;  
 Dire was the gleam of breast-plates, helms and shields,  
 And polish'd arms emblaz'd the flaming fields :  
 Tremendous scene ! that gen'ral horror gave,  
 But touch'd with joy the bosom of the brave. 435

Saturn's great Sons in fierce convention vy'd,  
 And crouds of heroes in their anger dy'd.  
 The Sire of earth and heav'n, by *Thetis* won  
 To crown with glory *Peleus'* godlike son,  
 Will'd not destruction to the *Grecian* pow'rs, 440  
 But spar'd awhile the destin'd *Trojan* tow'rs :  
 When *Neptune* rising from his azure main,  
 Warr'd on the King of heav'n with stern disdain,  
 And breath'd revenge, and fir'd the *Grecian* train. }  
 Gods of one source, of one ethereal race, 445  
 Alike divine, and heav'n their native place ;  
 But *Jove*'s the greater ; first-born of the skies,  
 And more than Men, or Gods, supremely wise.  
 For this, of *Jove*'s superior might afraid,  
*Neptune* in human form conceal'd his aid. 450  
 These pow'rs inclose the *Greek* and *Trojan* train  
 In War and Discord's adamantine chain ;

## B 4

Indissolubly

V. 451.] It will be necessary, for the better understanding the conduct of *Homer* in every battle he describes, to reflect on the particular kind of fight, and the circumstances which distinguish each. In this view therefore we ought to remember thro' this whole book, that the battle described in it, is a fixed close fight, wherein the armies engage in a gross compact body without any skirmishes or seats of activity, so often mentioned in the foregoing engagements. We see at the beginning of it the

Indissolubly strong, the fatal tye  
Is stretch'd on both, and heaps on heaps they die.

Dreadful in arms, and grown in combat grey, 455  
The bold *Idomeneus* controuls the day.  
First by his hand *Othryoneus* was slain,  
Swell'd with false hopes, with mad ambition vain !

Call'd

the *Grecians* form a *Phalanx*, v. 177, which continues unbroke-  
nent at the very end, v. 1006. The chief weapon made use of  
is a *spear*, being most proper for this manner of combat; nor do  
we see any other use of a chariot, but to carry off the dead or  
wounded (as in the instance of *Harpali* & *Deiphobus*.)

From hence we may observe with what judgment and pro-  
prietty *Homer* introduces *Idomeneus* as the chief in action on this  
occasion: For this hero being declined from his prime, and  
somewhat stiff with years, was only fit for this kind of engage-  
ment, as *Homer* expressly lays in the 512th verse of the present  
book,

Οὐ γαρ ἄπ' ἐμπίδε γυῖα ποδῶν ἐτρυπθόντι,  
Οὐτ' ἀρ' ἵπαιξαι μιθ' ἐδεῖθος, οὐτ' ἀλέσθας.  
Τὸν δὲ καὶ τὸ σαδίη μὲν ἀμύνεσθο τολλεῖς ἥμαρ.

See the translation, v. 648. *Sc.*

V. 452. *In War and Discord's adamantine chain.*] This short comprehensive allegory is very proper to give us an idea of the present condition of the two contending armies, who being both powerfully sustained by the assistance of superior deities, join and mix together in a close and bloody engagement, without any remarkable advantage on either side. To image to us this state of things, the poet represents *Jupiter* and *Nep-  
tune* holding the two armies bound by a mighty chain, which he calls the knot of contention and war, and of which the two Gods draw the extremities, whereby the enclofed armies are compelled together, without any possibility on either side to separate or conquer. There is not perhaps in *Homer* any image at once so exact and so bold. Madam *Dacier* acknowledges, that despairing to make this passage shine in her language, she purposely omitted it in her translation: But from what she says in her annotations, it seems that she did not rightly apprehend the propriety and beauty of it. *Hobbes* too was not very sensible of it when he translated it so oddly:

*And thus the Saw from brother unto brother  
Of cruel war was drawn alternately,  
And many slain on one side and the other.*

Call'd by the voice of war to martial fame,  
From high *Cabesus'* distant walls he came ; 460  
*Cassandra's* love he sought, with boasts of power,  
And promis'd conquest was the proffer'd dow'r.  
The King consented, by his vaunts abus'd ;  
The King consented, but the Fates refus'd.  
Proud of himself, and of th' imagin'd bride, 465  
The field he measur'd, with a larger stride.  
Him as he stalk'd, the *Cretan* jav'lin found ;  
Vain was his breast-plate to repel the wound :  
His dream of glory lost, he plung'd to hell ;  
The plain resounded as the boaster fell. 470  
The great *Idomeneus* bestrides the dead ;  
And thus (he cries) behold the promise sped !

## B 5.

Such

V. 471. *The great Idomeneus bestrides the dead ;  
And thus (he cries) —— ]*

It seems (says *Eustathius* on this place) that the Iliad, being an heroic poem, is of too serious a nature to admit of raillery : Yet *Homer* has found the secret of joining two things that are in a manner incompatible. For this piece of raillery is so far from raising laughter that it becomes a hero, and is capable to inflame the courage of all who hear it. It also elevates the character of *Idomeneus*, who, notwithstanding he is in eminent danger, preserves his usual gaiety of temper, which is the greatest evidence of an uncommon courage.

I confess I am of an opinion very different from this of *Eustathius*, which is also adopted by *M. Dacier*. So severe and bloody an irony to a dying person is a fault in morals, if not in poetry itself. It should not have place at all, or, if it should, is ill placed here. *Idomeneus* is represented a brave man, nay a man of a compassionate nature, in the circumstance he was introduced in, of assisting a wounded soldier. What provocation could such an one have, to insult so barbarously an unfortunate Prince, being neither his rival nor particular enemy ? True courage is inseparable from humanity, and all generous warriors regret the very victories they gain, when they reflect what a price of blood they cost. I know it may be answered, that these were not the manners of *Homer's* time, a spirit of violence and devastation then reigned,

Such is the help thy arms to *Ilion* bring,  
And such the contract of the *Phrygian* King !

Our

reigned, even among the chosen people of God, as may be seen from the actions of *Joshua*, &c. However, if one would forgive the *cr. elty*, one cannot forgive the *gaiety*, on such an occasion. These inhuman jests the Poet was so far from being obliged to make, that he was on the contrary forced to break through the general serious air of this poem to introduce them. Would it not raise a suspicion, that (whatever we see of his superior genius in other respects) his own views of morality were not elevated above the barbarity of his age? I think indeed the thing by far the most shocking in this Author, is that spirit of cruelty which appears too manifestly in the *Iliad*.

*Virgil* was too judicious to imitate *Homer* in these licences, and is much more reserved in his sarcasms and insults. There are not above four or five in the whole *Eneid*. That of *Pyrrhus* to *Priam* in the second book, tho' barbarous in itself, may be accounted for, as intended to raise a character of horror, and render the action of *Pyrrhus* odious; whereas *Homer* stains his most favourite characters with these barbarities. That of *Ascanius* over *Numanus* in the ninth, was a fair opportunity where *Virgil* might have indulged the humour of a cruel railery, and have been excused by the youth and gaiety of the speaker; yet it is no more than a very moderate answer to the insolences with which he had just been provoked by his enemy, only retorting two of his own words upon him.

—*I, verbis virtutem illude superbis?*  
*Bis capti Phryges bac Rutulis responsa remittunt.*

He never suffers his *Eneas* to fall into this practise, but while he is on fire with indignation after the death of his friend *Pallas*. That short one to *Mezentius* is the least that could be said to such a tyrant.

—*Ubi nunc Mezentius acer, & illa*  
*Effer a vis animi?*—

The worst-natured one I remember (which is yet more excusable than *Homer*'s) is that of *Turnus* to *Euomedes* in the 12th book.

*En, agros, & quam bello, Trojane, petisti,*  
*He/periā metire jacens: bac p̄fma, qui me*  
*Ferro ausi testare, ferunt: sic mania condunt.*

V. 474. And such the contract of the Phrygian King, &c.] It.

Our offers now, illustrious Prince ! receive ;  
 For such an aid what will not *Argos* give ?  
 To conquer *Troy*, with ours thy forces join,  
 And count *Atrides*' fairest daughter thine.  
 Mean time, on farther methods to advise,  
 Come, follow to the fleet thy new allies ; 480  
 There hear what *Greece* has on her part to say.  
 He spoke, and dragg'd the goary corse away.

This *Ajax* view'd, unable to contain,  
 Before his chariot warring on the plain ;  
 (His valued coursers to his squire consign'd 485  
 Impatient panted on his neck behind)  
 To vengeance rising with a sudden spring,  
 He hop'd the conquest of the *Cretan* King.  
 The wary *Cretan*, as his foe drew near,  
 Full on his throat discharg'd the forceful spear : 490  
 Beneath the chin the point was seen to glide,  
 And glitter'd, extant at the farther side.  
 As when the Mountain oak, or poplar tall,  
 Or Pine, fit mast for some great Admiral,  
 Groans to the oft-heav'd ax, with many a wound, 495  
 Then spreads a length of ruin o'er the ground :  
 So sunk proud *Ajax* in that dreadful day,  
 And stretch'd before his much-lov'd coursers lay.  
 He grinds the dust distain'd with streaming gore,  
 And, fierce in death, lies foaming on the shore. 500  
 Depriv'd of motion, stiff with stupid fear,  
 Stands all aghast his trembling charioteer,

Nor

It was but natural to raise a question, on occasion of these and  
 other passages in *Homer*, how it comes to pass that the heroes  
 of different nations are so well acquainted with the stories and  
 circumstances of each other ? *Eustathius*'s solution is no ill one,  
 that the warriors on both sides might learn the story of their  
 enemies from the captives they took, during the course of so  
 long a war.

Nor shuns the foe, nor turns the steeds away,  
But falls transfix'd, an unresisting prey :  
Pierc'd by *Antilochus*, he pants beneath  
The stately car, and labours out his breath.  
Thus *Ajax*'s steeds (their mighty master gone)  
Remain the prize of *Nestor*'s youthful son.

Stabb'd at the sight, *Deiphobus* drew nigh,  
And made with force, the vengeful weapon fly : 510  
The *Cretan* saw, and stooping, caus'd to glance,  
From his slope shield, the disappointed lance.  
Beneath the spacious targe (a blazing round.  
Thick with bull-hides, and brazen orbits bound,  
On his rais'd arm by two strong braces stay'd) 515  
He lay collected in defensive shade.  
O'er his safe head the jav'lin idly sung,  
And on the tinkling verge more faintly rung.  
Ev'n then, the spear the vig'rous arm confess,  
And pierc'd obliquely King *Hypenor*'s breast : 520  
Warm'd in his liver, to the ground it bore  
The chief, his people's guardian now no more !

Not unattended (the proud *Trojan* cries)  
Nor unrevenged, lamented *Ajax* lies :

For

V. 511. *The Cretan saw, and stooping, &c.*] Nothing could paint in a more lively manner this whole action, and every circumstance of it, than the following lines. There is the posture of *Idomenus* upon seeing the lance flying towards him ; the lifting the shield obliquely to turn it aside ; the arm discovered in that position ; the form, composition, materials, and ornaments of the shield distinctly specified ; the flight of the dart over it ; the sound of it first as it flew, then as it fell ; and the decay of that sound on the edge of the buckler, which, being thinner than the other parts, rather tinkled than rung, especially when the first force of the stroke was spent on the orb of it. All this in the compass of so few lines, in which every word is an image, is something more beautifully particular, than I remember to have met with in any Poet.

For thee, tho' hell's black portals stand displayed, 525  
 This mate shall joy thy melancholy shade.

Heart-piercing anguish, at the haughty boast,  
 Touch'd ev'ry Greek, but *Nestor*'s son the most.  
 Grief'd as he was, his pious arms attend,  
 And his broad buckler shields his slaughter'd friend :  
 'Till sad *Mecisteus* and *Alastor* bore 531  
 His honour'd body to the tented shore.

Nor yet from fight *Idomeneus* withdraws ;  
 Resolv'd to perish in his country's cause,  
 Or find some foe, whom heav'n and he shall doom 535  
 To wail his fate in death's eternal gloom.  
 He sees *Alcatheus* in the front aspire :  
 Great *Æsyetes* was the hero's fire :  
 His spouse *Hippodamé*, divinely fair,  
*Anchises*' eldest hope, and darling care ; 540  
 Who charm'd her parent's and her husband's heart,  
 With beauty, sense, and ev'ry work of art :  
 He once of *Ilion*'s youth, the loveliest boy,  
 The fairest she, of all the fair of *Troy*.  
 By *Neptune* now the helpless hero dies, 545  
 Who covers with a cloud those beauteous eyes,  
 And fetters ev'ry limb : yet bent to meet  
 His fate, he stands ; nor shuns the lance of *Crete*.  
 Fixt as some column, or deep-rooted oak,  
 (While the winds sleep) his breast receiv'd the stroke.

Before

V. 543. *He once, of Ilion's youth the loveliest boy.*] Some manuscripts, after these words, *ζρισος ἐν Τροίην ἐρείη*, insert the three following verses;

Πρὶν Ἀΐνορέδας τραφίμεν καὶ Πανθόν ὕιας  
 Πριμιδας δ' ὁ τροσι μεταπρεπον ἵπποδάμαισιν  
 "Εως δέθ' ἥβην εικεν, ὁφελλε δὲ κέριον ἄνθος ;

which I have not translated, as not thinking them genuine.  
 Mr. *Barnes* is of the same opinion.

Before the pondrous stroke his corslet yields, 551  
 Long us'd to ward the death in fighting fields.  
 The riven armour sends a jarring sound :  
 His lab'ring heart heaves with so strong a bound ; }  
 The long lance shakes, and vibrates in the wound. }  
 Fast-flowing from its source, as prone he lay, 556  
 Life's purple tide in petuous gush'd away.

Then *Iomen*, insulting o'er the slain,  
 Behold, *Deiphobus* ! nor vaunt in vain :  
 See ! on one Greek, three *Trojan* ghosts attend, 560  
 This my third victim, to the shades I send.  
 Approaching now thy boasted might approve :  
 And try the prowess of the seed of Jove.  
 From Jove enamour'd on a mortal dame,  
 Great *Mirros* guardian of his country came : 565  
*Deucalion*, blameless prince ! was *Minos*' heir ;  
 (His first-born I, the third from *Jupiter* :)  
 O'er spacious *Crete*, and her bold sons I reign,  
 And thence my ships transport me thro' the main ;  
 Lord of a host, o'er all my host I shine, 570  
 A scourge to thee, thy father, and thy line.

The *Trojan* heard ; uncertain, or to meet  
 Alone, with ven'trous arms, the King of *Crete* ;

Or

V. 554. *His lab'ring heart heaves with so strong a bound;*  
*The long lance shakes, and vibrates in the wound.* ]

We cannot read Homer without observing a wonderful variety in the wounds and manner of dying. Some of these wounds are painted with very singular circumstances, and those of uncommon art and beauty. This passage is a master-piece in that way ; *Alcathous* is pierced into the heart, which throbs with so strong a pulse, that the motion is communicated even to the distant end of the spear, which is vibrated thereby. This circumstance might appear too bold, and the effect beyond nature, were we not informed by the most skilful Anatomists of the wonderful force of this muscle, which some of them have computed to be equal to the weight of several thousand pounds. *Lower de corde. Borellus & alii.*

Or seek auxiliar force ; at length decreed  
To call some hero to partake the deed.

575

Forthwith *Aeneas* rises to his thought ;  
For him, in *Troy*'s remotest lines he sought,  
Where he, incens'd at partial *Priam*, stands,  
And sees superior posts in meaner hands.

To him ambitious of so great an aid,  
The bold *Deiphobus* approach'd and said :

580

Now, *Trojan* Prince, employ thy pious arms,  
If e'er thy bosom felt fair honour's charms.

*Alcatbous* dies, thy brother and thy friend !

Come, and the warrior's low'd remains defend.  
Beneath his cares thy early youth was train'd,  
One table fed you, and one roof contain'd.

585

This

V. 578. *Incens'd at partial Priam, &c.*] Homer here gives the reason why *Aeneas* did not fight in the foremost ranks. It was against his inclination that he served *Priam*, and he was rather engaged by honour and reputation to assist his country, than by any disposition to aid that Prince. This passage is purely historical, and the antiquits have preserved to us a tradition which serves to explain it. They say that *Aeneas* became suspected by *Priam*, on account of an oracle which prophesied he should in process of time rule over the *Trojans*. The King therefore shewed him no great degree of esteem or consideration, with design to discredit, and render him desppicable to the people. *Euphalibis*. This envy of *Priam*, and this report of the oracle, are mentioned by *Achilles* to *Aeneas* in the 20th book.

—— οὐ γέ θυμὸς ἐμὸς μαχίσασθαι ἀνύγει,  
Ἐλπόμενον Τρώσσοντιν ἀνάξειν ἵπποδάμοισι,  
Τιμῆς τῆς Πρίαμον ; ἀτὰρ ἔικεν ἐμὸν ἔξεναρχεῖν,  
Οὐτοὶ τάκτα γε Πρίαμος γέρας ἐνχερὶ θήσει.  
Εἰσὶ γὰρ οἱ παῖδες. ———

(See v. 216, &c. of the translation.) And *Neptune* in the same book,

· Ήδη γὰρ Πρίαμον γενεῖν ἄχθηρε Κρονίαν.

Νῦν δέ δὴ Αἰγαίο θίν Τρώσσοντιν ἀνάξει,

Καὶ παιδες παιδῶν, τοὶ καν μετόπισθε γένεσθαι.

In the translation, v. 335, &c.

I shall

This deed to fierce *Idomeneus* we owe ;

Haste and reyenge it on th' insulting foe.

*Æneas* heard, and for a space resign'd

To tender pity all his manly mind ;

Then rising in his rage, he burns to fight :

The *Greek* awaits him with collected might.

As the fell boar on some rough mountain's head,

Arm'd with wild terrors, and to slaughter bred,

When the loud rusticks rise, and shout from far,

Attends the tumults, and expects the war ;

O'er his bent back the bristly horrors rise,

Fires stream in light'ning from his sanguine eyes ;

His foaming tusks both dogs and men engage,

But most his hunters rouze his mighty rage.

So stood *Idomeneus*, his jav'lin shook,

And met the *Trojan* with a low'ring look.

*Antilochus*, *Deiphobus* were near,

The youthful offspring of the God of war ;

*Merion*, and *Aphareus* in field renown'd :

To these the warrior sent his voice around.

Fellows in arms ! your timely aid unite ;

Lo, great *Æneas* rushes to the fight :

Sprung

I shall conclude this note with the character of *Æneas*, as it is drawn by *Philostratus*, wherein he makes mention of the same tradition. " *Æneas* (says this author) was inferior to " *Hector* in battle only, in all else equal, and in prudence " superior. He was likewise skilful in whatever related to " the Gods, and conscious of what destiny had reserved for " him after the taking of *Troy*. Incapable of fear, never " discomposed, and particularly possessing himself in the " article of danger. *Hector* is reported to have been called " the hand, and *Æneas* the head, of the *Trojans*; and the " latter more advantaged their affairs by his caution, than " the former by his fury. These two heroes were much of " the same age, and the same stature : The air of *Æneas* " had something in it less bold and forward, but at the same " time more fixed and constant." *Philostrat. Heroic.*

Sprung from a God, and more than mortal bold : 610  
 He fresh in youth, and I in arms grown old.

Else should this hand, this hour decide the strife ;  
 The great dispute, of glory or of life.

He spoke, and all as with one voice obey'd ;  
 Their listed bucklers cast a dreadful shade 615

Around the chief. *Æneas* too demands  
 Th' assisting forces of his native bands :

*Paris*, *l' eipbous*, *Agenor* join ;

(Co-aids and captains of the *Trojan* line.)

In order follow all th' embody'd train ; 620

Like *Ida*'s flocks proceeding o'er the plain ;

Before his fleecy care, erect and bold,

Stalks the proud ram, the father of the fold :

With joy the swain surveys them, as he leads

To the cool fountains, thro' the well known meads.

So joys *Æneas*, as his native band, 626

Moves on in rank, and stretches o'er the land.

Round dead *Alcatbous* now the battle rose ;

On ev'ry side the steely circle grows ;

Now batter'd breast-blates and hack'd helmets ring,

And o'er their heads unheeded jav'lins sing. 631

Above the rest, two tow'ring chiefs appear,

There great *Idomeneus*, *Æneas* here.

Like

V. 621. *Like Ida's flocks, &c.*] *Homer*, whether he treats of the customs of men or beasts, is always a faithful interpreter of nature. When sheep leave the pasture and drink freely, it is a certain sign, that they have found good pasture, and that they are all sound ; 'tis therefore, upon this account, that *Homer* says the shepherd rejoices. *Homer*, we find, well understood what *Aristotle* many ages after him remarked, *viz.*, that sheep grew fat by drinking. This therefore is the reason why shepherds are accustomed to give their flocks a certain quantity of salt every five days in the summer, that they may by this means drink the more freely. *Enstebius.*

Like gods of war, dispensing fate, they stood,  
And burn'd to drench the ground with mutual blood.  
The *Trojan* weapon whizz'd along in air ; 636  
The *Cretan* saw, and shun'd the brazen spear .  
Sent from an arm so strong, the missive wood  
Stuck deep in earth, and quiver'd where it stood.  
But *Oenomas* receiv'd the *Cretan's* stroke, 640  
The forceful spear his hollow corslet broke,  
It ripp'd his belly with a ghastly wound,  
And roll'd the smoaking entrails on the ground.  
Stretch'd on the plain, he sobs away his breath,  
And furious grasps the bloody dust in death. 645  
The victor from his breast the weapon tears ;  
(His spoils he could not, for the shov'rs of spears.)  
Tho' now unfit an active war to wage,  
Heavy with cumb'rous arms, stiff with cold age.  
His listless limbs unable for the course ; 650  
In standing fight he yet remains his force :  
Till faint with labours and by force repell'd,  
His tir'd, slow steps, he drags along the field:  
*Deiphobus* beheld him as he past ;  
And fir'd with heat, a parting jav'lin cast :  
The jav'lin err'd, but held its course along,  
And pierc'd *Aascalaphus*, the brave and young :  
The son of *Mars* fell gasping on the ground,  
And gnash'd the dust all bloody with his wound. 660  
Nor knew the furious father of his fall ;  
High-thron'd amidst the great *Olympian* hall,  
On

V. 655. *And, fir'd with hate.*] Homer does not tell us the occasion of this hatred; but, since his days, *Simonides* and *Ibycus* write, that *Idomeneus* and *Deiphobus* were rivals, and both in love with *Helen*. This very well agrees with the ancient tradition which *Euripides* and *Virgil* have followed: For after the death of *Paris*, they tell us she was espoused to *Deiphobus*. *Euphilius*.

On golden clouds th' immortal synod fate ;  
Detain'd from bloody war by *Jove* and *Fate*.

Now, where in dust the breathless hero lay,  
For slain *Ascalaphus* commenc'd the fray.

665

*Deiphobus* to seize his helmet flies,  
And from his temples rends the glitt'ring prize ;  
Valiant as *Mars*, *Miriones* drew near,  
And on his loaded arm discharg'd his spear.

He drops the weight, disabled with the pain,  
The hollow helmet rings against the plain.  
Swift as a vulture leaping on his prey,  
From his torn arm the *Grecian* rent away

The reeking jav'lin, and rejoin'd his friends.  
His wounded brother good *Polites* tends ;

675

Around his waist his pious arms he threw,  
And from the rage of combat gently drew :  
Him his swift coursers, on his splendid car,  
Rapt from the lef'tning thunder of the war ;

To *Troy* they drove him, groaning from the shore, 680  
And sprinkling, as he past, the sands with gore.  
Meanwhile fresh slaughter bathes the sanguine ground,  
Heaps falls on heaps, and heav'n and earth resound.

Bald *Aphareus* by great *Æneas* bled ;  
As tow'rd the chief he turn'd his daring head, 685

He pierc'd his throat ; the bending head deprest,  
Beneath his helmet, nods upon his breast ;  
His shield revers'd o'er the fall'n warrior lies ;

And everlasting slumber seals his eyes.

*Antilochus*, as *Theon* tura'd him round, 690  
Transpierc'd his back with a dishonest wound :  
The hollow vein that to the neck extends

Along the chine, his eager jav'lin rends :  
Supine he falls, and to his social train  
Spreads his imploring arms, but spreads in vain. 695

Th'

Th' exulting victor leaping where he lay,  
 From his broad shoulders tore the spoils away ;  
 His time observ'd ; for clos'd by foes around,  
 On all sides thick the peals of arms resound.  
 His shield emboss'd, the ringing storms sustains, 700  
 But he impervious and untouch'd remains.  
 (Great *Neptune*'s care preserv'd from hostile rage  
 This youth, the joy of *Nestor*'s glorious age)  
 In arms intrepid, with the first he fought,  
 Fac'd ev'ry foe, and ev'ry danger sought ; 705  
 His winged lance, resistless as the wind,  
 Obeys each motion of the Master's mind.  
 Restless it flies, impatient to be free,  
 And meditates the distant enemy.  
 The son of *Afisus*, *Adamus*, drew near, 710  
 And struck his target with the brazen spear,  
 Fierce in his front : but *Neptune* wards the blow,  
 And blunts the jav'lin of th' eluded foe.  
 In the broad buckler half the weapon stood :  
 Splinter'd on earth flew half the broken wood. 715  
 Disarm'd, he mingled in the *Trojan* crew ;  
 But *Merion*'s spear o'ertook him as he flew,  
 Deep in the belly's rim an entrance found,  
 Where sharp the pang, and mortal is the wound.  
 Bending he fell, and, doubled to the ground, 720 }  
 Lay panting. Thus an ox, in fetters ty'd,  
 While death's strong pangs distend his lab'ring side,  
 His

V. 720. *Bending he fell, and, doubled to the ground, Lay panting.*—] The original is,

— ὅδ' ἐπωδέενος πεπὶ δεπὶ<sup>1</sup>  
 Ἡσαΐς. —

The verification represents the short sudden pantings of the  
 dying warrior, in the short sudden break at the second syllable  
 of

His bulk enormous on the field displays ;  
 His heaving heart beats thick, as ebbing life decays.  
 The spear, the conqu'ror from his body drew, 725  
 And death's dim shadows swam before his view.  
 Next brave *Deipyrus* in dust was laid ;  
 King *Helenus* wav'd high the *Thracian* blade,  
 And smote his temples with an aim so strong,  
 The helm fell off, and roll'd amid the throng : 730  
 There, for some luckier *Greek* it rests a prize,  
 For dark in death the godlike owner lies !  
 With raging grief great *Menelaus* burns,  
 And, fraught with vengeance, to the victor turns ;  
 That 'hook the pond'rous lance, in act to throw, 735  
 And this stood adverse with the bending bow :  
 Full on his breast the *Trojan* arrow fell,  
 But harmless bounded from the plated steel.  
 As on some ample barn's well-harden'd floor,  
 (The winds collected at each open 'door.) 740

While

of the second line. And this beauty is, as it happens, precisely copied in the *English*. It is not often that a translator can do this justice to *Homer*, but he must be content to imitate these graces and proprieties at more distance, by endeavouring at something parallel, tho' not the same.

V. 728. *King Helenus.*] The appellation of King was not anciently confined to those only who bore the sovereign dignity, but applied also to others. There was in the island of *Cyprus* a whole order of officer called Kings, whose business it was to receive the relations of informers, concerning all that happened in the island, and to regulate affairs accordingly. *Eustathius.*

V. 739. *As on some ample barn's well-harden'd floor.*] We ought not to be shocked at the frequency of these similes taken from the ideas of a rural life. In early times, before politeness had raised the esteem of arts sub servient to luxury, above those necessary to the subsistence of mankind ; agriculture was the employment of persons of the greatest esteem and distinction : We see in sacred history Princes busy at sheep-shearing ; and in the time of the *Roman* common-wealth, a Dictator

While the broad fan with force is whirl'd around,  
 Light leaps the golden grain, resulting from the ground.  
 So from the steel that guards *Atrides'* heart,  
 Repell'd to distance flies the bounding dart.

*Atrides*, watchful of th' unwary foe, 745  
 Pierc'd with his lance the hand that grasp'd the bow,  
 And nail'd it to the yew. The wounded hand  
 Trail'd the long lance that mark'd with blood the sand,  
 But good *Agenor* gently from the wound  
 The spear solicits, and the bandage bound ; 750  
 A sling's soft wool, snatch'd from a soldier's fide,  
 At once the tent and ligature supply'd.

Behold !

a Dictator taken from the plough. Wherefore it ought not to be wondered at, that allusions and comparissons of this kind are frequently used by ancient heroic writers, as well to raise as illustrate their descriptions. But since these arts are fallen from their ancient dignity, and become the drudgery of the lowest people, the images of them are likewise sunk into meanness, and without this consideration must appear to common readers unworthy to have place in Epic poems. It was perhaps through too much deference to such tastes, that Chapman omitted this simile in his translation.

V. 751. *A sling's soft wool, snatch'd from a soldier's fide,  
 At once the tent and ligature supply'd.*]

The words of the original are these :

Ἄντινδε ξυέδοσεν οὐράφε οἵς δώτω  
 Σφειδίν, οὐτε οὐ θεράπων ἔχε ποιμένι λαῶν.

This passage, by the Commentators ancient and modern, seems rightly understood in the sense expressed in this translation: The word σφειδίν properly signifying a *Sling*; which (as *Eustathius* observes from an old Scholiast) was anciently made of woollen strings. Chapman alone dissenteth from the common interpretation, boldly pronouncing that slings are nowhere mentioned in the Iliad, without giving any reason for his opinion. He therefore translates the word σφειδίν a *Scarf*, by no other authority than that he says it was a fitter thing to hang a wounded arm in than a sling; and very prettily wheedles his reader into this opinion by a most gallant imagination, that his squire might carry this *Scarf* about him as a favour of his own or of his master's mistress. But for the use he

Behold ! *Pisander*, urg'd by fate's decree,  
 Springs thro' the ranks to fall, and fall by thee,  
 Great *Menelæus* ! to enhance thy fame ; 755  
 High-tow'ring in the front, the warrior came.  
 First the sharp lance was by *Atrides* thrown :  
 The lance far distant by the winds was blown.  
 Nor pierc'd *Pisander* thro' *Atrides* shield ;  
*Pisander's* spear fell shiver'd on the field. 760  
 Not so discourag'd, to the future blind,  
 Vain dreams of conquest swell his haughty mind ;  
 Dauntless he rushes where the *Spartan* lord  
 Like light'ning brandish'd his far-beaming sword.  
 His left arm high oppos'd the shining shield ; 765  
 His right, beneath, the cover'd pole-axe held ;  
 (An olive's cloudy grain the handle made,  
 Distinct with studs ; and brazen was the blade)

This

he has found for this scarf, there is not any pretence from the original ; where it is only said the wouud was bound up, without any mention of hanging the arm. After all, he is hard put to it in his translation ; for being resolved to have a *Scarf*, and obliged to mention *Wool*, we are left entirely at a loss to know from whence he got the latter.

A like passage recurs near the end of this book, where the Poet says the *Locrians* went to war without shield or spear, only armed,

Τίξιοι καὶ ἐγείρων οἵτε ἀστρα. V- 16.

Which last expression, as all the Commentators agree, signifies a *sling*, tho' the word *ερεδόν* is not used. *Chapman* here likewise, without any colour of authority, dissent from the common opinion ; but very inconstant in his errors, varries his mistake, and assures us, " this expression is the true Pe-  
 " riphaxis of a light kind of armour, call'd a *Jack*, which all  
 " our archers used to serve in of old, and which were ever  
 " quilted with wool."

V. 766. *The cover'd pole-axe.*] Homer never ascribes this weapon to any but the *Barbarians*, for the battle-axe was not used in war by the politer nations. It was the favourite weapon of the *Amazons*. *Eustathius*.

This on the helm discharg'd a noble blow ;  
 The plume dropp'd nodding to the plain below, 770  
 Shorn from the crest. *Atrides* wav'd his steel :  
 Deep thro' his front the weighty faulchion fell.  
 The crashing bones before its force gave way ;  
 In dust and blood the groaning hero lay ;  
 Fenc'd from their ghastly orbs, and spouting gore, 775  
 The clotted eye-balls tumble on the thore.  
 The fierce *Atrides* spurn'd him as he bled,  
 Tore off his arms, and loud-exulting said :  
 Thus, *Trojans*, thus at length be taught to fear ;  
 O race perfidious, who delight in war ! 780

Already

V. 779. *The speech of Menelaus.*] This speech of *Menelaus* over his dying enemy, is very different from those with which Homer frequently makes his heroes insult the vanquished, and answers very well the character of this good-natured Prince. Here are no insulting taunts, no cruel sarcasms, nor any sporting with the particular misfortunes of the dead : The invectives he makes are general, arising naturally from a remembrance of his wrongs, and being almost nothing else but a recapitulation of them. These reproaches came most justly from this Prince, as being the only person among the Greeks who had received any personal injury from the *Trojans*. The Apostrophe he makes to *Jupiter*, wherein he complains of his protecting a wicked people, has given occasion to censure Homer as guilty of impiety, in making his heroes tax the Gods with injustice : But since, in the former part of this speech, it is expressly said, that *Jupiter* will certainly punish the *Trojans* by the destruction of their city for violating the laws of hospitality, the latter part ought only to be considered as a complaint to *Jupiter* for, delaying that vengeance : This reflection being no more than what a pious suffering mind, grieved at the flourishing condition of prosperous wickedness, might naturally fall into. Not unlike this is the complaint of the Prophet *Jeremiab*, ch. 12. v. 1. *Righteous art thou, O Lord, when I plead with thee : yet let me talk with thee of thy judgments. Wherefore doth the way of the wicked prosper ? Wherefore are all they happy that deal very treacherously ?*

Nothing can more fully represent the cruelty and injustice of the *Trojans*, than the observation with which *Menelaus* finishes

Already noble deeds ye have perform'd,  
 A Princess rap'd transcends a Navy storm'd.  
 In, such bold feats your impious might approve,  
 Without th' assistance, or the fear of Jove.  
 The violated rites, the ravish'd dame, 785  
 Our heroes slaughter'd, and our ships on flame :  
 Crimes, heap'd on crimes, shall bend your glory down,  
 And whelm in ruins yon flagitious town.  
 O thou, great father, lord of earth and skies,  
 Above the thought of man, supremely wise ! 790  
 If from thy hand the fates of mortals flow,  
 From whence this favour to an impious foe ?  
 A godless crew, abandon'd and unjust,  
 Still breathing rapine, violence, and lust !  
 The best of things, beyond their measure, cloy : 795  
 Sleep's balmy blessing, love's endearing joy,  
 The feast, the dance ; whate'er mankind desire,  
 Ev'n the sweet charms of sacred numbers tire.

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C

But

finishes their character, by saying, that they have a more strong, constant, and insatiable appetite after bloodshed and rapine, than others have to satisfy the most agreeable pleasures and natural desires.

V. 795. *The best of things, beyond their measure, cloy.*] These words comprehend a very natural sentiment, which perfectly shew the wonderful folly of men : They are soon wearied with the most agreeable things, when they are innocent, but never with the most toilsome things in the world, when unjul and criminal. *Euphathus. Dacier.*

V. 797. *The dance.*] In the original it is called *auupas, the blameless dance* ; to distinguish (says *Euphathus*) what sort of dancing it is that Homer commends. For there were two kinds of dancing practised among the ancients, the one reputable, invented by *Minerva*, or by *Castor* and *Pollux* ; the other dishonest, of which *Pan*, or *Bacchus*, was the author. They were distinguished by the name of the tragic, and the comic or satyric dance. But those which probably our Author commends were certain military dances used by the greatest heroes. One of this sort was known to the *Macedonians*

But *Troy* for ever reaps a dire delight  
In thirst of slaughter, and in lust of fight. 800

This said, he seiz'd (while yet the carcase heav'd)  
The bloody armour, which his train receiv'd :  
Then sudden mix'd anong the warring crew,  
And the bold son of *Pylæmenes* flew.  
*Harpalion* had thro' *Asia* travell'd far, 805  
Following his martial father to the war ;  
Thro' filial love he left his native shore,  
Never, ah never, to behold it more !  
His unsuccessful spear he chanc'd to fling  
Against the target of the *Spartan* King ; 810  
Thus of his lance disarm'd from death he flies,  
And turns around his apprehensive eyes.  
Him, thro' the hip transpiercing as he fled,  
The shaft of *Merion* mingled with the dead.  
Beneath the bone the glancing point descends, 815  
And driving down, the swelling bladder rends :  
Sunk in his sad companions arms he lay,  
And in short pantings sobb'd his soul away ;

(Like

*nians* and *Perians*, practised by *Antiochus* the great, and the famous *Polyperchon*. There was another which was danced in compleat armour, called the *Pyrrhick*, from *Pyrrhus* the *Spartan* its inventor, which continued in fashion among the *Lacedæmonians*. *Scaliger* the father remarks, that this dance was too laborious to remain long in use even among the ancients ; however it seems that labour could not discourage this bold Critick from reviving that laudable kind of dance in the presence of the Emperor *Maximilian* and his whole court. It is not to be doubted but the performance raised their admiration ; nor much to be wondered at, if they desired to see more than once so extraordinary a spectacle, as we have it in his own words. *Psetices*, lib. 1. cap. 18. *Hanc saltationem* [Pyrrhicam] *nos & sape, & diu, coram Divo Maximiliano, jussu B nasci patrum, non sine stupore totius Germaniæ, representavimus.*

(Like some vile worm extended on the ground)  
 While life's red torrent gush'd from out the wound. 820  
 Him on his car the *Paphlagonian* train  
 In slow procession bore from off the plain.  
 The pensive father, father now no more?  
 Attends the mournful pony along the shore,

## C 2

And

V. 819. *Like some vile worm extended on the ground.*] I cannot be of *Eustathius*'s opinion, that this simile was designed to debase the character of *Harpalim*, and to represent him in a mean and disgraceful view, as one who had nothing noble in him. I rather think from the character he gives of this young man, whose piety carried him to the wars to attend his father, and from the air of this whole passage, which is tender and pathetick, that he intended this humble comparison only as a mortifying picture of human misery and mortality. As to the verses which *Eustathius* alledges for a proof of the cowardice of *Harpalim*,

"Ἄνδρας ἵταπεις ἐγρος ἐχάρειο καὶ πλασίαν  
 Πάνθος πανθάνειν.

The retreat described in the first verse is common to the greatest heroes in *Homer*; the same words are applied to *Deiphobus* and *Meriones* in this book, and to *Patroclus* in the 16th, v. 817. of the Greek. The same thing in other words is said even of the great *Ajax*, *Il.* 15. v. 718. And we have *Ulysses* described in the 4th, v. 497. with the same circumstance and fear of the darts: tho' none of those warriors have the same reason as *Harpalim*, for their retreat or caution, he alone being unarmed, which circumstance takes away all imputation of cowardice.

V. 823. *The pensive father.*] We have seen in the 5th Iliad the death of *Pylæmenes* general of the *Paphlagonians*: How comes he then in this place to be introduced as following the funeral of his son? *Eustathius* informs us of a most ridiculous solution of some Critics, who thought it might be the ghost of this unhappy father, who not being yet interred, according to the opinion of the ancients, wandered upon the earth. *Zenodotus* not satisfied at this (as indeed he had little reason to be) changed the name *Pylæmenes* into *Kylæmenes*. *Didymus* thinks there were two of the same name; as there are in *Homer* two *Sch dius's*, two *Eurymedons*, and three *Adraustus's*. And others correct the verse by adding a negative, *μέτα δὲ οὐ ερεστήσεις*; *his father did not follow his chariot*

And unavailing tears profusely shed, 825  
 And unrevg'd, deplor'd his offspring dead.

*Paris* from far the moving fight beheld,  
 With pity soften'd and with fury swell'd :  
 His honour'd host, a youth of matchless grace,  
 And lov'd of all the *Paphlagonian* race ! 830  
 With his full strength he bent his angry bow,  
 And wing'd the feather'd vengeance at the foe.  
 A chief there was, the brave *Euchenor* nam'd,  
 For riches much, and more for virtue fam'd,  
 Who held his seat in *Corinth*'s stately town ; 835  
*Roldus*' son, a peer of old renown  
 oft had the father told his early doom,  
 By arms abroad, or slow disease at home :  
 He climb'd his vessel, prodigal of breath,  
 And chose the certain, glorious path to death. 840

Beneath  
*chariot* with his face bath'd in tears. Which last, if not of  
 more weight than the rest, is yet more ingenious. *Eustathius.*  
*Dacier.*

*Nor did his valiant father (now no more)*  
*Parueghe mournful pomp along the shore,*  
*No fire survi'd, to grace th' untimely bier,*  
*Or sprinkle the cold asbes with a tear.*

V. 840. *And chose the certain glorious path to death.*] Thus we see *Euchenor* is like *Achilles*, who sailed to *Troy*, tho' he knew he should fall before it. This might somewhat have prejudiced the character of *Achilles*, every branch of which ought to be single, and superior to all others, as he ought to be without a rival in every thing that speaks a hero : Therefore we find two essential differences between *Euchenor* and *Achilles*, which preserve the superiority of the hero of the poem. *Achilles*, if he had not sailed to *Troy*, had enjoyed a long life ; but *Euchenor* had been soon cut off by some cruel disease. *Achilles* being independant, and as a King, could have lived at ease at home, without being obnoxious to any disgrace ; but *Euchenor* being but a private man, must either have gone to the war, or been exposed to an ignominious penalty. *Eustathius.* *Dacier.*

Reneath his ear the pointed arrow went ;  
 The soul came issuing at the narrow vent :  
 His limbs, unnerv'd, drop'd useles on the ground,  
 And everlasting darkness shades him round.

Nor knew great *Hector* how his legions yield, 845  
 (Wrapt in the cloud and tumult of the field)  
 Wide on the left the force of *Greece* commands,  
 And conquest hovers o'er th' *Achian* bands :  
 With such a tide superior virtue sway'd,  
 And \* he that shakes the solid earth gave aid. 850  
 But in the centre *Hector* fix'd remain'd,  
 Where first the gates were forc'd, and bulwarks gain'd ;  
 There, on the margin of the hoary deep,  
 (T heir naval station where th' *Ajaces* keep.

\* *Neptune*.

C 3

And

V. 845. *Nor knew great Hector, &c.*] Most part of this book being employed to describe the brave resistance the Greeks made on their left under *Idomenus* and *Meriones*, the Poet now shifts the scene, and returns to *Hector*, whom he left in the centre of the army, after he had passed the wall, endeavouring in vain to break the phalanx where *Ajax* commanded. And that the reader might take notice of this change of place, and carry distinctly in his mind each scene of action, *Homer* is very careful in the following lines to let us know, that *Hector* still continues in the place where he had first passed the wall, at that part of it which was lowest, (as appears from *Serpidon*'s having pulled down one of its battlements on foot, *lib. 12*) and which was nearest the station where the ships of *Ajax* were laid, because that hero was probably thought a sufficient guard for that part. As the Poet is so very exact in describing each scene as in a chart or plan, the reader ought to be careful to trace each action in it; otherwise he will see nothing but confusion in things which are in themselves very regular and distinct. This observation is the more necessary, because even in this place, where the Poet intended to prevent any such mistake, *Dacier* and other interpreters have applied to the present action what is only a recapitulation of the time and place described in the former book.

And where low walls confine the beating tides, 855  
 Whose humble barrier scarce the foe divides ;  
 Where late in fight both foot and horse engag'd,  
 And all the thunder of the battle rag'd)  
 There join'd, the whole *Bæotian* strength remains.  
 The proud *Ionians* with their sweeping trains, 860  
*Locrians* and *Pthians*, and the *Epæan* force ;  
 But join'd, repel not *Hector*'s fiery course.  
 The flow'r of *Athens*, *Sticbius*, *Pbidas* led,  
*Bias* and great *Meneſtheus* at their head.  
*Meges* the strong th' *Epean* bands controul'd, 865  
 And *Dracius* prudent, and *Amphion* bold ;  
 The *Pthians* *Meden*, fam'd for martial might,  
 And brave *Pedarces*, active in the fight.  
 This drew from *Phylachus* his noble line :  
*Iplicbus*' son : and that (*Oileus*) thine : 870  
 (Young *Ajax*' brother, by a stol'n embrace :  
 He dwelt far distant from his native place,  
 By his fierce stepdame from his father's reign  
 Expell'd and exil'd, for her brother slain.)  
 These rule the *Pthians*, and their arms employ, 875  
 Mixt with *Bæotians*, on the shores of *Trey*.  
 Now side by side, with like unweary'd care,  
 Each *Ajax* labour'd thro' the field of war.  
 So when two lordly bulls, with equal toil,  
 Force the bright plowshare thro' the fallow foil, 880  
 Join'd

V. 861. *Pthians.* [The *Pthians* are not the troops of *Achilles*, for these were called *Pthiotæ*; but they were the troops of *Protephilus* and *Philectetes*. *Eustathius*.]

V. 879. *So when two lordly bulls, &c.*] The Image here given of the *Ajaxes* is very lively and exact; there being no circumstance of their present condition that is not to be found in the comparison, and no particular in the comparison that does not resemble the action of the heroes. Their strength and

Join'd to one yoke, the stubborn earth they tear;  
 And trace large furrows with the shining share:  
 O'er their huge limbs the foam descends in flow,  
 And streams of sweat down their four foreheads flow:  
 A train of hero's follow'd thro' the field, 885  
 Who bore by turns great *Ajax'* sevenfold shield ;  
 Whene'er he breath'd, remissive of his might;  
 Tir'd with incessant slaughters of the fight :  
 His brave associate had no following band,  
 His troops unpractised in the fight of stand 890  
 For not the spear the *Locrian* squadrons wield,  
 Nor bear the helms, nor lift the mooney shield ;  
 But skill'd from far the flying shaft to wing,  
 Or whirl the sounding pebble from the sling :  
 Dextrous with these they aim a certain wound, 895  
 Or fell the distant warrior to the ground.  
 Thus in the van, the *Telamonian* train  
 Throng'd in bright arms a pressing fight maintain ;  
 Far in the rear the *Locrian* archers lie,  
 Thick stones and arrows intercept the sky, 900  
 The mingled tempest on the foes they pour ;  
*Troy*'s scat'ring orders open to the flow'r.  
 Now had the *Greeks* eternal fame acquir'd,  
 And the gall'd *Ilions* to their walls retir'd ;  
 But sage *Polydamas*, discreetly brave, 905  
 Address'd great *Hector*, and this counsel gave.  
 Tho' great in all, thou seem'st averse to lend  
 Impartial audience to a faithful friend :  
 To gods and men thy matchless worth is known,  
 And ev'ry art of glorious war thy own ; 910  
 But

and labour, their unanimity and nearness to each other, the difficulties they struggle against, and the sweat occasioned by the struggling, perfectly corresponding with the simile.

But in cool thought and council to excel,  
 How widely differs this from warring well ?  
 Content with what the booneous Gods have giv'n,  
 Seek not alone t' engross the gifts of heav'n.  
 'To some the bloody pow'rs of war belong, 915  
 To some, sweet music, and the charm of song ;  
 To few, and wond'rous few, has *Jove* assign'd  
 A wise, extensive, all-confid'ring mind ;  
 Their guardians these, the nations round confess,  
 And towns and empires for their safety blesa. 920  
 If heav'n has lodg'd this virtue in my breast,  
 Attend, *O Hector*, what I judge the best.  
 See, as thou mov'st, on dangers dangers spread,  
 And war's whole fury burns abou thy head :  
 Behold, distress'd within yon' hostile wall, 925  
 How many *Trojans* yield, disperse, or fall ?  
 What troops, out number'd, scarce the war maintain ?  
 And what brave heroes at the ships lie slain ?  
 Here cease thy fury ; and the Chiefs and Kings,  
 Convok'd to council, weigh the sum of things. 930  
 Whether (the Gods succeeding our desires)  
 To yon' tall ships to bear the *Trojan* fires :  
 Or quit the fleet, and pass unhurt away,  
 Contented with the conquest of the day,  
 I fear, I fear, lest *Greece* (not yet undone) 935  
 Pay the large debt of last revolving sun.  
*Achilles*, great *Achilles*, yet remains  
 On yonder decks, and yet o'erlooks the plains !

The

V. 937. *Achilles, great Achilles, yet remains**On yonder decks, and yet o'erlooks the plains !*

There never was a nobler encomium than this of *Achilles*.  
 It seems enough to so wise a counsellor as *Polydamas*, to con-  
 vince so intrepid a warrior as *Hector*, in how great danger  
 the *Trojans* stood, to say, *Achilles sees us.* " Though he  
 " abstains

The counsel pleas'd ; and *Hector*, with a bound,  
Leap'd from his chariot on the trembling ground ; }  
Swift as he leap'd, his clanging arms resound.

C 5

To

" abstain from the fight, he still casts his eye on the battle ;  
" it is true we are a brave army, and yet keep our ground,  
" but still *Achilles* sees us, and we are not safe." This reflection makes him a God, a single regard of whom can turn the fate of armies, and determine the destiny of a whole people. And how nobly is this thought extended in the progress of this poem ; where we shall see in the 16th book the *Trojans* fly at the first sight of his armour, worn by *Patroclus* ; and in the 18th their defeat complicated by his sole appearance, unarmed on his ship.

V. 939. *Hector*, *with a bound, Leap'd from his chariot.*] *Hector* having in the last book alighted, and caused the *Trojans* to leave their chariots behind them, when they passed the trench, and no mention of any chariot but that of *Ajax* since occurring in the battle ; we must necessarily infer, either that *Homer* has neglected to mention the advance of the chariots, (a circumstance which should not have been omitted) or else, that he is guilty here of a great mistake in making *Hector* leap from his chariot. I think it evident, that this is really a slip of the Poet's memory : For in this very book, v. 533. (of the original) we see *Polites* lead off his wounded brother to the place where his chariot remained behind the army. And again in the next book, *Hector*, being wounded, is carried out of the battle in his soldiers arms to the place where his horses and chariot waited at a distance from the battle.

τὸν δὲ ἀπέστητον φέροντες πόντον, οὐδὲ ταῦτα θεωρεῖς  
Οὐδαές οὐδεισθε μάχης οὐδὲ πολέμουσι.

'Εσαστα. Lib. 14. v. 428.

But what puts it beyond dispute, that the chariots continued all this time in the place where they quitted them, is a passage in the fifteenth book, where the *Trojans*, being over-powered by the *Greeks*, fly back over the wall and trench, till they came to the place where their chariots stood.

Οἱ μὲν δὴ παρὰ ὅχισθιν ἵρπτυοντο μένοντες. Lib. 15. v. 5.

Neither *Eustathius* nor *Dacier* have taken any notice of this incongruity, which would tempt one to believe they were willing to overlook what they could not excuse. I must honestly own my opinion, that there are several other negligences

gences

To guard this post (he cry'd) thy art employ,  
 And here detain the scatter'd youth of *Troy* ;  
 Where yonder heroes faint, I bend my way,  
 And hasten back to end the doubtful day.

915

This said ; the tow'ring chief prepares to go.  
 Shakes his white plumes that to the breezes flow,  
 And seems a moving mountain topt with snow.  
 Thro' all his host, inspiring force, he flies,  
 And bids anew the martial thunder rise.

950.

To

gences of this kind in *Homer*. I cannot think otherwise of the passage in the present book concerning *Pylæmænes*; notwithstanding the excuses of the Commentators which are there given. The very using the same name in different places for different persons, confounds the reader in the story, and is what certainly would be better avoided: So that 'tis to no purpose to say, there might as well be two *Pylæmænes*'s, as two *Schedius*'s, two *Eurymedon*'s, two *Opheleutes*'s, &c. since it is more blameable to be negligent in many instances than in one. *Virgil* is not free from this, as *Macrobius* has observed, *Sat. l. 5. c. 15.* But the above-mentioned names are proofs of that Critick's being greatly mistaken in affirming that *Homer* is not guilty of the same. It is one of those many errors he was led into, by his partiality to *Homer* above *Virgil*.

V. 948. *And seems a moving mountain topt with snow.*] This simile is very short in the original, and requires to be opened a little to discover its full beauty. I am not of M. *Dacier*'s opinion, that the lustre of *Hector*'s arm was that which furnished *Homer* with this image; it seems rather to allude to the plume upon his helmet, in the action of shaking which this hero is so frequently painted by our Author, and from thence distinguished by the remarkable epithet *χορυθαιεῖος*. This is a very pleasing image, and very much what the Painters call *pictureſque*. I fancy it gave the hint for a very fine one in *Spenser*, where he represents the person of *Contemplation* in the figure of an old man almost consumed with study.

*His snaky locks adown his shoulders spread,  
 As hoary frost with spangles doth attire  
 The mossy branches of an oak half dead.*

To *Pantus'* son, at *Hector*'s high command,  
 Haste the bold leaders of the *Trojan* band :  
 But round the battlements, and round the plain,  
 For many a chief he look'd, but look'd in vain ;  
*Deiphobus*, nor *He'enus* the seer, 955  
 Nor *Afius*' son, nor *Afius*' self appear.

For these were pierc'd with many a ghastly wound,  
 Some cold in death, some groaning on the ground ;  
 Some low in dust (a mournful object) lay,  
 High on the wall some breath'd their souls away. 960

Far on the left, amidst the throng he found  
 (Cheering the troops, and dealing deaths around) .  
 The graceful *Paris* ! whom, with fury mov'd,  
 Opprobrious, thus th' impatient chief reprov'd.

Ill-fated *Paris* ! slave to womankind, 965  
 As smooth of face as fraudulent of mind !  
 Where is *Deiphobus*, where's *Afius* gone ?  
 The god-like father, and th' intrepid son ? -  
 The force of *Helenus*, dispensing fate,  
 And great *Otbryoneus* so fear'd of late ? . 970  
 Black fate hangs o'er thee from th' avenging Gods,  
 Imperial *Troy* from her foundation nods ;  
 Whelm'd in thy country's ruins shalt thou fall,  
 And one devouring vengeance swallow all.

When .

V. 965. *Ill-fated Paris.*] The reproach which *Hector* here casts on *Paris*, gives us the character of this hero, who in many things resembles *Achilles*; being (like him) unjust, violent, and impetuous, and making no distinction between the innocent and criminal. 'Tis he who is obstinate in attacking the entrenchments, yet asks an account of those who were slain in the attack from *Paris*; and tho' he ought to blame himself for their deaths, yet he speaks to *Paris*, as if thro' his cowardice he had suffered these to be slain, whom he might have preserved if he had fought courageously. *Eu-*  
*stathius.*

When *Paris* thus : My brother and my friend, 975  
 Thy warm impatience makes thy tongue offend.  
 In other battles I deserv'd thy blame,  
 'Tho' then not deedless, nor unknown to fame :  
 But since yon' ramparts by thy arms lay low,  
 I scatter'd slaughter from my fatal bow. 980  
 The chiefs you seek on yonder shore lie slain ;  
 Of all those heroes, two alone remain ;  
*Deiphobus*, and *Helenus* the seer :  
 Each now disabled by a hostile spear.  
 Go then, successful, where thy soul inspires ; 985  
 This heart and hand shall second all thy fires :  
 What with this arm I can, prepare to know ;  
 Till death for death be paid, and blow for blow.  
 But 'tis not ours, with forces not our own  
 To combat ; strength is of the Gods alone. 990

These words the hero's angry mind assuage :  
 Then fierce they mingle where the thickest rage.  
 Around *Polydamas* distain'd with blood,  
*Cebren*, *Phalces*, stern *Ortheus* stood ;  
*Palmus*, with *Polypetes* the divine, 995  
 And two bold brothers of *Hippotion*'s line :  
 (Who reach'd fair *Ilion*, from *Ascania* far,  
 The former day ; the next engag'd in war.)  
 As when from gloomy clouds a whirlwind springs,  
 That bears *Jove*'s thunder on its dreadful wings, 1000  
 Wide o'er the blasted fields the tempest sweeps,  
 Then gather'd, settles on the hoary deeps ;  
 Th' afflicted deeps tumultuous mix and roar ;  
 The waves behind impel the waves before,  
 Wide-rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to the }  
 shore. 1005

Thus

V. 1005. *Wide-rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to the shore.* ]

Thus rank on rank the chief battalions throng,  
Chief urg'd on chief, and man drove man along ;  
Far o'er the plains in dreadful order bright,  
The braz'en arms reflect a beamy light.

Full in the blazing van great *Hector* shin'd, 1010  
Like *Mars* commission'd to confound mankind.

Before him flaming, his enormous shield,  
Like the broad sun illumin'd all the field :  
His nodding helm emits a streamy ray ;  
His piercing eyes thró' all the battle stray, 1015  
And, while beneath his targe he flash'd along,  
Shot terrors round, that wither'd ev'n the strong.

Thus stalk'd he dreadful ; death was in his look ;  
Whole nations fear'd : but not an *Argive* shook.  
The tow'ring *Ajax*, with an ample stride, 1020  
Advanc'd the first and thus the chief defy'd.

*Hector*, come on, thy empty threats forbear—  
'Tis not thy arm, 'tis thund'ring *Jove*, we fear :  
The skill of war to us not idly giv'n,  
Lo ! *Greece* is humbled, not by *Troy*, but heav'n. 1025  
Vain are the hopes that haughty mind imparts,  
To force our fleet : The *Greeks* have hands and hearts.  
Long ere in flames our lofty navy fall,  
Your boasted city and your god-built wall,  
Shall sink beneath us, smoaking on the ground ; 1030  
And spread along, unmeasur'd ruin round.  
The time shall come, when chas'd along the plain,  
Ev'n thou shalt call on *Jove*, and call in vain ;

Ev'n.

*NOTE.*] I have endeavoured in this verse to imitate the confused and broken sound of the original, which images the tumult and roaring of many waters.

Κύριαν παφλάξητα πολυφλοίσθιο Θαλάσσης  
Κυρία, φαληρίσθια. —————

Ev'n thou shalt wish, to aid thy desp'rate course,  
 The wings of falcons for thy flying horse ; 1035  
 Shalt run forgetful of a warrior's fame,  
 While clouds of friendly dust conceal thy flame.

As thus he spoke, behold, in open view,  
 On sounding wings a dexter eagle flew,  
 To Jove's glad omen all the Grecians rise, 1040  
 And hail with shouts, his progress thro' the skies.  
 Far-echoing clamours bound from side to side :  
 They ceas'd ; and thus the Chief of Troy reply'd.

From

V. 1037. *Clouds of friendly dust.*] a Critick might take occasion from hence to speak of the exact time of the year in which the actions of the Iliad are supposed to have happened. And (according to the grave manner of a learned Dissertator) begin by informing us, that he has found it must be the *summer* season, from the frequent mention made of clouds of *dust*: Tho' what he discovers might be full as well inferred from common sense; the summer being the natural season for a campaign. However he should quote all these passages at large; and adding to the article of *dust* as much as he can find of the *sweat* of the heroes, it might fill three pages very much to his own satisfaction. It would look well to observe farther, that the fields are described flowery, *Il.* 2. v. 546. that the branches of a tamarisk tree are flourishing, *Il.* 10. v. 537. that the warriors sometimes wash themselves in the sea, *Il.* 11. v. 762. that *Diomed* sleeps out of his tent on the ground, *Il.* 10. v. 170. that the flies are very busy about the dead body of *Patroclus*, *Il.* 19. v. 30. that *Apollo* covers the body of *Hector* with a cloud to prevent its being scorched, *Il.* 23. All this would prove the very thing which was laid at first, that it was *summer*. He might next proceed to enquire, what precise critical time of summer? And here the mention of new-made honey in *Il.* 11. v. 771. might be of great service in the investigation of this important matter: He would conjecture from hence, that it must be near the end of summer, honey being seldom taken till that time; to which having added the plague which rages in book 1. and remarked, that infections of that kind generally proceed from the extremest heats, which heats are not till near the *autumn*; the learned enquirer might hug himself in this discovery, and conclude with triumph.

From whence this menace, this insulting strain ?  
 Enormous boaster ! doom'd to vaunt in vain. 1045  
 So may the Gods on *Hector* life bestow,  
 (Not that short life which mortals lead below,  
 But such as those of *Jove's* high lineage born,  
 The blue ey'd maid, or he that gilds the morn.)  
 As this decisive day shall end the fame 1050  
 Of *Greece*, and *Argos* be no more a name.  
 And thou, imperious ! if thy madness wait  
 The lance of *Hector*, thou shalt meet thy fate :  
 That giant-corse, extended on the shore,  
 Shall largely feast the fowls with fat and gore. 1055

He said, and like a lion stalk'd along :  
 With shouts incessant earth and ocean rung,  
 Sent from his following host : the *Grecian* train :  
 With answering thunders fill'd the echoing plain ;  
 A shout that tore heav'n's concave, and above 1060  
 Shook the fix'd splendors of the throne of *Jove*.

If any one think this too ridiculous to have been ever put in practice, he may see what *Boissi* has done to determine the precise season of the *Aeneid*, lib. 3. c. 12. The memory of that learned Critick failed him, when he produced, as one of the proofs that it was autumn, a passage in the 6th book, where the fall of the leaf is only mentioned in a *simile*. He has also found out a beauty in *Homer*, which few even of his greatest admirers can believe he intended ; which is, that to the *violence* and *fury* of the *Iliad* he artfully adapted the *beat* of *summer*, but to the *Odyssey* the *cooler* and *maturer* season of *autumn*, to correspond with the *sedateness* and *prudence* of *Ulysses*.



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THE  
FOURTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

I L I A D.

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## The A R G U M E N T.

*Juno deceives Jupiter by the Girdle of Venus.*

NESTOR sitting at the table with Machaon, is alarmed with the increasing clamour of the war, and hastens to Agamemnon: On his way he meets that Prince with Diomed and Ulysses, whom he informs of the extremity of the danger. Agamemnon proposes to make their escape by night, which Ulysses withstands; to which Diomed adds his advice, that, wounded as they were, they should go forth and encourage the army with their presence; which advice is pursued. Juno seeing the partiality of Jupiter to the Trojans, forms a design to over-reach him; she sets off her charms with the utmost care, and (the more surely to enchant him) obtains the magick girdle of Venus. She then applies herself to the God of Sleep, and with some difficulty persuades him to seal the eyes of Jupiter; this done she goes to mount Ida, where the God, at first sight, is ravished with her beauty, sinks in her embraces, and is laid asleep. Neptune takes advantage of his slumber, and succours the Greeks: Hector is struck to the ground with a prodigious stone by Ajax, and carried off from the battle: Several actions succeed; till the Trojans, much distressed, are obliged to give way: The lesser Ajax signalizes himself in a particular manner.

T H E

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T H E  
\* F O U R T E E N T H B O O K  
O F T H E  
I L I A D.

BUT nor the genial feast, nor flowing bowl,  
Could charm the cares of *Nestor*'s watchful soul ;  
His startled ears th' encreasing cries attend ;  
Then thus, impatient, to his wounded friend.  
What new alarms, divine *Macbaon*, say,  
What mixt events attend this mighty day ?  
Hark ! how the shouts divide, and how they meet,  
And now come full, and thicken to the fleet !

5  
Here,

\* The Poet, to advance the character of *Nestor*, and give us a due esteem for his conduct and circumspection, represents him as deeply solicitous for the common good : In the very article of mirth or relaxation from the toils of war, he is all attention to learn the fate and issue of the battle : And through his long use and skill in martial events, he judges from the nature of the uproar still encreasing, that the fortune of the day is held no longer in suspense, but inclines to one side. *Enstatius*.

V. 1. *But nor the genial feast.*] At the end of the 11th book we left *Nestor* at the table with *Macbaon*. The attack of the entrenchments, described thro' the 12th and 13th books, happened while *Nestor* and *Macbaon* sat at the table ; nor is there any improbability herein, since there is nothing performed in those two books, but what might naturally happen in the space of two hours. *Homer* constantly follows the thread of his narration, and never suffers his reader to forget the train of action, or the time it employs. *Dacier*.

Here, with the cordial draught dispel thy care,  
 Let *Hecamede* the strength'ning bath prepare, 10  
 Refresh thy wound, and cleanse the clotted gore ;  
 While I th' adventures of the day explore.

He said ; and seizing *Tetraphineus'* shield,  
 (His valiant offspring) harken'd to the field ;  
 (That day the son his father's becoker bore) 15  
 Then strach'd a lance, and issued from the door.  
 Soon as the prospect open'd to his view,  
 His wounded eyes the scene of sorrow knew.  
 Dire disarray ! the tumult of the fight.  
 The wall in ruins, and the Greeks in flight. 20  
 As when old Ocean's silent surface sleeps,  
 The waves just heaving on the purple deeps ;

While

V. 10. *Let Hecamede the strength'ning bath prepare.*] The custom of women officiating to men in the bath was usual in ancient times. Examples are frequent in the *Odyssy*. And it is not at all more odd, or to be sacred at, than the custom now used in *France*, of *Vallets de Chambres* dressing and undressing the ladies.

V. 21. *As when old Ocean's silent surface sleeps.*] There are no where more faulted pictures of nature, than those which Homer draws in several of his comparisons. The beauty, however of some of these will be left to many, who cannot perceive the resemblance, having never had opportunity to observe the things themselves. The life of this description will be most sensible to those who have been at sea in a calm : In this condition the water is not entirely motionless, but swells gently in smooth waves, which fluctuate backwards and forwards in a kind of balancing motion : This state continues till a rising wind gives a determination to the waves, and rolls 'em one certain way. There is scarce any thing in the whole compass of nature that can more exactly represent the state of an irresolute mind, wavering between two different designs, sometimes inclining to the one, sometimes to the other, and then moving to that point to which its resolution is at last determined. Every circumstance of this comparison is both beautiful and just ; and it is the more to be admired, because it is very difficult to find sensible images proper

While yet th' expected tempest hangs on high,  
Weighs down the cloud, and blackens in the sky,  
The mass of waters will no wind obey ; 25  
Jove sends one gust, and bids them roll away.  
While wav'ring counsels thus his mind engage,  
Fluctuates in doubtful thought the *Pylian* sage ;  
To join the host, or to the general haste,  
Debating long he fixes on the last : 30  
Yet, as he moves, the fight his bosom warms ;  
The field rings dreadful with the clang of arms ;  
The gleaming faulchions flash, the jav'lins fly,  
Blows echo blows, and all or kill, or die.  
Hitn, in his march, the wounded Princes meet, 35  
By tardy steps ascending from the fleet.  
The King of Men, *Ulysses* the divine,  
And who to *Tydeus* owes his noble line.

Their

proper to represent the motions of the mind ; wherefore we but rarely meet with such comparison, even in the best Poets. There is one of great beauty in *Virgil*, upon a subject very like this, where he compares his hero's mind, agitated with a great variety and quick succession of thoughts, to a dancing light reflected from a vessel of water in motion.

*Cuncta vident, magus curarum fluctuat aflux,*  
*Atque animum, nunc huc, celerem, nunc dividit illuc,*  
*In partesque rapit varias, perque omnia versat.*  
*Sicut aqua tremulum labris ubi lumen abenis*  
*Sole repercutsum, aut radiantis imaginis lumen*  
*Omnia percolat late loca ; jamque sub duras*  
*Erigitur, sumnigque ferit laquearia telli.*

Æn. 1. 8. v. 19.

V. 30. *He fixes on the last.*] *Nestor* appears in this place a great friend to his Prince ; for upon deliberating whether he should go through the body of the *Grecian* host, or else repair to *Agamemnon's* tent ; he determines at last, and judges it the best way to go to the latter. Now because it had been ill concerted to have made a man of his age walk a great way round about in quest of his commander, *Homer* has ordered it so, that he should meet *Agamemnon* in his way thither

Their ships at distance from the battle stand,  
In lines advanc'd along the shelving strand ;

40

Whose

thither. And nothing could be better imagined than the reason, why the wounded Princes left their tents; they were impatient to behold the battle, anxious for its success, and desirous to inspirit the soldiers by their presence. The Poet was obliged to give a reason; for in *Epic Poetry*, as well as in *Dramatic*, no person ought to be introduced without some necessity, or at least some probability, for his appearance. *Eustathius.*

V. 39. *Their ships at distance, &c.*] Homer being always careful to distinguish each scene of action, gives a very particular description of the station of the ships, shewing in what manner they lay drawn up on the land. This he had only hinted at before; but here taking occasion on the wounded heroes coming from their ships, which were at a distance from the fight (while others were engaged in the defence of those ships where the wall was broke down) he tells us, that the shore of the bay comprehended between the *Rhætor* and *Sigeas* promontories was not sufficient to contain the ships in one line; which they were therefore obliged to draw up in ranks, ranged in parallel lines along the shore. How many of these lines there were, the Poet does not determine. M. *Dacier*, without giving any reason for her opinion, says they were but two; one advanced near the wall, the other on the verge of the sea. But it is more than probable, that there were several intermediate lines; since the order in which the vessels lay is here described by a metaphor taken from the steps of a *scaling ladder*; which had been no way proper to give an image only of two ranks, but very fit to represent a greater tho' undetermined number. That there were more than two lines, may likewise be inferred from what we find in the beginning of the 11th book; where it is said, that the voice of *Discord*, standing on the ship of *Ulysses*, in the middle of the fleet, was heard as far as the stations of *Achilles* and *Ajax*, whose ships were drawn up in the two extremities: Those of *Ajax* were nearest the wall (as is expressly said in the 682d verse of the 13th book, in the orig.) and those of *Achilles* nearest the sea; as appears from many passages scattered thro' the Iliad.

It must be supposed, that those ships were drawn highest upon land, which first approached the shore; the first line therefore consisted of those who first disembarked, which were the ships of *Ajax* and *Proteus*; the latter of whom seems

Whose bay, the fleet unable to contain  
 At length, beside the margin of the main,  
 Rank above rank, the crowded ships they moor ;  
 (Who landed first, lay highest on the shore.)  
 Supported on their spears they took their way, 45  
 Unfit to fight, but anxious for the day.

*Nestor's* approach alarm'd each *Grecian* breast,  
 Whom thus the gen'ral of the host addrest.

O grace and glory of th' *Achaian* name !  
 What drives thee, *Nestor*, from the field of fame ? 50  
 Shall then proud *Hector* see his boast fulfill'd,  
 Our fleets in ashes, and our heroes kill'd ?  
 Such was his threat, ah ! now too soon made good,  
 On many a *Grecian* bosom writ in blood.  
 Is ev'ry heart inflam'd with equal rage 55  
 Against your King, nor will one chief engage ?  
 And have I liv'd to see with mournful eyes  
 In ev'ry Greek a new *Achilles* rise ?

*Gerenian Nestor* then. So fate has will'd ;  
 And all-confirming time has fate fulfill'd. 60  
 Not

seems mentioned in the verse above cited of the 13th book, only to give occasion to observe this, for he was slain as he landed first of the *Greeks*. And accordingly we shall see in the 15th book, it is his ship that is first attacked by the *Trojans*, as it lay nearest them.

We may likewise guess how it happens, that the ships of *Achilles* were placed ~~nearest~~ the sea ; for in the answer of *Achilles* to *Ulysses* in the 9th book, v. 432. he mentions a naval expedition he had made while *Agamemnon* lay safe in the camp : So that his ships at their return did naturally lie next the sea ; which without this consideration, might appear a station not so becoming this hero's courage.

V. 47. *Nestor's approach alarm'd.*] That so laborious a person as *Nestor* has been described, so indefatigable, so little indulgent of his extreme age, and one that never receded from the battle, should approach to meet them ; this it was that struck the Princes with amazement, when they saw he had left the field. *Eustathius*.

Not he that thunders from th' aerial bow'r,  
 Not *Jove* himself, upon the past has pow'r.  
 The wall, our late inviolable bound,  
 And best defence, lies smoaking on the ground :  
 Ev'n to the ships their smoaking arms extend, 65  
 And groans of slaughter'd Greeks to heav'n ascend,  
 On speedy measures then employ your thought ;  
 In such distress if counsel profit ought ;  
 Arms cannot much : tho' *Mars* our souls incite,  
 These gaping wounds withhold us from the fight. 70

To him the Monarch. That our army bends,  
 That *Troy* triumphant our high fleet ascends,  
 And that the rampart, late our surest trust,  
 And best defence, lies smoaking in the dust :  
 All this from *Jove*'s afflicted hand we bear, 75  
 Who, far from *Argos*, wills our ruin here,  
 Past are the days when happier *Greece* was blest,  
 And all his favour, all his aid confess ;  
 Now heav'n averse, our hands from battle ties,  
 And lifts the *Trojan* glory to the skies. 80  
 Cease we at length to waste our blood in vain,  
 And launch what ships lie nearest to the main ;

Leave

V. 81. *Cease we at length, &c.*] Agamemnon either does not know what course to take in this distress, or only sounds the sentiments of his nobles (as he did in the second book of the whole army.) He delivers himself first after Nestor's speech, as it became a counsellor to do. But knowing this advice to be dishonourable, and unsuitable to the character he assumes elsewhere *ἴδωτε μέν τοι Τελεταρί*, &c. and considering that he could do no better than abandon his post, when before he had threatened the deserters with death ; he reduces his counsel into the form of a proverb, disguising it as handomely as he can under a sentence. *It is better to shun an evil*, &c. It is observable too how he has qualified the expression : He does not say, to *shun the battle*, for that had been unsoldierly ; but he softens the phrase, and calls it to

Leave these at anchor till the coming night ;  
 Then if impetuous *Troy* forbear the fight,  
 Bring all to sea, and hoist each sail for flight. 85 }  
 Better from evils, well foreseen, to run,  
 Than perish in the danger we may shun.

Thus he. The sage *Ulysses* thus replies,  
 While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes.  
 What shameful words (unkingly as thou art) 90  
 Fall from that trembling tongue, and tim'rous heart ?  
 Oh were thy sway the curse of meaner pow'rs,  
 And thou the shame of any host but ours !  
 A host, by *Jove* endu'd with martial might,  
 And taught to conquer, or to fall in fight ; 95  
 Advent'rous combats and bold wars to wage,  
 Employ'd our youth, and yet employs our age,  
 And wilt thou thus desert the *Trojan* plain ?  
 And have whole streams of blood been spilt in vain ?

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In

to shun *evil* : And this word *evil* he applies twice together, in advising them to leave the engagement.

It is farther remarked that this was the noblest opportunity for a General to try the temper of his officers ; for he knew that in a calm of affairs, it was common with most people either out of flattery or respect, to submit to their leaders : But in imminent danger, fear does not bribe them, but every one discovers his very soul, valuing all other considerations, in regard to his safety, but in the second place. He knew the men he spoke to were prudent persons, and not easy to cast themselves into a precipitate flight. He might likewise have a mind to recommend himself to his army by the means of his officers ; which he was not very able to do of himself, angry as they were at him, for the affront he had offered *Acilius*, and by consequence thinking him the Author of all their present calamities. *Eustathius*.

V. 92. *Oh were thy sway the curse of meaner pow'rs,*  
*And thou the shame of any host but ours.*

This is a noble compliment to his country and the *Grecian* army, to shew that it was an impossibility for them to follow even their General in any thing that was cowardly, or shameful ; though the lives and safeties of them all were concerned in it.

The Monarch's daughter there (so *Jove* ordain'd)  
 He won, and flourish'd where *Adraustus* reigned :  
 There rich in fortune's gifts, his acres till'd,  
 Beheld his vines their liquid harvest yield,  
 And num'rous flocks that whiten'd all the field. 140  
 Such *Tydeus* was, the foremost once in fame !  
 Nor lives in *Greece* a stranger to his name.  
 Then, what for common good my thoughts inspire,  
 Attend, and in the son respect the sire.  
 Tho' sore of battle, tho' with wounds opprest, 145  
 Let each go forth, and animate the rest.  
 Advance the glory which he cannot share,  
 Tho' not partaker, witness of the war.  
 But lest new wounds on wounds o'erpow'r us quite,  
 Beyond the midile jav'lin's sounding flight, 150  
 Safe let us stand ; and from the tumult far,  
 Inspire the ranks, and rule the distant war.  
 He added not : the list'ning Kings obey,  
 Slow moving on ; *Atrides* leads the way.  
 The God of Ocean (to inflame their rage) 155  
 Appears a Warrior furrow'd o'er with age ;

Pref's d

his crime, but is a just motive likewise for our compassion.  
*Eustathius.*

V. 146. *Let each go forth, and animate the rest.*] It is worth a remark, with what management and discretion the Poet has brought these four Kings, and no more, towards the engagement, since these are sufficient alone to perform all that he requires. For *Nestor* proposes to them to enquire, if there be any way or means which prudence can direct for their security. *Agamemnon* attempts to discover that method. *Ulysses* refutes him, as one whose method was dishonourable, but proposes no other project. *Diomed* supplies that deficiency, and shews what must be done : That wounded as they are, they should go forth to the battle ; for though they were not able to engage, yet their presence would re-establish their affairs by detaining in arms those who might otherwise quit the field. This counsel is embraced, and readily obeyed by the rest. *Eustathius.*

Press'd in his own the Gen'ral's hand he took,  
And thus the venerable Hero spoke.

*Atrides, lo ! with what disdainful eye*  
*Achilles fees his country's forces fly :* 160  
Blind impious man ! whose anger is his guide,  
Who glories in unutterable pride.  
So may he perish, so may *Jove* disclaim  
The wretch relentless, and o'erwhelm'd with shame !  
But heav'n forsakes not thee ; O'er yonder sands 165  
Soon shalt thou view the scatter'd *Trojan* bands  
Fly diverse ; while proud Kings, and Chiefs renounr'd,  
Driv'n heaps on heaps, with clouds involv'd around  
Of rolling dust, their winged wheels employ  
To hide their ignominious heads in *Troy*. 170

He spoke, then rush'd amongst the warring crew ;  
And sent his voice before him as he flew,  
Loud, as the shout encouraging armies yield,  
When twice ten thousand shake the lab'ring field :  
Such was the voice, and such the thund'ring sound 175  
Of him whose trident rends the solid ground.  
Each *Argive* bosom beats to meet the fight,  
And grizzly war appears a pleasing sight.

Mean time *Saturnia* from *Olympus'* brow,  
High-thron'd in gold, beheld the fields below ; 180

D 3

With

V. 179. *The story of Jupiter and Juno.*] I don't know a bolder fiction in all antiquity, than this of Jupiter's being deceived and laid asleep, or that has a greater air of impiety and absurdity. It is an observation of Mons. *de St. Evremond* upon the ancient poets, which every one will agree to :  
 " That it is surprizing enough to find them so scrupulous to  
 " preserve probability, in actions purely human ; and so  
 " ready to violate it in representing the actions of the Gods.  
 " Even those who have spoke more sagely than the rest, of  
 " their nature, could not forbear to speak extravagantly of  
 " their conduct. When they establish their being and their  
 attri-

With joy the glorious conflict she survey'd,  
Where her great brother gave the *Grecians* aid.

But

“ attributes, they make them immortal, infinite, almighty,  
“ perfectly wise, and perfectly good : But the moment they  
“ represent them acting, there is no weakness to which they  
“ do not make them stoop, and no folly or wickedness they  
“ do not make them commit.” The same author answers this  
in another place by remarking, “ That truth was not the  
“ inclination of the first ages : a foolish lie or a lucky falsehood  
“ gave reputation to imposters, and pleasure to the credu-  
“ lous. It was the whole secret of the great and the wise,  
“ to govern the simple and ignorant herd. The vulgar, who  
“ pay a profound reverence to mysterious errors, would have  
“ despised plain truth, and it was thought a piece of pru-  
“ dence to deceive them. All the discourses of the ancients  
“ were fitted to so advantageous a design. There was no  
“ thing to be seen but fictions, allegories, and similitudes,  
“ and nothing was to appear as it was in itself.”

I must needs, upon the whole, as far as I can judge, give up the morality of this fable ; but what colour of excuse for it *Homer* might have from ancient tradition, or what mystical or allegorical sense might atone for the appearing impiety, is hard to be ascertained at this distant period of time. That there had been before his age a tradition of *Jupiter*'s being laid asleep, appears from the story of *Hercules* at *Coos*, referred to by our author, v. 285. There is also a passage in *Diodorus*, lib. 1. c. 7. which gives some small light to this fiction. Among other reasons which that historian lays down to prove that *Homer* travelled into *Egypt*, he alledges this passage of the interview of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, which he says was grounded upon an *Egyptian* festival, *coheroon the nuptial ceremonies of these two deities were celebrated, at which time both their tabernacles, adorned with all sorts of flowers, are carried by the priests to the top of a high mountain.* Indeed as the greatest part of the ceremonies of the ancient religions consisted in some symbolical representations of certain actions of their Gods, or rather deified mortals, so a great part of ancient poetry consisted in the description of the actions exhibited in those ceremonies. The loves of *Venus* and *Adonis* are a remarkable instance of this kind, which, tho' under different names, were celebrated by annual representations, as well in *Egypt* as in several nations of *Greece* and *Asia* : and to the images which were carried in these festivals, several ancient poets were indebted for their most happy descriptions.

But plac'd aloft, on *Ida*'s shady height  
 She sees her *Jove*, and trembles at the sight.  
*Jove* to deceive, what method shall she try,      185  
 What arts to blind his all-beholding eye !  
 At length she trusts her pow'r ; resolv'd to prove  
 The old, yet still successful, cheat of love ;  
 Against his wisdom to oppose her charms,  
 And lull the Lord of Thunders in her arms.      190

D 4

Swift

tions. If the truth of this observation of *Diodorus* be admitted, the present passage will appear with mere dignity, being grounded on religion ; and the conduct of the poet will be more justifiable, if that, which has been generally counted an incident, wanton fiction, should prove to be the representation of a religious solemnity. Considering the great ignorance we are in of many ancient ceremonies, there may be probably in *Homer* many incidents entirely of this nature ; wherefore we ought to be reserved in our censures, lest what we decry as wrong in the Poet, should prove only a fault in his religion. And indeed it would be a very unfair way to tax any people, or any age whatever, with grossness in general, purely from the gross or absurd ideas or practices that are to be found in their religions.

In the next place, if we have recourse to allegory, (which softens and reconciles every thing) it may be imagined that by the congress of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, is meant the mingling of the *æther* and the *air* (which are generally said to be signified by these two deities.) The ancients believed the *æther* to be igneous, and that by its kind influence, upon the air, it was the cause of all vegetation : To which nothing more exactly corresponds, than the fiction of the earth putting forth her flowers immediately upon this congress. *Virgil* has some lines in the second *Georgic*, that seem a perfect explanation of the fable into this sense. In describing the spring, he hints as if something of a vivifying influence was at that time spread from the upper heavens into the air. He calls *Jupiter* expressly *Æther*, and represents him operating upon his spouse for the production of all things.

*Tum pater omnipotens facundis imbribus æther  
 Conjuris in gremio letæ descendit, & omnes  
 Magnus ait, magno commixtus corpore fatus.  
 Parturit omnis ager, &c.*

But

Swift to her bright apartment she repairs,  
Sacred to dress, and beauty's pleasing cares :

With

But be all this as it will, it is certain, that whatever may be thought of this fable in a theological or philosophical view, it is one of the most beautiful pieces that ever was produced by Poetry. Neither does it want its moral : An ingenious modern writer (whom I am pleased to take any occasion of quoting) has given it us in these words.

" This passage of *Homer* may suggest abundance of instruction to a woman who has a mind to preserve, or recall the affection of her husband. The care of her person and dress, with the particular blandishments woven in the *Cestus*, are so plainly recommended in this fable, and so indispensably necessary in every female who desires to please, that they need no farther explanation. The discretion likewise in covering all matrimonial quarrels from the knowledge of others, is taught in the pretended visit to *Tethys*, in the speech where *Juno* addresses herself to *Venus* ; as the chaste and prudent management of a wife's charms is intimated by the same pretence for her appearing before *Jupiter*, and by the concealment of the *Cestus* in her bosom. I shall leave this tale to the consideration of such good housewives, who are never well dressed but when they are abroad, and think it necessary to appear more agreeable to all men living than their husbands : As also to those prudent ladies, who to avoid the appearance of being over-fond, entertain their husbands with indifference, aversion, silence, or exasperating language."

V. 191. *Swift to her bright apartment she repairs, &c.*] This passage may be of consideration to the ladies, and, for their sakes, I take a little pains to observe upon it. *Homer* tells us that the very Goddesses, who are all over charms, never dress in sight of any one : The Queen of Heaven adorns herself in private, and the doors lock after her. In *Homer* there are no *Dieux des Ruelles*, no Gods are admitted to the toilette.

I am afraid there are some earthly Goddesses of less prudence, who have lost most of the adoration of mankind by the contrary practice. *Lucretius* (a very good judge in gallantry) prescribes, as a cure to a desperate lover, the frequent sight of his mistress undressed. *Juno* herself has suffer'd a little by the very *Muse's* peeping into her chamber, since some nice critics are shocked in this place of *Homer*, to find that the Goddess walks herself, which presents some idea

With skill divine had Vulcan form'd the bow'r,  
 Safe from access of each intruding pow'r.  
 Touch'd with her secret key, the doors unfold : 195  
 Self-clo'st behind her shut the valves of gold.  
 Here first she bathes ; and round her body pours  
 Soft oils of fragrance, and ambrosial show'r's :  
 The winds perfum'd, the balmy gale convey,  
 Thro' heav'n, thro' earth, and all th' aereal way ; 200  
 Spirit divine ! whose exhalation greets  
 The sense of Gods with more than mortal sweets.  
 Thus while she breath'd of heav'n, with decent pride  
 Her artful hands the radiant tresses ty'd ;

D 5

Part

as if she was dirty. Those who have delicacy will profit by this remark.

V. 198. *Soft oils of fragrance.*] The practice of *Juno* in anointing her body with perfumed oils, was a remarkable part of ancient *Cosmetics*, tho' entirely disused in the modern arts of dress. It may possibly offend the niceness of modern ladies; but such of 'em as paint, ought to consider that this practice might, without much greater difficulty, be reconciled to cleanliness. This passage is a clear instance of the antiquity of this custom, and clearly determines against *Pliny*, who was of opinion that it was not so ancient at those times, where; speaking of perfumed unguents, he says, *Quis primum invenerit non traditur; Iliacis temporibus non erant*, lib. 13. c. 1. Besides the custom of anointing Kings among the *Jews*, which the Christians have borrowed, there are several allusions in the Old Testament which shew that this practice was thought ornamental among them. The *Palmist*, speaking of the gifts of God, mentions wine and oil, the former to make glad the heart of man, and the latter to give him a cheerful countenance. It seems most probable that this was an eastern invention, agreeable to the luxury of the *Ahaticks*, among whom the most proper ingredients for these unguents were produced; from them this custom was propagated among the *Romans*, by whom it was esteemed a pleasure of a very refined nature. Whoever is curious to see instances of their expense and delicacy therein, may be satisfied in the first three chapters of the thirteenth book of *Pliny*'s natural history.

V. 203. *Thus while she breath'd of heav'n, &c.*] We have here a compleat picture from head to foot of the dress of the

Fair

How long (to *Venus* thus apart she cry'd)  
 Shall human strifes celestial strifes divide ? 220  
 Ah yet, will *Venus* aid *Saturnia's* joy,  
 And set aside the cause of *Greece* and *Troy* !  
 Let heav'n's dread Emprefs (*Cytheræa* said)  
 Speak her request, and deem her will obey'd.  
 Then grant me (said the Queen) those conq'ring charms ·  
 That pow'r which mortals and immortals warms, 226  
 That love which melts mankind in fierce desires,  
 And burns the sons of heav'n with sacred fires !  
 For lo ! I haste to those remote abodes,  
 Where the great parents (sacred source of Gods !) 230  
 Ocean and *Tethys* their old empire keep,  
 On the last limits of the land and deep.

In

inflame his mind by *magical enchantment*, a folly which in all ages has possess her sex. To procure this, she applies to the Goddess of Love; from whom hiding her real design under a *feigned story*, (another propriety in the character of the fair) she obtains the valuable present of this wonder working girdle. The allegory of the *Cestus* lies very open, though the impietinences of *Eustathius* on this head are unspeakable: In it are comprised the most powerful *incentives* to love, as well as the strongest *effects* of the passion. The just admiration of this passage has always been so great and universal, that the *Cestus* of *Venus* is become proverbial. The beauty of the lines, which in a few words comprehend this agreeable fiction, can scarce be equalled. So beautiful an original has produced very fine imitations, wherein we may observe a few additional figures, expressing some of the improvements which the affectation, or artifice, of the fair sex, have introduced into the art of love since Homer's days. *Tasse* has finely imitated this description in the magical girdle of *Armida*. *Gierusalemme liberata*. Cant. 16.

*Teneri Sdegni, e placide e tranquille  
 Repulse, e cari vezzi, e liete paci,  
 Sorrisi, parollette, e dolci stille  
 Di pianto, e soffrir tronobi, e molli baci.*

<sup>11</sup> *Mont de la Motte's* imitation of this fiction is likewise wonderfully beautiful.

C

In their kind arms my tender years were past ;  
 What-time old *Saturn* from *Olympus* cast,  
 Of upper heav'n to *Jove* resign'd the reign, 235  
 Whelm'd under the huge mass of earth and main,  
 For strife, I hear, has made the union cease,  
 Which held so long that ancient pair in peace.  
 What honour, and what love shall I obtain,  
 If I compose those fatal feuds again, 240  
 Once more their minds in mutual ties engage,  
 And what my youth has ow'd repay their age.  
 She said. With awe divine the Queen of love  
 Obey'd the sister and the wife of *Jove* :  
 And from her fragrant breast the Zone unbrac'd, 245  
 With various skill and high embroid'ry grac'd.

In

*Ce tissu, le symbole, & la cause à la fois,*  
*Du pouvoir de l'amour, du charme de ses loix.*  
*Elle enflamme les yeux, de cette ardeur qui touche ;*  
*D'un sourire enchanteur, elle anime la bouche ;*  
*Passionne la voix, en adoucit les sons ;*  
*Prête ces tours beureux, plus forts que les raisons ;*  
*Inspire, pour toucher, ces tendres stratagèmes,*  
*Ces refus attirans, l'œueil des sages mêmes.*  
*Et la nature enfin, y voulut renfermer,*  
*Tout ce qui perjude, & ce qui fait aimer.*  
*En prenant ce tissu, que *Venus* lui présente,*  
**Junon* n'étoit que belle, elle devient charmante.*  
*Les graces, & les rit, les plaisirs, & les jeux,*  
*Surpris cherchent *Venus*, doutent qui l'est des deux.*  
*L'amour même trompe, trouve *Junon* plus belle ;*  
*Et son arc à la main, déjà vole après elle.*

Spencer, in his fourth book, Canto 5. describes a girdle of *Venus* of a very different nature, for as this had the power to raise up loose desires in others, that had a more wonderful faculty to suppress them in the person that wore it: But it had a most dreadful quality, to burst asunder whenever tied about any one but a chaste bosom. Such a girdle, 'tis to be feared, would produce effects very different from the other: Homer's *Ceſtus* would be a peace-maker to reconcile man and wife; but Spencer's *Ceſtus* would probably destroy the good agreement of many a happy couple.

In this was ev'ry art, and ev'ry charm,  
 To win the wifest, and the coldest warm :  
 Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,  
 The kind deceit, the still-reviving fire, 250  
 Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,  
 Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes  
 This on her hand the *Cyprian* Goddess lay'd ;  
 Take this, and with it all thy wish, she said :  
 With smiles she took the charin ; and smiling prest  
 The pow'rful *Cestus* to her snowy breast. 256  
 Then *Venus* to the courts of *Jove* withdrew ;  
 Whilst from *Olympus* pleas'd *Saturnia* flew.  
 O'er high *Picaria* thence her course she bore,  
 O'er fair *Emathia*'s ever-pleasing-shore, 260  
 O'er *Hæmus*' hills with snows eternal crown'd ;  
 Nor once her flying foot approach'd the ground.  
 Then taking wing from *Athos*' lofty steep,  
 She speeds to *Lemnos* o'er the rolling deep,  
 Ands seeks the cave of Death's half-brother, *Sleep*. }  
 Sweet-

V. 255.—*And prest the pow'rful Cestus to ber snowy breast.* ]  
 Eustathius takes notice, that the word *Cestus* is not the name,  
 but epithet only, of *Venus*'s girdle ; tho' the epithet has pre-  
 vailed so far as to become the proper name in common use.  
 This has happened to others of our Author's epithets ; the  
 word *Pigmy* is of the same nature. *Venus* wore this girdle  
 below her neck, and in open sight, but *Juno* hides it in her  
 bosom, to shew the difference of the two characters : It suits  
 well with *Venus* to make a shew of whatever is engaging in  
 her ; but *Juno*, who is a matron of prudence and gravity,  
 ought to be more modest.

V. 264. *She speeds to Lemnos o'er the rolling deep,*  
*And seeks the cave of Death's half-brother, Sleep.* ]  
 In this fiction *Homer* introduces a new divine personage : It  
 does not appear whether this God of *Sleep* was a God of *Ho-  
 mer*'s creation, or whether his pretensions to divinity were  
 of more ancient date. The Poet indeed speaks of him as of  
 one formerly active in some heavenly transactions. Be this

Sweet-pleasing Sleep! (*Saturnia* thus began) 266  
 Who spread'st thy empire o'er each God and Man;

If

as it will, succeeding Poets have always acknowledged his title. *Virgil* would not let his *Aeneid* be without a person so proper for poetical machinery; tho' he has employed him with much less art than his master; since he appears in the fifth book without provocation or commission, only to destroy the *Trojan* Pilot. The criticks, who cannot see all the allegories which the commentators pretend to find in *Homer's* divinities, must be obliged to acknowledge the reality and propriety of this; since every thing that is here said of this imaginary Deity is justly applicable to Sleep. He is called the *Brother of Death*; said to be protected by *Night*; and is employed very naturally to lull a husband to rest in the embraces of his wife; which effect of this *conjugal opiate*, even the modest *Virgil* has remarked in the persons of *Vulcan* and *Venus*, probably with an eye to this passage of *Homer*:

— *Placidumque petivit*  
*Conjugis infusus gremio per membra soporem.*

V. 264. *To Lemnos.*] The commentators are hard put to it, to give a reason why *Juno* seeks for *Sleep* in *Lemnos*: Some finding out that *Lemnos* anciently abounded with wine, inform us that it was a proper place of residence for him, wine being naturally a great provoker of Sleep. Others will have it, that this God being in love with *Pasibaë*, who resided with her sister the wife of *Vulcan*, in *Lemnos*, it was very probable he might be found haunting near his mistress. Other commentators perceiving the weakness of these conjectures, will have it that *Juno* met *Sleep* here by mere accident; but this is contradictory to the whole thread of the narration. But who knows whether *Homer* might not design this fiction as a piece of railly upon the sluggishness of the *Lemnians*; tho' this character of them does not appear? A kind of satire like that of *Ariosto*, who makes the angel find *Discord* in a monastery? Or like that of *Boileau* in his *Lutrin*, where he places *Mollefe* in a dormitory of the Monks of St. *Bernard*?

V. 266. *Sweet pleasing Sleep, &c.*] *Virgil* has copied some part of this conversation between *Juno* and *Sleep*, where he introduces the same Goddes making a request to *Aclus*. *Scaliger*, who is always eager to deprecate *Homer*, and zealous to praise his favourite Author, has highly censured this passage: But notwithstanding this critick's judgment, an impartial

If e'er obsequious to thy *Juno*'s will,  
 O Pow'r of Slumbers ! hear, and favour still.  
 Shed thy soft dews on *Jove*'s immortal eyes; 270.  
 While sunk in love's entrancing joys he lies.  
 A splendid footstool, and a throne that shine  
 With gold unfading, *Somnus*, shall be thine ;  
 The work of *Vulcan* ; to indulge thy ease,  
 When wine and feasts thy golden humours please 275  
Imperiat

partial reader will find, I don't doubt, much more art and beauty in the original than the copy. In the former, *Juno* endeavours to engage *Sleep* in her design by the promise of a proper and a valuable present ; but having formerly run a great hazard in a like attempt, he is not prevailed upon. Hereupon the Goddess, knowing his passion for one of the *Graces*, engages to give her to his desires : This hope brings the lover to consent, but not before he obliges *Juno* to confirm her promise by an oath in the most solemn manner, the very words and ceremony whereof he prescribes to her. These are all beautiful and poetical circumstances, most whereof are untouched by *Virgil*, and which *Scaliger* therefore calls low and vulgar. He only makes *Juno* demand a favour from *Aeolus*, which he had no reason to refuse ; and promise him a reward, which it does not appear he was fond of. The *Latin* Poet has indeed with great judgment added one circumstance concerning the promise of children,

—*Opulcrâ faciet te prole parentem.*

And this is conformable to the religion of the *Romans*, among whom *Juno* was supposed to preside over human births ; but it does not appear she had any such office in the *Greek* theology.

V. 272. *A splendid footstool.*] Notwithstanding the cavil of *Scaliger*, it may be allowed that an easy chair was no improper present for *Sleep*. As to the footstool, Madam *Dacier*'s observation is a very just one ; that besides its being a convenience, it was a mark of honour, and was far from presenting any low or trivial idea. It is upon that account we find it so frequently mentioned in Scripture, where the earth is called *the footstool of the throne of G:d*. In *Jeremiab*, *Judea* is called (as a mark of distinction) the footstool of the feet of God. *Lament.* 2. v. 1. *And be remembered not the footstool of his feet, in the day of his wrath.* We see here the same image, founded no doubt upon the same customs. *Dacier*.

Imperial Dame (the balmy pow'r replies)  
 Great *Saturn*'s heir and empress of the skies !  
 O'er other Gods I spread my easy chain ;  
 The Sire of all, old *Ocean*, owns my reign,  
 And his hush'd waves lie silent on the main.      280 }  
 But how unbidden shall I dare to steep  
*Jove*'s awful temples in the dew of sleep ?  
 Long since too vent'rous, at thy bold command,  
 On those eternal lids I laid my hand ;  
 What-time, deserting *Illion*'s wasted plain,      285  
 His conqu'ring son, *Alcides*, plow'd the main :

When

V. 279. *The Sire of all, old Ocean.*] "Homer (says *Pla-*  
 " *tercb*) calls the sea *Father of All*, with a view to this doc-  
 " trice, that all things were generated from water. *Thales*  
 " the *Mileian*, the head of the *Ionick* Sect, who seems to have  
 " been the first author of *Philosophy*, affirmed water to be  
 " the principle from whence all things spring, and into which  
 " all things are resolved, because the prolific seed of all  
 " animals is a moisture ; all plants are nourished by moisture ;  
 " the very sun and stars, which are fire, are nourished by  
 " moist vapours and exhalations ; and consequently he thought  
 " the world was produced from this element." *Plut. Opia.*  
*of Phileb.* 1. 1. c. 5.

V. 281. *But baw, unbidden, &c.*] This particularity is  
 worth remarking : *Sleep* tells *Juno* that he dares not approach  
*Jupiter* without his own order ; whereby he seems to int'mate  
 that a spirit of a superior kind may give itself up to a voluntary  
 cessation of thought and action, tho' it does not want this  
 relaxation from any weakness or necessity of its nature.

V. 285. *What-time deserting Illion's wasted plain, &c.*] One may observe from hence, that to make fable in fables useful and subservient to our designs, it is not enough to cause the story to resemble truth, but we are to corroborate it by parallel places ; which method the Poet uses elsewhere. Thus many may have attempted great difficulties, and surmounted them. So did *Hercules*, so did *Juno*, so did *Pluto*. Here therefore the Poet feigning that *Sleep* is going to practice insidiously upon *Jove*, prevents the strangeness and incredibility of the tale, by squaring it to an ancient story ; which ancient story was, that *Sleep* had once before got the mastery of *Jove* in the case of *Hercules*. *Eustathius*.

When lo ! the deeps arise, the tempests roar,  
 And drive the hero to the *Coan* shore :  
 Great *Jove* awaking, shook the blest abodes :  
 With rising wrath, and tumbled Gods on Gods; 290  
 Me chief he sought, and from the realms on high  
 Had hurl'd indignant to the nether sky ;  
 But gentle *Night*, to whom I fled for aid,  
 ('The friend of earth and heav'n) her wings display'd ;  
 Impower'd the wrath of Gods and Men to tame, 295  
 Ev'n *Jove* rever'd the venerable dame.

Vain

V. 296. *Ev'n Jove rever'd the venerable dame.*] Jupiter is represented as unwilling to do any thing that might be offensive or ungrateful to *Night*; the Poet (says Eustathius) instructs us by this, that a wise and hon'ble man will curb his wrath before any awful and venerable person: Such was *Night* in regard of Jupiter, feign'd as an ancestor, and honourable on account of her antiquity and power. For the Greek theology teaches that *Night* and *Chaos* were before all things. Wherefore it was held sacred to obey the *Night* in the conflicts of war, as we find by the admonitions of the heralds to *Agamemnon* and *Ajax* in the 7th Iliad.

Milton has made a fine use of this ancient opinion in relation to *Chaos* and *Night*, in the latter part of his second book, where he describes the passage of *Satan* thro' their empire. He calls them,

‘ —Eldest *Night*,  
 ‘ And *Chaos*, ancestors of nature ; —  
 And alludes to the same, in those noble verses,

‘ Behold the throne  
 ‘ Of *Chaos*, and his dark pavilion spread  
 ‘ Wide on the wasteful deep : With him enthron'd  
 ‘ Sate fable vested *Night*, eldest of things,  
 ‘ The consort of his reign.—

That fine Apostrophe of *Spenser* has also the same allusion, book. i.

‘ O thou, most ancient grandmother of all,  
 ‘ More old than *Jove*, whom thou at first didst breed,  
 ‘ Or that great house of Gods cœlestial ;  
 ‘ Which was begot in *Demogorgon*'s hall,  
 ‘ And saw'st the secrets of the world uomade.

Vain are thy fears (the Queen of heav'n replies,  
And speaking, rolls her large majeſtick eyes)  
Thinkſt thou that *Troy* has *Jove's* high favour won,  
Like great *Alcides*, his all-conqu'ring son? 300  
Hear and obey the miftrifs of the skies,  
Nor for the deed expect a vulgar prize;  
For know, thy lov'd one shall be ever thine,  
The youngſt *Grace*, *Pafithaë* the divine.

Swear then (he ſaid) by thoſe tremendous floods 305  
That roar thro' hell, and bind th' invoking Gods.  
Let the great parent Earth one hand sustain,  
And ſtretch the other o'er the ſacred Main.  
Call the black Gods that round *Saturnus* dwell,  
To hear and witness from the depths of hell; 310  
That ſhe, my lov'd one, shall be ever nīne,  
The youngſt *Grace*, *Pafithaë* the divine.

The Queen affents, and from th' infernal bow'rs  
Invokes the fable ſub-Tartarean pow'rs,  
And thoſe who rule th' inviolable floods, 315  
Whom mortals name the dread *Titanian* Gods.

Then swift as wind, o'er *Lemnos'* smoaky iſle,  
They wing their way, and *Imbrus'* ſea-beat ſoil,  
Thro'

V. 307. *Let the great parent Earth one hand sustain,  
And ſtretch the other o'er the ſacred main, &c.c.]*

There is ſomething wonderfully ſolemn in this manner of ſwearing propoſed by *Sleep* to *Juno*. How anſwerable is this to the dignity of the Queen of the Goddesses, where Earth, Ocean, and Hell itſelf, where the whole creation, all things viſible and inviſible, are call'd to be wiſnesses of the oath of the Deity?

V. 311. *That ſhe, my lov'd one, &c.c.]* *Sleep* is here made to repeat the words of *Juno's* promiſe, than which repetition nothing, I think, can be more beaſtiful or better placed. The lover, fired with these hopes, insists on the promiſe, dwelling with pleasure on each circumstance that relates to his fair one. The throne and footſtool, it ſeems, are quite out of his head.

Thro' air unseen, involv'd in darkness glide,  
 And light on *Letos*, on the point of *Ida*. 320  
 (Mother of savages, whose echoing hills  
 Are heard resounding with a hundred rills)  
 Fair *Ida* trembles underneath the God;  
 Hush'd are her mountains, and her forests nod.  
 There on a fir, whose spiry branches rise 325  
 To join its summits to the neigb'ring skies,  
 Dark in embow'ring shade, conceal'd from sight,  
 Sate Sleep, in likeness of the bird of night.

(*Chalcis*

V. 323. *Fair Ida trembles.*] It is usually supposed at the approach or presence of any heavenly being, that upon their motion all should shake that lies beneath them. Here the Poet, giving a description of the descent of these Deities upon the ground at *Letos*, says that the loftiest of the wood trembled under their feet; Which expression is to intimate the lightness and swiftness of the motions of heavenly beings; the wood does not shake under their feet from any corporeal weight, but from a certain awful dread and horror. *Eustathius.*

V. 328. *In likeness of the bird of night.*] This is a bird about the size of a hawk, entirely black, and that is the reason why Homer describes *Sleep* under its form. Here (says *Eustathius*) Homer lets us know, as well as in many other places, that he is no stranger to the language of the Gods. *Holbes* has taken very much from the dignity of this supposition, in translating the present lines in this manner,

‘ And there sat *Sleep* in likeness of a fowl,  
 ‘ Which Gods do *Chalcis* call, and men an owl.’

We find in *Plato's Cratylus* a discourse of great subtilty, grounded chiefly on this observation of *Homer*, that the Gods and men call the same thing by different names. The Philosopher supposes that in the original language every thing was expressed by a word, whose sound was naturally apt to mark the nature of the thing signified. This great work he ascribes to the Gods, since it required more knowledge both in the nature and sounds of things, than man had attained to. This resemblance, he says, was almost lost in modern languages by the unskillful alterations men had made, and the great licence

(*Chalcis* his name with those of heavenly birth,  
But call'd *Cymindis* by the race of earth) 330

To Ida's top successful Juno flies ;  
Great Jove surveys her with aspiring eyes :  
The God whose light'ning sets the heav'ns on fire,  
'Thro' all his bosom feels the fierce desire ;  
Fierce, as when first *by* stealth he seiz'd her charms,  
Mix'd with her soul, and melted in her arms. 336  
Fix'd on her eyes he fed his eager look,  
Then press'd her hand, and then with transport spoke.

Why comes my Goddess from th' æthereal sky,  
And not her steeds and flaming chariot nigh ? 340

Then she — I hasten, to those remote abodes,  
Where the great parent of the deathless gods,  
The rev'rend *Ocean* and grey *Tethys* reign,  
On the last limits of the land and main.  
I visit these to whose indulgent cares 345  
I owe the nursing of my tender years.  
For strife, I hear, has made the union cease,  
Which held so long this ancient pair in peace.  
The steeds prepar'd, my chariot to convey  
O'er earth and seas, and thro' th' aerial way, 350  
Wait under *Ide* : Of thy superior pow'r  
To ask consent, I leave th' Olympian bow'r ;  
Nor

licence they had taken in compounding of words. However he observes there were yet among the Greeks some remains of this original language, of which he gives a few instances, adding, that many more were to be found in some of the barbarous languages, that had deviated less from the original, which was still preserved entire among the Gods. This appears a notion so uncommon, that I could not forbear to mention it.

V. 345. *To whose indulgent cares I owe the nursing, &c.*] The allegory of this is very obvious. Juno is constantly understood to be the air : and we are here told she was nourished by the vapours which rise from the *Ocean* and the *Earth*. For *Tethys* is the same with *Rhea*. *Euphratius*.

Nor seek, unknown to thee, the sacred cells  
Deep under seas, where hoary Ocean dwells.

For that (said Jove) suffice another day ; 355  
But eager love denies the least delay.

Let softer cares the present hour employ,  
And be these moments sacred all to joy.

Ne'er did my soul so strong a passion prove,  
Or for an earthly, or a heav'nly love. 360

Not when I press'd *Ixion*'s matchless dame,  
Whence rose *Pirithous* like the Gods in fame.

Not when fair *Danaë* felt the shov'r of gold  
Stream into life, whence *Perseus* brave and bold.

Not thus I burn'd for either *Theban* dame, 365  
(*Bacchus* from this, from that *Alcides* came)

Not *Phœnix*' daughter, beautiful and young,  
Whence god-like *Rhadamanth* and *Minos* sprung.

Not thus I burn'd for fair *Latona*'s face,  
Nor cornelier *Ceres*' more majestic grace. 370

Not thus ev'n for thyself I felt desire,  
As now my veins receive the pleasing fire.

He spoke ; the Goddess with the charming eyes  
Glow with celestial red, and thus replies.

Is this a scene for love ? On *Ida*'s height, 375  
Expos'd to mortal, and immortal sight ;

Our

V. 359. This courtship of *Jupiter* to *Juno* may possibly be thought pretty singular. He endeavours to prove the ardour of his passion to her, by the instances of his warmth to other women. A great many people will look upon this as no very likely method to recommend himself to *Juno*'s favour. Yet, after all, something may be said in defence of *Jupiter*'s way of thinking, with respect to the Ladies. Perhaps a man's love to the sex in general may be no ill recommendation of him to a particular. And to be known or thought to have been successful with a good many, is what some moderns have found no unfortunate qualification in gaining a lady, even a most virtuous one like *Juno*, especially one who (like her) has had the experience of a married state.

Our joys prophan'd by each familiar eye ;  
 The sport of heav'n, and fable of the sky ;  
 How shall I e'er review the blest abodes,  
 Or mix among the senate of the Gods ? 380  
 Shall I not think, that, with disorder'd charms,  
 All heav'n beholds me recent from thy arms ?  
 With skill divine has *Vulcan* form'd thy bower,  
 Sacred to love and to the genial hour ;  
 If such thy will, to that receſſ retire, 385  
 And secret there indulge thy soft desire.  
 She ceas'd ; and smiling with superior love,  
 Thus answer'd mild the cloud-compelling *Jove*.  
 Not God, nor mortal shall our joys behold,  
 Shaded with clouds, and circumsus'd in gold, 390  
 Not even the sun, who darts thro' heav'n his rays,  
 And whose broad eye th' extended earth surveys.  
 Gazing he spoke, and kindling at the view,  
 His eager arms around the Goddess threw.  
 Glad earth perceives, and from her bosom pours 395  
 Unbidden herbs, and voluntary flow'rs ;

Thick

V. 395. *Glad earth perceives, &c.*] It is an observation of *Aristotle* in the 25th chapter of his *Poeticks*, that when *Homer* is obliged to describe any thing of itself absurd or too improbable, he constantly contrives to blind and dazzle the judgment of his readers with sonic shining descriptions. This passage is a remarkable instance of that artifice ; for having imagined a fiction of very great absurdity, that the Supreme Being should be laid aside in a female embrace, he immediately, as if it were to divert his reader from reflecting on his boldness, pours forth a great variety of poetical ornaments ; by describing the various flowers the earth shoots up to compose their couch, the golden clouds that encompassed them, and the bright heavenly dews, that were showered round them. *Eustathius* observes it as an instance of *Homer*'s modest conduct in so delicate an affair, that he has purposely adorned the b-d of *Jupiter* with such a variety of beautiful flowers, that the reader's thoughts being entirely taken up with their ornaments,

Thick new-born v'lets a soft carpet spread,  
 And cluft'ring *Lotos* swell the rising bed,  
 And sudden *Hyacinths* the turf beftrow,  
 And flamy *Crocus* made the mountain glow. 400  
 There golden clouds conceal the heavn'ly pair,  
 Steep'd in soft joys, and circumfus'd with air;

Celestial

ments, might have no room for loose imaginations. In the same manner an ancient Scholiast has observed that the golden cloud was contrived to lock up this action from any farther enquiry of the reader.

I cannot conclude the notes in the story of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, without observing with what particular care *Milton* has imitated the several beautiful parts of this episode, introducing them upon different occasions as the subjects of his poem would admit. The circumstance of *Sleep*'s sitting in likeness of a bird on the fir-tree upon mount *Ida*, is alluded to in his 4th book, where *Satan* sits in likeness of a cormorant on the tree of life. The creation is made to give the same tokens of joy at the performance of the nuptial rites of our first parents, as she does here at the congress of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, *Lib. 8.*

— ' To the nuptial bow'r  
 ' I led her blushing like the morn, all heav'n  
 ' And happy constellations on that hour  
 ' Shed their selectest influence ; the earth  
 ' Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill ;  
 ' Joyous the birds ; fresh gales and gentle airs  
 ' Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings  
 ' Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub.

Those lines also in the 4th book are manifestly from the same original.

— ' Roses and jessamine  
 ' Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and  
 ' wrought  
 ' Mosaic, under foot the violet,  
 ' Crocus and hyacinth with rich inlay  
 ' Broider'd the ground.—

Where the very turn of *Homer*'s verses is observed, and the cadence, and almost the words, finely translated.

But it is with wonderful judgment and decency he has used that exceptionable passage of the dalliance; ardour and enjoyment;

Celestial dews descending o'er the ground,  
Perfume the mount, and breathe *Ambrofia* round.  
At length with love and sleep's soft pow'r opprest, 405  
The panting thund'r nods, and sinks to rest.

Now to the navy borne on silent wings,  
To *Neptune's* ear soft *Sleep* his message brings ;  
Beside him sudden, unperceiv'd he stood,  
And thus with gentle words addres'd the God. 410

Now, *Neptune* ! now, th' important hour employ,  
To check awhile the haughty hopes of *Troy*.  
While *Jove* yet rests, while yet my vapours shed  
The golden vision round his sacred head ;  
For *Juno's* love, and *Somnus'* pleasing ties, 415  
Have clos'd those awful and eternal eyes.

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E

Thus

ment : That which seems in *Homer* an impious fiction, becomes a moral lesson in *Milton* ; since he makes the lascivious rage of the passion the immediate effect of the sin of our first parents after the fall.

‘ For never did thy beauty since the day,  
‘ I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd  
‘ With all perfections, so enflame my sense,  
‘ With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now  
‘ Than ever ; bounty of this virtuous tree !  
‘ So said he, and forbore not glance or toy  
‘ Of amorous intent, well understood  
‘ Of *Eve*, whose eye darted contag'ous fire.  
‘ Her hand he seiz'd, and to a shady bank  
‘ Thick over-head with verdant roof embower'd,  
‘ He led her, nothing loth : flow'rs were the couch,  
‘ Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,  
‘ And hyacinth ; earth's freshest, softest lap.  
‘ There they their fill of love and love's delight  
‘ Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal ;  
‘ The solace of their sin : till dewy *Sleep*  
‘ Oppres'd them, weary of their amorous play.

*Milton*, l. 9.

Thus having said the pow'r of slumber flew,  
 On human lids to drop the balmy dew.  
*Neptune*, with zeal encreas'd, renews his care,  
 And tow'ring in the foremost ranks of war, 420  
 Indignant thus — Oh once of martial fame !  
 O Greeks ! if yet you can deserve the name !  
 This half-recover'd day shall *Troy* obtain ?  
 Shall *Hector* thunder at your ships again ?  
 Lo still he vaunts, and threats the fleet with fires, 425  
 While stern *Achilles* in his wrath retires.  
 One hero's loss too tamely you deplore,  
 Be still yourselves, and we shall need no more.  
 Oh yet, if glory any bosom warms,  
 Brace on your firmest helms, and stand to arms : 430  
 His strongest spear each valiant *Grecian* wield,  
 Each valiant *Grecian* seize his broadest shield ;  
 Let, to the weak, the lighter arms belong,  
 The pond'rous targe be wielded by the strong.  
 (Thus arm'd) not *Hector* shall our presence stay ; 435  
 Myself, ye Greeks ! myself will lead the way.

The.

V. 417. *The pow'r of slumber flew.*] M. Dacier in her translation of this passage has thought fit to dissent from the common interpretation, as well as obvious sense of the words. She refrains the general expression *ἐπι κλυτὰ φύλα* *ἀνθέπων*, *the famous nations of men*, to signify only the country of the *Lemnians*, who, she says, were much celebrated on account of *Vulcan*. But this strained interpretation cannot be admitted, especially when the obvious meaning of the words expresses what is very proper and natural. The God of *Sleep*, having hastily delivered his message to *Neptune*, immediately leaves the hurry of the battle, (which was no proper place for him) and retires among the tribes of mankind. The word *κλυτὰ*, on which M. Dacier grounds her criticism, is an expletive epithet very common in *Homer*, and no way fit to point out one certain nation, especially in an author one of whose most distinguishing characters is *particularly* in description.

The troops assent ; their martial arms they change,  
 The busy chiefs their banded legions range.  
 The Kings, tho' wounded, and oppress'd with pain,  
 With helpful hands themselves assist the train. 440  
 'The strong and cumb'rous arms the valiant wield,  
 The weaker warrior takes a lighter shield.  
 Thus sheath'd in shining brafs in bright array.  
 The legions march, and Neptune leads the way :

E 2

His

V. 442. *The weaker warrior takes a lighter shield.*] *Plutarch* seems to allude to this passage in the beginning of the life of *Pelopidas*. " *Homer*, says he, makes the bravest and stoutest of his warriors march to battle in the best arms. The *Grecian* legislators punished those who cast away their shields, but not those who lost their spears or swords; as an intimation that the care of preserving and defending ourselves is preferable to the wounding our enemy, especially in those who are Generals of armies, or Governors of states." *Eustathius* has observed, that the Poet here makes the best warriors take the largest spears, that they might be ready prepared, with proper arms, both offensive and defensive, for a new kind of fight, in which they are soon to be engaged when the fleet is attacked. Which indeed seems the most rational account that can be given for *Neptune*'s advice in this exigence.

Mr. *Hibbes* has committed a great oversight in this place; he makes the wounded Princes (who it is plain were unfit for the battle, and not engaged in the ensuing fight) put on arms as well as the others; whereas they do no more in *Homer* than see their orders obeyed by the rest, as to this change of arms.

V. 444. *The legions march, and Neptune leads the way.*] The chief advantage the *Greeks* gain, by the sleep of *Jupiter*, seems to be this: *Neptune*, unwilling to offend *Jupiter*, has hitherto concealed himself in disguised shapes; so that it does not appear that *Jupiter* knew of his being among the *Greeks*, since he takes no notice of it. This precaution hinders him from assisting the *Greeks* otherwise than by his advice. But upon the intelligence received of what *Juno* had done, he assumes a form that manifests his divinity, inspiring courage into the *Grecian* chiefs, appearing at the head of their army brandishing a sword in his hand, the sight of which struck

His brandish'd faulchion flames before their eyes, 445.  
 Like light'ning flashing thro' the frightened skies.  
 Clad in his might th' Earth-shaking pow'r appears,  
 Pale mortals tremble, and confess their fears.

Troy's great defender stands alone unaw'd,  
 Arms his proud host, and dares oppose a God: 450  
 And lo! the God, and wond'rous man appear,  
 The sea's stern ruler there, and *Hector* here.  
 The roaring main, at her great master's call,  
 Rose in huge ranks, and form'd a wat'ry wall.  
 Around the ships: Seas hanging o'er the shores, 455.  
 Both armies join: Earth thunders, Ocean roars.  
 Not half so loud the bellowing deeps resound,  
 When stormy winds disclose the dark profound;

Lefs.

Struck such a terror into the *Trojans*, that, as *Homer* says, none durst approach it. And therefore it is not to be wondered, that the *Trojans*, who are no longer sustainted by *Jupiter*, immediately give way to the enemy.

V. 451. *And lo! the God, and wond'rous man appear.*] What magnificence and nobleness there is in this idea! where *Homer* opposes *Hector* to *Neptune*, and equalizes him in some degree to a God. *Eustathius.*

V. 453. *The rearing main, &c.*] This swelling and inundation of the sea towards the *Grecian* camp, as if it had been agitated by a storm, is meant for a prodigy, intimating that the waters had the same resentments with their commander *Neptune*, and seconded him in his quarrel. *Eustathius.*

V. 457. *Not half so loud, &c.*] The Poet, having ended the Episode of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, returns to the battle, where the *Greeks*, being animated and led on by *Neptune*, renew the fight with vigour. The noise and outcry of this fresh onset, he endeavours to express by these three sounding comparisons; as if he thought it necessary to awake the reader's attention, which by the preceding description might be lulled into a forgetfulness of the fight. He might likewise design to shew how soundly *Jupiter* slept, since he is not awaked by so terrible an uproar.

This passage cannot be thought justly liable to the objections which have been made against heaping comparisons one upon another,

Less loud the winds that from th' *Aonian* hall  
 Roar thro' the woods, and make whole forests fall ; 460  
 Less loud the woods, when flames and torrents pour,  
 Catch the dry mountain, and its shade devour.  
 With such a rage the meeting hosts ate driv'n,  
 And such a clamour shakes the sounding heav'n.  
 The first bold jav'lin, urg'd by *Hector's* force, 465  
 Direct at *Ajax'* bosom wing'd its course ;  
 But there no pass the crossing belts afford,  
 (One brac'd his shield, and one sustain'd his sword.)  
 Then back the disappointed *Trojan* drew,  
 And curs'd the lance that unavailing flew : 470  
 But scap'd not *Ajax* ; his tempestuous hand  
 A pond'rous stone up-heaving from the sand,

## E 3

(Where

another, whereby the principal object is lost amidst too great a variety of different images. In this case the principal image is more strongly impressed on the mind by a multiplication of similes, which is the natural product of an imagination labouring to express something very vast : But finding no single idea sufficient to answer its conceptions, it endeavours by redoubling the comparisons to supply this defect : The different sounds of waters, winds, and flames, being as it were united in one. We have several instances of this sort even in so cultivated and reserved a writer as *Virgil*, who has joined together the images of this passage in the fourth *Georgic*, V. 261. and applied them, beautifully softened by a kind of parody, to the buzzing of a bee-hive.

*Frigidus ut quondam sylvis immurmurat Auster,*  
*Ut mare sollicitum fluctu refuentibus unat,*  
*Æstuat ut clausis rapidus fornacibus ignis.*

*Tasso* has not only imitated this particular passage of *Homer*, but likewise added to it. *Cant. 9. St. 22.*

*Rapidi si ebe torbida procella*  
*De caverna si venti esce più tarda :*  
*Fiume, ch' alberi insieme, e case svelta :*  
*Folgore, che le torri abbatta, & arda :*  
*Torrenoto che 'l mons: impia d'horrere,*  
*Si picciole sembianze al suo forore.*

(Where heaps, laid loose beneath the warrior's feet,  
Or serv'd to ballast, or to prop the fleet)  
Toss'd round and round, the missive marble flings ; 475  
On the raz'd shield the falling ruin rings,  
Full on his breast and throat with force descends ;  
Nor deaden'd there its giddy fury spends,  
But whirling on, with many a fiery round,  
Smoaks in the dust, and ploughs into the ground. 480  
As when the bolt, red-hissing from above,  
Darts on the consecrated plant of *Jove*,  
The mountain-oak in flaming ruin lies,  
Black from the blow, and smoaks of sulphur rise ;  
Stiff with amaze the pale beholders stand, 485  
And own the terrors of th' Almighty hand !  
So lies great *Hector* prostrate on the shore ;  
His slacken'd hand deserts the lance it bore ;  
His following shield the fallen chief o'erspread ;  
Beneath his helmet drop'd his fainting head ; 490  
His load of armour, sinking to the ground,  
Clanks on the field ; a dead, and hollow sound.

Loud

V. 480. *Smoks in the dust, and ploughs into the ground.* Στρόμπας δ' οὐκετε βαλλεῖ, &c.

These words are translated by several, as if they signified that *Hector* was turn'd round with the blow, like a whirlwind; which would enhance the wonderful greatness of *Ajax*'s strength. *Eustathius* rather inclines to refer the words to the stone itself, and the violence of its motion. *Chapman*, I think, is in the right to prefer the latter, but he should not have taken the interpretation to himself. He says, it is above the wit of man to give a more fiery illustration both of *Ajax*'s strength and *Hector*'s; of *Ajax*, for giving such a force to the stone, that it could not spend itself on *Hector*, but afterwards turned upon the earth with that violence; and of *Hector* for standing the blow so solidly: for without that consideration, the stone could never have recoiled so fiercely. This image, together with the noble simile following it, seem to have given *Spencer* the hint of those sublime verses.

\* As

Loud shouts of triumph fill the crowded plain ;  
*Greece* sees, in hope, *Troy*'s great defender slain :  
 All spring to seize him ; storms of arrows fly ; 495.  
 And thicker jav'lins intercept the sky.  
 In vain an iron tempest hisses round ;  
 He lies protected, and without a wound.  
*Polydamas, Agenor* the divine,  
 The pious warrior of *Ancibis*' line, 500  
 And each bold leader of the *Lycian* band,  
 With cov'ring shields (a friendly circle) stand.  
 His mournful followers, with assitant care, ||  
 The groaning hero to his chariot bear ;  
 His foaming coursers, swifter than the wind, 505.  
 Speed to the town, and leave the war behind.

When now they touch'd the mead's enamel'd side,  
 Where gentle *Xanthus* rolls his easy tide,  
 With wat'ry drops the chief they sprinkle round,  
 Plac'd on the margin of the flow'ry ground. 510.  
 Rais'd on his knees, he now ejects the gore ;  
 Now faints anew, low sinking on the shore ;  
 By fits he breathes, half views the fleeting skies,  
 And seals again by fits, his swimming eyes.  
 Soon as the *Greeks* the chief's retreat beheld, 515.  
 With double fury each invades the field.

- As when almighty *Jove*, in wrathful mood,
- To wreak the guilt of mortal sin is bent,
- Hurls forth his thund'ring dart, with deadly food
- Enroll'd, of flames, and smouldring dreariment :
- Thro' riven clouds, and molten firmament,
- The fierce three-forked engine making way,
- Both lofty tow'rs and highest trees doth rent,
- And all that might his dreadful passage stay,
- And shooting in the earth, casts up a mound of clay.
- His boist'rous club so bury'd in the ground,
- He could not rear again, &c.

Oilean Ajax first his jav'lin sped,  
 Pierc'd by whose point, the son of Enops bled ;  
 (Satnius the brave, whom beauteous Neë bore  
 Amidst her flocks on Satnio's silver shore) 520  
 Struck thro' the belly's rim, the warrior lies  
 Supine, and shades eternal veil his eyes.  
 An arduous battle rose around the dead ;  
 By turns the Greeks, by turns the Trojans, bled.  
 Fir'd with revenge, Polydamas drew near, 525  
 And at Prothænor shook the trembling spear ;  
 The driving jav'lin thro' his shoulder thrust,  
 He sinks to death, and grasps the bloody dust.  
 Lo ! thus (the victor cries) we rule the field,  
 And thus their arms the race of Pantus wield : 530  
 From this unerring hand there flies no dart,  
 But bathes its point within a Grecian heart.  
 Propt on that spear to which thou ow'st thy fall,  
 Go, guide thy darksome 535 <sup>steps</sup> to Pluto's dreary hall.  
 He said and sorrow touch'd each Argive breast :  
 The soul of Ajax burn'd above the rest.  
 As by his side the groaning warrior fell,  
 At the fierce foe he lanc'd his piercing steel ;  
 The foe reclining, shunn'd the flying death ;  
 But fate, Archelochus, demands thy breath ; 540  
 Thy

V. 533. *Propt on that spear, &c.*] The occasion of this sarcasm of Polydamas, seems taken from the attitude of his falling enemy, who is transfixed with a spear thro' his right shoulder. This posture bearing some resemblance to that of a man leaning on a staff, might probably suggest the conceit.

The speech of Polydamas begins a long string of sarcastick raillery, in which Eubathius pretends to observe very different characters. This of Polydamas, he says, is *pleasant*; that of Ajax, *heroic*; that of Acamas, *plain*; and that of Penelus, *pathetic*.

Thy lofty birth no succour could impart,  
 The wings of death o'ertook thee on the dart :  
 Swift to perform heav'n's fatal will it fled,  
 Full on the juncture of the neck and head,  
 And took the joint, and cut the nerves in twain : 548  
 The drooping head first tumbled to the plain.  
 So just the stroke, that yet the body stood  
 Erect, then roll'd along the sands in blood.

Here, proud *Polydamas*, here turn thy eyes !  
 (The towering *Ajax* loud-exulting cries). 550  
 Say, is this chief extended on the plain,  
 A worthy vengeance for *Protho* nor slain ?  
 Mark well his port ! his figure and his face,  
 Nor speak him vulgar, nor of vulgar race,  
 Some lines, methinks, may make his lineage known,  
*Antenor*'s brother, or perhaps his son. 555

He spakè, and smil'd severe, for well he knew  
 The bleeding youth : *Troy* sadden'd at the view,  
 But furious *Acamas* aveng'd his cause ;  
 As *Promachus* his slaughter'd brother draws, 560  
 He pierc'd his heart — Such fate attends you all,  
 Proud *Argives* ! destin'd by our arms to fall.  
 Not *Troy* alone, but haughty *Greece* shall share  
 The toils, the sorrows, and the wounds of war.  
 Behold your *Promachus* depriv'd of breath, 565  
 A wic'en ow'd to my brave brother's death;  
 Not unappeas'd he enters *Pluto*'s gate,  
 Who leaves a brother to avenge his fate.

Heart-piercing anguish struck the *Grecian* host,  
 But touch'd the breast of *Penelus* most : 570  
 At the proud boaster he directs his course ;  
 The boaster flies, and shuns superior force.  
 But young *Ilioneus* receiv'd the spear ;  
*Ilioneus*, his father's only care :

(*Phorbas* the rich, of all the *Trojan* train 575

Whom *Hermes* lov'd, and taught the arts of *Gain*)

Full in his eye the weapon chanc'd to fall,

And from the fibres scoop'd the rooted ball,

Drove thro' the neck, and hurl'd him to the plain :

He lifts his miserable arms in vain !

Swift his broad faulchion fierce *Penelous* spread,

And from the spouting shoulders struck his head ;

To earth at once the head and helmet fly :

The lance, yet sticking thro' the bleeding eye,

The victor seiz'd ; and as aloft he shook

The goary visage, thus insulting spoke.

*Trojans* ! your great *Ilioneus* behold !

Haste, to his father let the tale be told :

Let his high roofs resound with frantic woe,

Such as the house of *Promachus* must know ;

Let doleful tidings greet his mother's ear,

Such, as to *Promachus*' sad spouse we bear ;

When we victorious shall to *Greece* return,

And the pale matron in our triumphs mourn.

Dreadful he spoke, then tos'd the head on high ;

The *Trojans* hear, they tremble, and they fly : 596

Aghast they gaze around the fleet and wall,

And dread the ruin that impends on all.

*Daughters of Jove* ! that on *Olympus* shine,

Ye all-beholding, all-recording nine !

600

O say,

V. 599. *Daughters of Jove*, &c.] Whenever we meet with these fresh invocations in the midst of action, the Poets would seem to give their readers to understand, that they are come to a point where, the description being above their own strength, they have occasion for supernatural assistance ; by this artifice at once exciting the reader's attention, and gracefully varying the narration. In the present case, *Homer* seems to triumph in the advantage the *Greeks* had gained by the

O say, when *Neptune* m ade proud *Ilion* yield,  
 What chief, what hero first embru'd the field ?  
 Of all the *Grecians* what immortal name,  
 And whose blest trophies, will ye raise to fame ?

Thou first, great *Ajax* ! on th' ensanguin'd plain  
 Laid *Hyrtius*, leader of the *Myrian* train. 606  
*Phalces* and *Mermer*, *Nestor*'s son 9'erthrew,  
 Bold *Merion*, *Morys*, and *Hippotion* slew.  
 Strong *Periphetes* and *Protboon* bled,  
 By *Teucer*'s arrows mingled with the dead. 610  
 Pierc'd in the flank by *Menelaus*' steel,  
 His people's pastor, *Hyperenor* fell ;  
 Eternal darkness wrapt the warrior round,  
 And the fierce soul came rushing thro' the wound.  
 But stretch'd in heaps before *Oileus*' son, 615  
 Fall mighty numbers, mighty numbers run ;  
*Ajax* the less, of all the *Grecian*-race,  
 Skill'd in pursuit, and swiftest in the chace.

the fight of the *Trojans*, by invoking the Muses to snatch the brave actions of his heroes from oblivion, and set them in the light of eternity. This power is vindicated to them by Poets on every occasion, and it is to this task they are so solemnly and frequently summoned by our Author. *Tasso* has, I think, introduced one of these invocations in a very noble and peculiar manner ; where, on occasion of a battle by night, he calls upon the *Night* to allow him to draw forth those mighty deeds, which were performed under the concealment of the shades, and to display their glories, notwithstanding that disadvantage, to all posterity.

*Nette, e nel profondo oscuro seno  
 Chiudesti, e ne l' oblio fatto si grande ;  
 Piacciati, ch' is nel tragga, e'n bel sereno  
 A la future età lo spieghi, e mande.  
 Viva la fame loro, e tra lor gloria  
 Splenda del fosco tuo l' alta memoria.*



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THE  
FIFTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

I L I A D.

---

## The A R G U M E N T.

The fifth battle, at the ships; and the acts of *Ajax*.

JUPITER, awaking, sees the Trojans repulsed from the trenches, Hector in a swoon, and Neptune at the head of the Greeks: He is highly incensed at the artifice of Juno, who appeases him by her submissions; she is then sent to Iris and Apollo. Juno, repairing to the assembly of the Gods, attempts with extraordinary address to incuse them against Jupiter; in particular she touches Mars with a violent resentment: He is ready to take arms, but is prevented by Minerva. Iris and Apollo obey the orders of Jupiter; Iris commands Neptune to leave the battle, to which, after much reluctance and passion, he consents. Apollo re-inspires Hector with vigour, brings him back to the battle, marches before him with his *Ægis*, and turns the fortune of the fight. He breaks down great part of the Grecian wall; the Trojans rush in, and attempt to fire the first line of the fleet, but are yet repulsed by the greater Ajax with a prodigious slaughter.

T H E

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T H E  
F I F T E E N T H B O O K  
O F T H E  
I L I A D.

N O W in swift flight they pass the trench profound,

And many a chief lay gasping on the ground ;  
Then stopp'd and panted, where the chariots lie ;

Fear on their cheek, and horror in their eye.

Meanwhile awaken'd from his dream of love,

On *Ida*'s summit sat imperial *Jove* ;

Round the wide fields he cast a careful view,

There saw the *Trojans* fly, the *Greeks* pursue ;

These proud in arms, those scatter'd o'er the plain ;

And, 'midst the war, the monarch of the main. 10

Not far, great *Hector* on the dust he spies,

(His sad associates round with weeping eyes)

Ejecting blood, and panting yet for breath,

His senses wand'ring to the verge of death.

The God beheld him with a pitying look,

And thus, incens'd, to fraudulent *Juno* spoke. 15

O thou, still adverse to th' eternal will,

For ever studious in promoting ill !

Thy

V. 17. *Adam*, in *Paradise* left, awakes from the embrace of *Eve*, with much the same humour with *Jupiter* in this place. Their circumstance is very parallel; and each of them, as soon as his passion is over, full of that resentment natural to a Superior who is imposed upon by one of less worth and sense than himself, and imposed upon in the worst manner, by shews of tenderness and love.

Thy arts have made the god-like *Hector* yield,  
 And driv'n his conq'ring squadrons from the field. 20  
 Can't thou, unhappy in thy wiles ! withstand  
 Our pow'r immense, and brave th' almighty hand ?  
 Hast thou forgot, when bound and fix'd on high,  
 From the vast concave of the spangled sky,

I hung.

V. 23. *Hast thou forgot, &c.*] It is in the original to this effect. *Have you forgot how you swang in the air, when I hung a load of two anvils at your feet, and a chain of gold on your hand?* " Tho' it is not my design, says M. Dacier, to give a reason for every story in the pagan theology, yet I can't prevail upon myself to pass over this in silence. The physical allegory seems very apparent to me: Homer mythologically in this place explains the nature of the *Air*, which is *Juno*; the two anvils which she had at her feet are the two elements, earth and water; and the chains of gold about her hands are the *ether*, or fire which fills the superior region: The two grosser elements are called anvils, to shew us, that in those two elements only, arts are exercised. I don't know but that a moral allegory may here be found, as well as a physical one; the Poet by these masses tied to the feet of *Juno*, and by the chain of gold with which her hands were bound, might signify, not only that domestick affairs should like fetters detain the wife at home; but that proper and beautiful works like chains of gold ought to employ her hands."

The physical part of this note belongs to *Heracleides Panticus*, *Eustathius*, and the *Scholiast*: M. Dacier might have been contented with the credit of the moral one, as it seems an observation no less singular in a Lady.

V. 23.] *Eustathius* tells us that there were in some manuscripts of Homer two verses, which are not to be found in any of the printed editions, (which *Hen. Stephens* places here.)

Πρὶν γ' ἦτε δὲ σ' ἀπέλυσα ποδῶν, μιδρὺς δ' ἵν Τρίη  
 Κάσσαλος ὑφα πέλοιστο οὐκ ἐσφύνειος πειθοῖσα.

By these two verses Homer shews us, that what he says of the punishment of *Juno* was not an invention of his own, but founded upon an ancient tradition. There had probably been some statue of *Juno* with anvils at her feet, and chains on her hands; and nothing but chains and anvil, being left by time, super-

I hung thee trembling, in a golden chain ; 25  
 And all the raging Gods oppo'd, in vain ?  
 Headlong I hurl'd them from th' *Olympian* hall,  
 Stunn'd in the whrl, and breathless, with the fall.  
 For godlike *Hercules* these deeds were done,  
 Nor seem'd the vengeance worthy such a son ; 30  
 When, by thy wiles induc'd, fierce *Boreas* took  
 The ship-wreck'd hero on the *Caen* coast :  
 Him thro' a thousand forms of death I bore,  
 And sent to *Argos*, and his native shore.  
 Hear this, remember, and our fury dread, 35  
 Nor pull th' unwilling vengeance on thy head ;  
 Lest arts and blandishments successless prove,  
 Thy soft deceipts, and well-dissembled love.  
 The thund'rer spoke : Imperial *Juno* mourn'd,  
 And trembling, these submissye words return'd. 40  
 By ev'ry oath that pow'r immortal ties,  
 The foodful earth, and all infolding skies,  
 By thy black waves, tremendous *Styx* ! that flow  
 Thro' the drear realm of gliding ghosts below :

By

superstitious people raised this story, so that *Homer* only followed common report. What farther confirms it, is what *Eustathius* adds, that there were shewn near *Troy* certain ruins, which were said to be the remains of these masses. *Dacier*.

V. 43. *By thy black waves, tremendous Styx !* The Epithet *Homer* here gives to *Styx* is κατίσχενον, subterlabens, which I take to refer to its passage thro' the infernal regions. But there is a refinement upon it, as if it signified ex alto fallens, falling drop by drop from on high. *Herodotus*, in his sixth book, writes thus. "The *Arcadians* say, that "near the city *Nemoris* flows the water of *Styx*, and that "it is a small rill, which, distilling from an exceeding high "rock, falls into a little cavity or basin, environed with a "hedge." *Pausanias*, who had seen the place, gives light to this passage of *Herodotus*. "Going from *Pherae*, says he, "in the country of the *Arcadians*, and drawing towards

" the

By the dread honours of thy sacred head, 45.

And that unbroken vow, our virgin bed!

Not by my arts the ruler of the main

Steeps *Troy* in blood, and ranges round the plain:

By his own ardour, his own pity sway'd

To help his *Greeks*; he fought, and disobey'd: 50

Else had thy *Juno* better counsel giv'n,

And taught submission to the Sire of heav'n.

Think'st thou with me? fair Empress of the skies!

(Th' immortal Father with a smile replies!)

Then soon the haughty Sea-god shall obey, 55.

Nor dare to act, but when we point the way.

If truth inspires thy tongue, proclaim our will

To yon' bright synod on th' *Olympian* hill;

Our high decree let various *Iris* know,

And call the God that bears the silver bow. 60.

Let

" the West, we fled on the left the city of *Clytorus*, and on  
 " the right that of *Nonacris*, and the fountain of *Styx*, which  
 " from the height of a shaggy precipice falls drop by drop  
 " upon an exceeding high rock, and befor's it has traversed  
 " this rock, flows into the river *Cratibus*: this water is mor-  
 " tal both to man and beast, and therfore it is said to be an  
 " infernal fountain. Homer gives it a place in his Poems,  
 " and by the description which he delivers, one would think  
 " he had seen it." This shews the wonderful exactness of  
 Homer, in the description of places which he mentions. The  
 Gods swore by *Styx*, and this was the strongest oath they  
 could take; but we likewise find that men too swore by  
 this fatal water; for *Herodotus* tells us, that *Clesmenes*, going to  
*Arcadia* to engage the *Arcadians* to follow him in a war  
 against *Sparta*, had a design to assemble at the city *Nonacris*,  
 and make them swear by the water of this fountain. *Dacier*.  
*Eustath.* in *Odys.*

V. 47. *Not by my arts, &c.*] This apology is well-  
 contrived; *Juno* could not swear that she had not deceived  
*Jupiter*, for this had been entirely false, and *Homer* would be  
 far from authorising perjury by so great an example. *Juno*,  
 we see, throws part of the fault on *Neptune*, by shewing she  
 had not acted in concert with him. *Eustathius*.

Let her descend, and from th' embattel'd plain  
 Command the Sea-god to his wat'ry reign :  
 While *Pbæbus* hasten, great *Hector* to prepare  
 To rise afresh, and once more wake the war :  
 His lab'ring bosom re-inspire with breath,  
 And call his senses from the verge of death.  
*Greece*, chas'd by *Troy* ev'n to *Achilles'* fleet,  
 Shall fall by thousands at the hero's feet.

65

He,

V. 67. *Greece, chas'd by Troy, &c.*] In this discourse of *Jupiter*, the Poet opens his design, by giving his readers a sketch of the principal events he is to expect. As this conduct of *Homer* may to many appear no way artful, since it is a principal article of the charge brought against him by some late French critics, it will not be improper here to look a little into this dispute. The case will be best stated by translating the following passage from Mr. de la Motte's *Réflexions sur la Critique*.

" I could not forbear wishing that *Homer* had an art, which  
 " he seems to have neglected, that of preparing events with-  
 " out making them known beforehand; so that when they  
 " happen, one might be surprised agreeably. I could not  
 " be quite satisfied to hear *Jupiter*, in the middle of the  
 " Iliad, give an exact abridgment of the remainder of the  
 " action. Madam *Dacier* alledges an excuse, that this passed  
 " only between *Jupiter* and *Juno*; as if the reader was not  
 " let into the secret, and had not as much share in the  
 " confidence.

She adds, " that as we are capable of a great deal of  
 " pleasure at the representation of a tragedy which we have  
 " seen before, so the surprises which I require are no way  
 " necessary to our entertainment. This I think a pure piece  
 " of sophistry: One may have two sorts of pleasure at the  
 " representation of a tragedy; in the first place, that of  
 " taking part in an action of importance the first time it  
 " passes before our eyes, of being agitated by fear and hope  
 " for the persons one is most concerned about, and in fine,  
 " of partaking their felicity and misfortune, as they happen  
 " to succeed or be disappointed.

" This therefore is the first pleasure which the poet should  
 " design to give his auditors, to transport them by pathetic  
 " surprises which excite terror or pity. The second pleasure  
 " must

He, not unstouch'd with pity, to the plain  
 Shall send *Patroclus*, but shall send in vain.  
 What youth he slaughters under *Hion's* walls?  
 Ev'n my lov'd son, divine *Sarpedon*, falls!  
 Vanquish'd at last by *Hector's* lance he lies,  
 Then, not till then, shall great *Achilles* rise:  
 And lo! that instant, god-like *Hector* dies.

70

75

From

" must proceed from a view of that art which the author  
 " has shewn in raising the former.

" 'Tis true, when we have seen a piece already, we have  
 " no longer that first pleasure of the surprise, at least, not  
 " in all its vivacity; but there still remains the second,  
 " which could never have its turn, had not the poet laboured  
 " successfully to excite the first, it being upon that indis-  
 " pensible obligation that we judge of his art.

" The art therefore consists in telling the hearer only what  
 " is necessary to be told him, and in telling him only as much  
 " as is requisite to the design of pleasing him. And although  
 " we know this already when we read it a second time, we  
 " yet taste the pleasure of that order and conduct which the  
 " art required.

" From hence it follows, that every poem ought to be  
 " contrived for the first impression it is to make. If it be  
 " otherwise, it gives us (instead of two pleasures which we  
 " expected) two sorts of disgusts, the one, that of being  
 " cool and untouched when we should be moved and trans-  
 " ported; the other, that of perceiving the defect which  
 " caused that disgust.

" This, in one word, is what I have found in the Iliad,  
 " I was not interested or touched by the adventures; and I  
 " saw it was this cooling preparation that prevented my  
 " being so."

It appears clearly that M. *Dacier's* defence no way excuses the Poet's conduct; wherefore I shall add two or three considerations which may chance to set it in a better light. It must be owned that a surprise artfully managed, which arises from unexpected revolutions of great actions, is extremely pleasing. In this consists the principal pleasure of a Romance, or well writ Tragedy. But besides this, there is in the relation of great events a different kind of pleasure, which arises from the artful unravelling of a knot of actions, which we knew before in the gross. This is a delight peculiar to

History

From that great hour the war's whole fortune turns,  
*Pallas* assists; and lofty *Ilion* burns.  
 Not till that day shall *Jove* relax his rage,  
 Nor one of all the heav'ly host engage

Ia

History and Epic Poetry, which is founded on History. In these kinds of writing, a preceding summary knowledge of the events described does no way damp our curiosity, but rather makes it more eager for the detail. This is evident in a good history, where generally the reader is affected with a greater delight in proportion to his preceding knowledge of the facts described: The pleasure in this case is like that of an Architect's first view of some magnificent building, who was before well acquainted with the proportions of it. In an Epic Poem the case is of a like nature; where, as if the historical fore-knowledge were not sufficient, the most judicious poets never fail to excite their reader's curiosity by some small sketches of their design; which, like the outlines of a fine picture, will necessarily raise in us a greater desire to see it in its finished colouring.

Had our author been inclined to follow the method of managing our passions by surprises, he could not well have succeeded by this manner in the subject he chose to write upon; which being a story of great importance, the principal events of which were well known to the Greeks, it was not possible for him to alter the ground-work of his piece; and probably he was willing to mark sometimes by anticipation, sometimes by recapitulations, how much of his story was founded on historical truths, and that what is superadded were the poetical ornaments.

There is another consideration worth remembering on this head, to justify our author's conduct. It seems to have been an opinion in those early times, deeply rooted in most countries and religions, that the actions of men were not only foreknown, but predestinated by a superior being. This sentiment is very frequent in the most ancient writers both sacred and profane, and seems a distinguishing character of the writings of the greatest antiquity. *The word of the Lord was fulfilled*, is the principal observation in the history of the Old Testament; and *Διὸς ἡ ἀπόδειλος βολὴ* is the declared and most obvious moral of the Iliad. If this great moral be fit to be represented in poetry, what means so proper to make it evident, as this introducing *Jupiter* foretelling the events which he had decreed;

In aid of Greece. The promise of a God 80  
 I gave, and seal'd it with th' almighty nod,  
*Achilles' glory to the stars to raise,*  
 Such was our word, and fate the word obeys.

The trembling Queen (th' almighty order giv'n)  
 Swift from th' *Idaean* summit shot to heav'n. 85  
 As some way-faring man, who wanders o'er,  
 In thought, a length of lands he trod before,  
 Sends forth his active mind from place to place,  
 Joins hill to dale, and measures space with space :  
 So swift flew *Juno* to the blest abodes, 90  
 If thought of man can match the speed of Gods.

There

V. 86. *As some way-faring man, &c.]* The discourse of *Jupiter* and *Juno* being ended, she ascends to heaven with wonderful celerity, which the Poet explains by this comparison. On other occasions he has illustrated the actions of the mind by sensible images from the motion of the bodies; here he inverts the case, and shews the great velocity of *Juno*'s flight by comparing it to the quickness of thought. No other comparison could have equalled the speed of an heavenly being. To render this more beautiful and exact, the Poet describes a traveller who revolves in his mind the several places which he has seen, and in an instant passes in imagination from one distant part of the earth to another. *Milton* seems to have had it in his eye in that elevated passage :

— The speed of Gods  
 ‘ Time counts not, tho' with swiftest minutes wing'd.’

As the sense in which we have explained this passage is exactly literal, as well as truly sublime, one cannot but wonder what should induce both *Hebbes* and *Chapman* to ramble so wide from it in their translations.

‘ This said, went *Juno* to *Olympus* high.  
 ‘ As when a man looks o'er an ample plain,  
 ‘ To any distance quickly goes his eye :  
 ‘ So swiftly *Juno* went with little pain.

*Chapman* is yet more foreign to the subject.

‘ But

There sate the pow'rs in awful synod plac'd ;  
 They bow'd, and made obeysance as she pass'd,  
 Thro' all the brazen dome: With goblets crown'd  
 They hail her Queen ; the *Nectar* streams around. 95  
 Fair *Themis* first presents the golden bowl,  
 And anxious, asks what cares disturb her soul ?

To whom the white-arm'd Goddess thus replies :  
 Fnough thou know'st the tyrant of the skies,  
 Severely bent his purpose to fulfil, 100  
 Unmov'd his mind, and unrestrain'd his will.  
 Go thou, the feasts of heaven attend thy call ;  
 Bid the crown'd Nectar circle round the hall ;  
 But *Jove* shall thunder thro' th' ethereal dome,  
 Such stern decrees, such threaten'd woes to come, 105  
 As soon shall freeze mankind with dire surprize,  
 And damp th' eternal banquets of the skies.

The Goddess said, and sullen took her place ;  
 Black horror sadden'd each celestial face.  
 To see the gath'ring grudge in ev'ry breast, 110  
 Smiles on her lips a spleenful joy exprest,  
 While on her wrinkled front, and eye-brow bent,  
 Sat stedfast care, and low'ring discontent.

Thus

‘ But as the mind of such a man, that hath a great way  
 gone,  
 ‘ And either knowing not his way, or then would let  
 alone  
 ‘ His purpos'd journey ; is distract, and in his vexed  
 ‘ mind  
 Resolves now not to go, now goes, still many ways in-  
 clin'd—

V. 102. *Go thou, the feasts of heav'n attend thy call.*] This is a passage worthy our observation. Homer feigns that *Themis*, that is justice, presides over the feasts of the Gods ; to let us know, that she ought much more to preside over the feasts of men. *Eustathius.*

Thus she proceeds——Attend, ye pow'rs above !  
 But know, 'tis madness to contest with *Jove* : 115  
 Supreme he sits ; and sees, in pride of sway,  
 Your vassal Godheads grudgingly obey ;  
 Fierce in the majesty of pow'r controuls,  
 Shakes all the thrones of heav'n, and bends the poles.  
 Submits, immortals ! all he wills, obey ; 120  
 And thou, great *Mars*, begin and shew the way.  
 Behold *Ascalaphus* ! behold him die,  
 But dare not murmur, dare not vent a sigh ;  
 Thy own lov'd boasted offspring lies o'erthrown,  
 If that lov'd boasted offspring be thy own. 125  
 Stem *Mars*, with anguish for his slaughter'd son,  
 Smote his rebelling breast, and fierce begun.  
 Thus then, Immortals ! thus shall *Mars* obey !  
 Forgive me, Gods, and yield my vengeance way :  
 Descending first to yon' forbidden plain, 130  
 The God of battles dares avenge the slain :  
 Dares, tho' the thunder bursting o'er my head  
 Should hurl me blazing on those heaps of dead.

With

V. 114. Juno's speech to the Gods.] It was no sort of exaggeration, what the ancients have affirmed of Homer, that the examples of all kind of oratory are to be found in his works. The present speech of Juno is a master piece in that sort, which seems to say one thing, and persuades another. For while she is only declaring to the Gods the orders of Jupiter, at the time that she tells them they must obey, she fills them with a reluctance to do it. By representing so strongly the superiority of his power, she makes them uneasy at it, and by particularly advising that God to submit, whose temper could least brook it, she incites him to downright rebellion. Nothing can be more sly and artfully provoking, than that stroke on the death of his darling son. *Do then, O Mars, teach obedience to us all, for it is upon thee that Jupiter has put the severest trial : Ascalaphus thy son lies slain by his means : Bear it with so much temper and moderation, that the world may not think he was thy son.*

With that, he gives command to *Fear* and *Flight*  
 To join his rapid coursers for the fight : 135  
 The grim in arms, with hasty vengeance flies ;  
 Arms, that reflect a radiance thro' the skies.  
 And now had *Jove*, by bold rebellion driv'n,  
 Discharg'd his wrath on half the host of heav'n ;  
 But *Pallas* springing thro' the bright abode, 140  
 Starts from her azure throne to calm the God.  
 Struck for th' immortal race with timely fear,  
 From frantic *Mars* she snatch'd the shield and spear ;  
 Then the huge helmet lifting from his head,  
 Thus, to th' impetuous homicide she said. 145

By what wild passion, furious ! art thou tost ?  
 Striv'st thou with *Jove* ? thou art already lost.  
 Shall not the Thund'rer's dread command restrain,  
 And was imperial *Juno* heard in vain ?  
 Back to the skies wouldst thou with shame be driv'n ;  
 And in thy guilt involve the host of heav'n ? 151  
*Ilio* and *Greece* no more should *Jove* engage ;  
 The skies would yield an ampler scene of rage,  
 Guilty and guiltless find an equal fate,  
 And one vast ruinwhelm th' *Olympian* state. 155  
 Cease then thy offspring's death unjust to call ;  
 Heroes as great have dy'd, and yet shall fall.  
 Why should heav'n's law with foolish man comply,  
 Exempted from the race ordain'd to die ?

VOL. III.

F

This

V. 134. *To Fear and Flight.*—] Homer does not say, that *Mars* commanded they should join his horses to his chariot, which horses were called *Fear* and *Flight*. *Fear* and *Flight* are not the names of the horses of *Mars*, but the names of two furies in the service of this God : It appears likewise by other passages, that they were his children, book 13. V. 299. This is a very ancient mistake; *Eusebius* mentions it as an error of *Aximacius*, yet *Heribes* and others have fallen into it.

This menace fix'd the warrior to his throne ; 160  
 Sullen he fate, and curb'd the rising groan.  
 Then Juno call'd (Jove's orders to obey)  
 The winged Iris, and the God of Day.  
 Go wait the Thund'rer's will (*Saturnia* cry'd)  
 On yon' tall summit of the fount-full Ida : 165  
 There in the father's awful presence stand,  
 Receive and execute his dread command.  
 She said, and sat : The God that gilds the day,  
 And various Iris wing their airy way.  
 Swift as the wind, to Ida's hills they came, 170  
 (Fair nurse of fountains, and of savage game)  
 There sat th' Eternal ; he, whose nod controuls  
 The trembling world, and shakes the steady poles.  
 Veil'd in a mist of fragrance him they found,  
 With clouds of gold and purple circled round. 175  
 Well pleas'd the Thund'rer saw their earnest care,  
 And prompt obedience to the Queen of air.  
 Then (while a smile serenes his awful brow)  
 Commands the Goddess of the show'ry bow.  
 Iris ! descend, and what we here ordain 180  
 Report to yon' mad tyrant of the main.  
 Bid him from fight to his own deeps repair,  
 Or breathe from slaughter in the fields of air.  
 If he refuse, then let him timely weigh  
 Our elder birth-right, and superior sway. 185  
 How

V. 164. *Go wait the Thund'rer's will.*] It is remarkable that whereas it is familiar with the Fleet, to repeat his errands and messages, here he introduces Juno with very few words, where she carries a dispatch from Jupiter to Iris and Apollo. She only says, "Jove commands you to attend him on mount "Ida," and adds, nothing of what had passed between herself and her comfort before. The reason of this brevity is not only that she is highly disgusted with Jupiter, and so unwilling to tell her tale from the anguish of her heart ; but also because Jupiter had given her no commission to relate fully the subject of

How shall his rashness stand the dire alarms,  
If heav'n's omnipotence descend in arms?  
Strives he with me, by whom his pow'r was giv'n,  
And is there equal to the Lord of Heav'n?

Th' Almighty spoke; the Goddess wing'd her flight  
To sacred *Ilion* from th' *Idean* height. 191

Swift as the ratt'ling hail, or fleecy snows  
Drive thro' the skies, when *Boreas* fiercely blows;  
So from the clouds descending *Iris* falls;  
And to blue *Neptune* thus the Goddess calls. 195

Attend the mandate of the Sire above,  
In me behold the messenger of *Jove*:  
He bids thee from forbidden wars repair  
To thy own deeps, or to the fields of air.  
This if refus'd, he bids thee timely weigh 200  
His elder birthright, and superior sway.  
How shall thy rashness stand the dire alarms,  
If heav'n's omnipotence descend in arms?  
Striv'st thou with him, by whom all pow'r is giv'n?

And art thou equal to the Lord of Heav'n? 205

What means the haughty Sov'reign of the skies?

(The King of Ocean thus, incens'd, replies)

Rule as he will his portion'd realms on high;  
No vassal God, nor of his train am I.

F 2

Three

of their discourse: wherefore she is cautious of declaring what possibly he would have concealed. Neither does *Jupiter* himself in what follows reveal his decrees: For he lets *Apollo* only so far into his will, that he would have him discover and rout the *Greeks*: Their good fortune, and the success which was to ensue, he hides from him, as one who favoured the cause of *Troy*. One may remark in this passage *Homer's* various conduct and discretion concerning what ought to be put in practice, or left undone; whereby his reader may be informed how to regulate his own affairs. *Eustathius*.

Three brother Deities from *Saturn* came,  
And ancient *Rhea*, earth's immortal dame : 210  
Assign'd by lot, our triple rule we know ;  
Infernal *Pluto* sways the shades below ;  
C'er the wide clouds, and o'er the starry plain,  
Ethereal *Jove* extends his high domain ; 215  
My court beneath the hoary waves I keep,  
And hush the roarings of the sacred deep :  
*Olympus*, and this earth in common lie ;  
What claim has here the tyrant of the sky ?

Far

V. 210. *Three brother deities from Saturn came,*  
*And ancient Rhea, earth's immortal dame :*  
*Assign'd by lot, our triple rule we know, &c.*]

Some have thought the *Platonic* Philosophers drew from hence the notion of their *Triad* (which the Christian *Platonists* since imagined to be an obscure hint of the *Sacred Trinity*.) The *Trias* of *Plato* is well known, τὸ αὐτὸν, ὁ νοῦς, ὁ δημιουργός, ἡ τὸ κόσμος φύση. In his *Gorgias* he tells us, τὸν Ὀμηρον (au-trem sc. suisse) τὴν τὸν δημιουρίκον Τριαδικῆς ἴνοςσεως. See *Præclusi in Plat. Theol. lib. 1. c. 5.* *Lucian Philepīr. Aristotle de cœlo, l. 1. c. 1* (speaking of the *Ternarian* number from *Pythagoras* has these words; Τὰ τρία πάντα, καὶ τὸ τρίς πᾶν. Καὶ τρίς τας ἀριστίας τὴν θεὸν χρήματα τὸ ἀριθμητατα. Καθαπέρ γὰρ φεσίν καὶ οἱ Πιθαγόρεις, τὸ πᾶν καὶ τὰ πάντα τοῖς τροιν ἀριστας. Τελευτὴ γὰρ καὶ μέσον καὶ ἀρχὴ τὸ ἀριθμὸς ἔχει τὸν τὸ παντὸς πάντα δὲ τὸν τῆς τριάδος. From which passage *Trapezuntius* endeavoured very seriously to prove, that *Aristotle* had a perfect knowledge of the *Trinity*. *Dupont* (who furnished me with this note, and who seems to be sensible of the folly of *Trapezuntius*) nevertheless in his *Gnomologia Homerica*, or comparison of our author's sentences with those of the scripture, has placed opposite to this verse that of St. *John*: *There are three who give testimony in heaven, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.* I think this the strongest instance I ever met with of the manner of thinking of such men, whose too much learning has made them mad.

*Lagantius, de fals. relig. lib. 1 cap. 11.* takes this fable to be a remain of ancient history, importing, that the empire of the then known world was divided among the three brothers; to *Jupiter* the oriental part, which was called *Heaven*, as the region of light, or the sun: to *Pluto* the occidental, or *darker* regions: and to *Nep.une* the sovereignty of the seas.

Far in the distant clouds let him controul, 220  
 And awe the younger brothers of the pole ;  
 There to his children his commands be giv'n,  
 The trembling, servile, second race of heav'n.  
 And must I then (said she) O fire of Floods !  
 Bear this fierce answer to the King of Gods ? 225  
 Correct it yet, and change thy rash intent ;  
 A noble mind despairs not to repent.  
 To elder brothers guardian fiends are giv'n,  
 To scourge the wretch insulting them and heav'n.  
 Great is the profit (thus the God rejoin'd) 230  
 When ministers are bless'd with prudent mind :  
 Warn'd by thy words, to pow'rful *Jove* I yield,  
 And quit, tho' angry, the contended field.  
 Not but his threats with Justice I disclaim,  
 The same our honours, and our birth the same. 235  
 If yet, forgetful of his promise giv'n  
 To *Hermes*, *Pallas*, and the Queen of heav'n ;  
 To favour *Hion*, that perfidious place,  
 He breaks his faith with half th' ethereal race ;  
 Give him to know, unles the *Grecian* train 240  
 Lay yon' proud structures level with the plain,  
 Howe'er th' offence by other Gods be past,  
 The wrath of *Neptune* shall for ever last.

F 3

Thus

V. 228. *To elder brothers.*] Iris, that she may not seem to upbraid *Neptune* with weakness of judgment, out of regard to the greatness and dignity of his person does not say that *Jupiter* is stronger or braver ; but attacking him from motive not in the least invidious, superiority of age, she says sententiously, that *Furies* wait upon our elders. The *Furies* are said to wait upon men in a double sense : either for evil, as upon *Orestes* after he had slain his mother ; or else for their good, as upon elders when they are injured, to protect them and avenge their wrongs. This is an instance that the pagans looked upon birth-right as a right divine. *Eustathius.*

Thus speaking, furious from the field he strode,  
And plung'd into the bosom of the flood. 245  
The Lord of Thunders from his lofty height.  
Beheld, and thus bespoke the Source of light.  
Behold ! the God whose liquid arms are hurl'd  
Around the globe, whose earthquakes rock the world,  
Desists at length his rebel-war to wage, 250  
Seeks his own seas, and trembles at our rage.  
Else had my wrath, heav'n's thrones all shaking round,  
Burn'd to the bottom of his seas profound ;  
And all the Gods that round old *Saturn* dwell,  
Had heard the thunder to the deeps of hell, 255  
Well was the crime, and well the vengeance spar'd ;  
Ev'n pow'r immense had found such battle hard.  
Go thou, my son ! the trembling Greeks alarm,  
Shake my broad *Ægis* o'er thy active arm,  
Be god-like *Hector* thy peculiar care, 260  
Swell his bold heart, and urge his strength to war :  
Let *Ilion* conquer, till th' *Achaian* train  
Fly to their ships and *Hellespont* again :

Then

V. 252. *Else had my wrath, &c*] This representation of terrors which must have attended the conflict of two such mighty powers as *Jupiter* and *Neptune*, whereby the elements had been mixed in confusion, and the whole frame of nature had been endangered, is imaged in these few lines with a nobleness suitable to the occasion. *Milton* has a thought very like it in his fourth book, where he represents what must have happened if *Satan* and *Gabriel* had encountered.

—*Not only Paradise*

- “ In this commotion, but the starry cope
- “ Of heav'n, perhaps, and all the elements
- “ At least had gone to wreck, distract'd and torn
- “ With violence of this conflict, had not soon
- “ Th' Almighty, to prevent such horrid fray, &c.

Then *Greece* shall breathe from toils--the Godhead  
said :

His will divine the son of *Jove* obey'd. 265

Not half so swift the sailing falcon flies,

That drives a turtle thro' the liquid skies ;

As *Phæbus* shooting from th' *Idæan* brow;

Glides down the mountain to the plain below:

There *Hector* seated by the stream he sees, 270

His sense returning with the coming breeze ;

Again his pulses beat, his spirits rise ;

Again his lov'd companions meet his eyes ;

*Jove* thinking of his pains, they past away.

To whom the God who gives the golden day. 275

Why fits great *Hector* from the field so far,  
What grief, what wound; withholds him from the war ?

The fainting hero, as the vision bright  
Stood shining o'er him, half unseal'd his sight ;

What blest immortal, with commanding breath, 280

Thus wakers *Hector* from the sleep of death ?

Has fame not told, how, while my trusty sword

Bath'd *Greece* in slaughter, and her battle gor'd,

The mighty *Ajax* with a deadly blow

Had almost sunk me to the shades below ? 285

Ev'n yet, methinks, the gliding ghosts I spy,

And hell's black horrors swim before my eye.

To him *Apollo*. Be no more disinay'd ;

See, and be strong ! the Thund'rer sends thee aid :

F 4

Behold

V. 274. *Jove thinking of his pains, they past away.*] *Eustachius* observes that this is a very sublime representation of the power of *Jupiter*, to make *Hector*'s pains cease from the moment wherein *Jupiter* first turned his thoughts towards him. *Apollo* finds him so far recovered, as to be able to sit up, and know his friends. Thus much was the work of *Jupiter*; the God of health perfects the cure.

Behold ! thy *Phæbus* shall his arms employ,      299  
*Phæbus*, propitious still to thee and *Troy*.  
Inspire thy warriors then with manly force,  
And to the ships impel thy rapid horse :  
Ev'n I will make thy fiery coursers way,  
And drive the *Grecians* headlong to the sea.      295.

Thus to bold *Hector* spoke the son of *Jove*,  
And breath'd immortal ardour from above.  
As when the pamper'd steed, with reins unbound,  
Breaks from his stall, and pours along the ground ;  
With ample strokes he rushes to the flood,      300  
To bathe his sides and cool his fiery blood :  
His head now freed, he tosses to the skies ;  
His mane dishevel'd o'er his shoulders flies.  
He snuffs the females in the well-known plain,  
And springs, exulting, to his fields again :      305

Urg'd

V. 298. *As when the pamper'd steed.*] This comparison is repeated from the sixth book, and we are told that the ancient criticks retained no more than the two first verses and the four last in this place, and that they gave the verses two marks, by the one (which was the asterism) they intimated, that the four lines were very beautiful ; but by the other (which was the *obelus*) that they were ill placed. I believe an impartial reader who considers the two places will be of the same opinion.

*Tasso* has improved the justness of this simile in his sixteenth book, where *Rinaldo* returning from the arms of *Armida* to battle, is compared to the steed that is taken from his pasture and mares to the service of the war : The reverse of the circumstance better agreeing with the occasion.

*Qual force destri, e cb'al faticosa*  
*Honor de l'arme vincitor sia tolto,*  
*E lasciato marito in vil riposo*  
*Fra gli armenti, ne pasci erri disciolto ;*  
*Se'l desto o suon di tromba, o lumino*  
*Acciar, colta testa annitrendo è volto ;*  
*Già già brama l'arringo, è l'buom sul dorso*  
*Portando, urtato riurta nel corso.*

Urg'd by the voice divine, thus *Hector* flew,  
 Full of the God ; and all his hosts pursue.  
 As when the force of men and dogs combin'd  
 Invade the mountain goat, and branching hind :  
 Far from the hunter's rage secure they lie  
 Close in the rock, (not fated yet to die) 310  
 When lo ! a lion shoots across the way !  
 They fly : at once the chasers and the prey :  
 So *Greece*, that late in conqu'ring troops pursu'd,  
 And mark'd their progress thro' the ranks in blood, 315  
 Soon as they see the furious chief appear,  
 Forget to vanquish, and consent to fear.

*Thoas* with grief observ'd his dreadful course,  
*Thoas*, the bravest of th' *Aetolian* force :  
 Skill'd to direct the jav'lin's distant flight, 320  
 And bold to combat in the standing fight ;  
 Nor more in councils fam'd for solid sense,  
 Than winning words and heav'nly eloquence.  
 Gods ! what portent (he cry'd) these eyes invades ?  
 Lo *Hector* rises from the *Stygian* shades ! 325  
 We saw him, late, by thund'ring *Ajax* kill'd ;  
 What God restores him to the frighted field ;  
 And not content that half of *Greece* lie slain,  
 Pours new destruction on her sons again ?

F 5

He

V. 311. *Not fated yet to die.*] *Dacier* has a pretty remark on this passage, that *Homer* extended destiny (that is the care of providence) even to the beasts of the field ; an opinion that agrees perfectly with true theology. In the book of *Jonas*, the regard of the creator extending to the meanest rank of his creatures, is strongly expressed in those words of the Almighty, where he make his compassion to the brute beasts one of the reasons against destroying *Nineveh*. *Shall I not spare the great city, in which there are more than sixscore thousand persons, and also much cattle?* And what is still more parallel to this passage, in St. *Matt.* ch. 10. *Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing ? And yet not one of them is not all to the ground, without your father.*

He comes not, *Jove!* without thy pow'rful will, 330  
 Lo ! still he lives, pursues, and conquers still !  
 Yet hear my counsel, and his worst withstand ;  
 The Greeks' main body to the fleet command :  
 But let the few whom brisker spirits warm,  
 Stand the first onset, and provoke the storm : 335  
 Thus point your arms ; and when such foes appear,  
 Fierce as he is, let *Hector* learn to fear.

The warrior spoke, the list'ning Greeks obey,  
 Thick'ning their ranks, and form a deep array.  
 Each *Ajax*, *Teucer*, *Merion*, gave command, 340  
 The valiant leaders of the *Cretan* band,  
 And *Mars* like *Meges* : These the chiefs excite,  
 Approach the foe, and meet the coming fight.  
 Behind, unnumber'd multitudes attend  
 To flank the navy, and the shores defend. 345  
 Full on the front the pressing *Trojans* bear,  
 And *Hector* first came tow'ring to the war.  
*Phæbus* himself the rushing battle led ;  
 A veil of clouds involv'd his radiant head :  
 High-held before him, *Jove*'s enormous shield 350  
 Portentous shone, and shaded all the field :  
*Vulcan* to *Jove* th' immortal gift consign'd,  
 To scatter hosts, and terrify mankind.  
 The Greeks expect the shock ; the clamours rise  
 From diff'rent parts, and mingle in the skies. 355  
 Dire was the hiss of carts by heroes flung,  
 And arrows leaping from the bow-string sung :  
 These drink the life of gen'rous warriors slain ;  
 Those guiltless fall, and thirst for blood in vain.  
 As long as *Phæbus* bore unmov'd the shield, 360  
 Sate doubtful conquest hov'ring on the field ;

But

But when aloft he shakes it in the skies,  
 Shouts in their ears, and lightens in their eyes,  
 Deep horror seizes ev'ry *Grecian* breast,  
 Their force is humbled, and their fear coniēt. 365  
 So flies a herd of oxen, scatter'd wide,  
 No swain to guard 'em, and no day to guide,  
 When two fell lions from the mountain come,  
 And spread the carnage thro' the shady gloom.  
 Impending *Pbæbus* pours around 'em fear, 370  
 And *Troy* and *Hector* thunder in the rear.  
 Heaps fall on heaps : the slaughter *Hector* leads,  
 First great *Arcesilas*, then *Stichius* bleeds ;  
 One to the bold *Bæotians* ever dear,  
 And one *Menesitheus*' friend, and fam'd compeer. 375  
*Medon* and *Isäus*, *Æneas* sped ;  
 This sprung from *Pbelus*, and th' *Atbenians* led ;  
 But hapless *Medon* from *Oileus* came ;  
 Him *Ajax* honour'd with a brother's name,  
 Tho' born of lawless love : From home expell'd, 380  
 A banish'd man, in *Phy'ace* he dwell'd,  
 Pres'd by the vengeance of an angry wife,  
*Troy* ends, at last, his labours and his life.

*Mercyless*

V. 362. *But when aloft he shakes.*] *Apollo* in this passage, by the mere shaking his *Ægis*, without acting offensively, annoys and puts the *Greeks* into disorder. *Eustathius* thus thinks that such a motion might possibly create the same confusion, as hath been reported by historians to proceed from *panic fears* : or that it might intimate some dreadful confusion in the air, and a noise issuing from thence ; a notion which seems to be warranted by *Apollo*'s out-cry, which presently follows in the same verse. But perhaps we need not go so far to account for this fiction of *Homer* : The sight of a hero's armour often has the like effect in an Epic Poem : The shield of Prince *Arthur* in *Spenser* works the same wonders with this *Ægis* of *Apollo*.

Merciles next ; *Polydamas o'erthrew* ;  
 And thee, brave *Clonius* ! great *Agenor* slew. 385  
 By *Paris*, *Deiochus* inglorious dies,  
 Pierc'd thro' the shoulder as he basely flies.  
*Polites*' arm laid *Ecbius* on the plain ;  
 Stretch'd on one heap, the victors spoil the slain.  
 The Greeks dismay'd, confus'd, disperse or fall, 390  
 Some seek the trench, some skulk behind the wall,  
 While these fly trembling, others pant for breath,  
 And o'er the slaughter stalks gigantic death.  
 On rush'd bold *Hector*, gloomy as the night,  
 Forbids to plunder, animates the fight, 395  
 Points to the fleet : For by the Gods, who flies,  
 Who dares but linger, by this hand he dies ;

No

V. 386. *By Paris, Deiochus inglorious dies,**Pierc'd thro' the shoulder as he basely flies.]*

Here is one that falls under the spear of *Paris*, smitten in the extremity of his shoulder as he was flying. This gives occasion to a pretty observation in *Eustathius*, that this is the only Greek who falls by a wound in the back, so careful is *Homer* of the honour of his countrymen. And this remark will appear not ill-grounded, if we except the death of *Eioneus* in the beginning of lib. 6.

V. 396. *For by the Gods, who flies, &c.]* It sometimes happens (says *Longinus*) that a writer in speaking of some person, all on a sudden puts himself in that other's place, and acts his part; a figure which marks the impetuosity and hurry of passion. It is this which *Homer* practices in these verses; the Poet stops his narration, forgets his own person, and instantly, without any notice, puts this precipitate menace into the mouth of his furious and transported hero. How must his discourse have languished, had he stayed to tell us, *Hector then said these, or the like words*. Instead of which, by this unexpected transition he prevents the reader, and the transition is made before the Poet himself seems sensible he had made it. The true and proper place for this figure is when the time presses, and when the occasion will not allow of any delay. It is elegant then to pass from one person to another, as in that of *Hecataeus*. *The bold, extremely disengaged as the orders he had received,*  
*gave*.

No weeping sister his cold eye shall close,  
 No friendly hand his fun'ral pyre compose.  
 Who stops to plunder in this signal hour, 400  
 The birds shall tear him, and the dogs devour.  
 Furious he said ; the smarting scourge resounds ;  
 The coursers fly ; the smoaking chariot bounds :  
 The hosts rush on ; loud clamours shake the shore ;  
 The horses thunder, Earth and Ocean roar ! 405  
*Apollo*, planted at the trench's bound,  
 Push'd at the bank : down sunk th' enormous mound :  
 Roll'd in the ditch the heavy ruin lay ;  
 A sudden road ! a long and ample way.  
 O'er the dread fosse (a late-inimpervious space) 410  
 Now steeds, and men, and cars, tumultuous pass.  
 The wond'ring crouds the downward level trod ;  
 Before them flam'd the shield, and march'd the God.  
 Then with his hand he shook the mighty wall ;  
 And lo ! the turrets nod, the bulwarks fall. 415  
 Easy, as when ashore an infant stands,  
 And draws imagin'd houses in the sands ;  
 The sportive wanton, pleas'd with some new play,  
 Sweeps the slight works and fashion'd domes away.

Thus

*gave command to the Heraclide to withdraw — It is no way in my power to help you ; if therefore you would not perish entirely, and if you would not involve me too in your ruin, depart, and seek a retreat among some other people.* Longinus, chap. 23.

V. 416. *As when ashore an infant stands.]* This simile of the sand is inimitable ; it is not easy to imagine any thing more exact and emphatical to describe the tumbling and confused heap of a wall, in a moment. Moreover the comparison here taken from sand is the juster, as it rises from the very place and scene before us. For the wall here demolished, as it was founded on the coast, must needs border on the sand, wherefore the similitude is borrowed immediately from the subject of the matter under view.

Thus vanish'd, at thy touch, the tow'rs and walls ; 420  
The toil of thousands in a moment falls.

The *Grecians* gaze around with wild despair,  
Confus'd, and weary all the pow'rs with pray'r ;  
Exhort their men, with praises, threats, commands ;  
And urge the Gods, with voices, eyes, and hands. 425  
Experienc'd *Nestor* chief obtests the skies,  
And weeps his country with a father's eyes.

O *Jove* ! if ever on his native shore,  
One *Greek* enrich'd thy shrine with offer'd gore ;  
If e'er, in hope our country to behold, 430  
We paid the fattest firstlings of the fold ;  
If e'er thou sign'd our wishes with thy nod ;  
Perform the promise of a gracious *God* !  
This day preserve our navies from the flame,  
And save the reliques of the *Grecian* name. 435

Thus pray'd the sage : Th' Eternal gave consent,  
And peals of thunder shook the firmament.  
Presumptucus *Troy* mistook th' accepting sign,  
And catch'd new fury at the voice divine.

As,

V. 428. O *Jove* ! if ever, &c.] The form of *Nestor*'s prayer in this place resembles that of *Chryses* in the first book. And it is worth remarking, that the Poet well knew what shame and confusion the reminding one of past benefits is apt to produce. From the same topick *Achilles* talks with his mother, and *Thetis* herself accosts *Jove* ; and likewise *Phoenix*, where he holds a parley with *Achilles*. This righteous prayer hath its wished accomplishment. *Enstatius*.

V. 438. Presumptucus *Troy* mistook the sign.] The thunder of *Jupiter* is designed as a mark of his acceptance of *Nestor*'s prayers, and a sign of his favour to the *Greeks*. However, there being nothing in the prodigy particular to the *Greeks*, the *Trojans* expound it in their own favour, as they seem warranted by their present success. This self-partiality of men in appropriating to themselves the protection

As, when black tempests mix the seas and skies, 440  
 The roaring deeps in wat'ry mountains rise,  
 Above the sides of some small ship ascend,  
 Its womb they deluge, and its ribs they rend :  
 Thus loudly roaring, and o'er-pow'ring all,  
 Mount the thick *Trojans* up the *Grecian* wall ; 445  
 Legiōns on legiōns from each side arise :  
 Thick sound the keels ; the storm of arrows flies :  
 Fierce on the ships above, the cars below,  
 These wield the mace, and those the jav'lin throw,  
 While thus the thunder of the battle rag'd, 450  
 And lab'ring armies round the works engag'd ;  
 Still in the test *Patroclus* fate, to tend  
 The good *Euryppylus*, his wounded friend.  
 He sprinkles healing balms, to anguish kind,  
 And adds discourse, the med'cine of the mind. 455  
 But when he saw, ascending up the fleet,  
 Victorious *Troy* : Then, starting from his seat,  
 With bitter groans his sorrows he exprest,  
 He wrings his hands, he beats his manly breast.

Tho'

tection of heaven, has always been natural to them. In the same manner *Virgil* makes *Turnus* explain the transformation of the *Trojan* ships into nymphs, as an ill omen to the *Trojans*.

*Trojanos haec monstra petunt, bis Jupiter ipse  
 Auxilium solitum eripuit.* —

History furnishes many instances of oracles, which, by reason of this partial interpretation, have proved an occasion to lead men into great misfortunes : It was the case of *Crœsus* in his wars with *Cyrus* ; and a like mistake engaged *Pyrrhus* to make war upon the *Romans*.

V. 448. *On the ships ab'ye, the cars below.*] This is a new sort o' battle, which *Homer* has never before mentioned ; the *Greeks* on their ships, and the *Trojans* in their chariots, fight as on a plain. *Euphathias*.

Tho' yet thy state requires redress (he cries) 460  
 Depart I must : What horrors strike my eyes ?  
 Charg'd with *Achilles'* high commands I go,  
 A mournful witness of this scene of woe :  
 I haste to urge him, by his country's care,  
 To rise in arms, and shine again in war. 465  
 Perhaps some fav'ring God his soul may bend ;  
 The voice is pow'rful of a faithful friend.

He spoke ; and speaking, swifter than the wind  
 Sprung from the tent, and left the war behind.  
 Th' embody'd Greeks the fierce attack sustain, 470  
 But strive, tho' num'rous, to repulse in vain.  
 Nor could the *Trojans*, thro' that firm array,  
 Force to the fleet and tents, th' impervious way.  
 As when a shipwright with *Palladian* art,  
 Smooths the rough wood, and levels ev'ry part ; 475  
 With equal han' he guides his whole design,  
 By the just rule, and the directing line :  
 The martial leaders with like skill and care,  
 Preserv'd their line, and equal kept the war.  
 Brave deeds of arms thro' all the ranks were tryed, 480  
 And ev'ry ship sustained an equal tide.  
 At one proud bark, high-tow'ring o'er the fleet,  
*Ajax* the great, and god-like *Hector* meet :  
 For one bright prize the matchless chiefs contend,  
 Nor this the ships can fire, nor that defend ; 485  
 One

V. 472. *Nor could the Trojans—Force to the fleet and tents th' impervious way.*] Homer always marks distinctly the place of battle ; he here shews us clearly, that the *Trojans* attacked the first line of the fleet that stood next the wall, or the vessels which were drawn foremost on the land ; these vessels were a strong rampart to the tents which were pitch'd behind, and to the other line of the navy which stood nearer to the sea ; to penetrate therefore to the tents, they must necessarily force the first line, and defeat the troops which defended it. *Eustathius.*

One kept the shore, and one the vefsel trod ;  
 That fix'd as fate, this acted by a God.  
 The son of *Clytius* in his daring hand,  
 The deck approaching, shakes a flaming brand ;  
 But pierc'd by *Telamon*'s huge lance expires ; 490  
 Thund'ring he falls, and drops th' extinguish'd fires.  
 Great *Hector* view'd him with a sad survey,  
 As stretch'd in dust before the stern he lay.  
 Oh ! all of *Trojan*, all of *Lycian* race !  
 Stand to your arms, maintain this arduous space : 495  
 Lo ! where the son of royal *Clytius* lies,  
 Ah save his arms, secure his obsequies !

This said, his eager jav'lin sought the foe :  
 But *Ajax* shunn'd the meditated blow.  
 Not vainly yet the forceful lance was thrown : 500  
 It stretch'd in dust unhappy *Lycopron* :  
 An exile long, sustain'd at *Ajax*' board,  
 A faithful servant to a foreign Lord ;  
 In peace, in war, for ever at his side,  
 Near his lov'd master, as he liv'd, he dy'd. 505  
 From the high poop he tumbles on the sand,  
 And lies, a lifeless load, along the land.  
 With anguish *Ajax* views the piercing fight,  
 And thus inflames his brother to the fight.

*Teucer*, behold ! extended on the shore 510  
 Our friend, our lov'd companion ! now no more !  
 Dear as a parent, with a parent's care,  
 To fight our wars, he left his native air.  
 This death deplor'd to *Hector*'s rage we owe ;  
 Revenge, revenge it on the cruel foe. 515  
 Where are those darts on which the fates attend ?  
 And where the bow, which *Phebus* taught to bend ?  
 Impatient *Teucer* hast'ning to his aid,  
 Before the chief his ample bow display'd ;

The

Death is the worst ; a fate which all must try ;  
 And, for our country, 'tis a bliss to die.  
 The gallant man, tho' slain in fight he be,  
 Yet leaves his nation safe, his children free ;      585  
 Entails a debt on all the grateful state ;  
 His own brave friends shall glory in his fate,  
 His wife live honour'd, all his race succeed ;  
 And late posterity enjoy the deed !

This rouz'd the foul in ev'ry Trojan breast :      590.  
 The god-like *Ajax* next his Greeks address'd.  
 How long, ye warriors of the *Argive* race,  
 (To gen'rous *Argos* what a dire disgrace !)  
 How long, on these curs'd confines will ye lie,  
 Yet undetermin'd, or to live, or die !      595.  
 What

V. 582: *Death is the worst, &c.*] 'Tis with very great address; that, to the bitterness of death, he adds the advantages that were to accrue after it. And the ancients are of opinion, that 'twould be as advantageous for young soldiers to read this lesson, concise as it is, as all the volumes of *Tyrtaeus*, wherein he endeavours to raise the spirits of his countrymen. Homer makes a noble enumeration of the parts wherein the happiness of a city consist. For having told us in another place, the three great evils to which a town, when taken, is subject ; the slaughter of the men, the destruction of the place by fire, the leading of their wives and children into captivity ; now he reckons up the blessings that are contrary to those calamities. To the slaughter of the men indeed he makes no opposition ; because it is not necessary to the well-being of a city, that every individual should be saved, and not a man slain. *En-  
stathius.*

V. 591. *The God-like Ajax next.*] The oration of *Hector* is more splendid and shining than that of *Ajax*, and also more solemn, from his sentiments concerning the favour and assistance of *Jupiter*. But that of *Ajax* is the more politick, fuller of management, and apter to persuade : For it abounds with no less than seven generous arguments to inspire resolution. He exhorts his people even to death, from

What hopes remain, what methods to retire,  
 If once your vessels catch the *Trojan* fire ?  
 Mark how the flames approach, how near they fall,  
 How *Hector* calls, and *Troy* obeys his call !  
 Not to the dance that dreadful voice invites,      600  
 It calls to death, and all the rage of fights.  
 'Tis now no time for wisdom or debates ;  
 To your own hands are trusted all your fates :  
 And better far, in one decisive strife,  
 One day shall end our labour, or our life ;      605  
 Than keep this hard-got inch of barren sands,  
 Still press'd; and press'd by such inglorious hands.

The list'ning *Grecians* feel their leader's flame,  
 And ev'ry kindling bosom pants for fame.  
 Then mutual slaughterers spread on either side ;      610  
 By *Hector* here the *Phocian* *Schedius* dy'd ;  
 There pierc'd by *Ajax*, sunk *Laodamas*,  
 Chief of the foot, of old *Antenor*'s race.  
*Polydamas* laid *Otus* on the sand,  
 The fierce commander of th' *Epeian* band.      615  
 His lance bold *Meges* at the victor threw ;  
 The victor stopping, from the death withdrew ;  
 (That valu'd life, -O *Phæbus* ! was thy care)  
 But *Cræsus*' bosom took the flying spear :

His

from the danger to which their navy was exposed, which if once consumed, they were never like to get home. And as the *Trojans* were bid to die, so he bids his men dare to die likewise ; and indeed with great necessity, for the *Trojans* may recruit after the engagement, but for the *Grecians*, they had no better way than to hazard their lives ; and if they should gain nothing else by it, yet at least they would have a speedy dispatch, not a lingering and dilatory destruction. *Eustathius.*

His corps fell bleeding on the slipp'ry shore ; 620  
 His radiant arms triumphant *Meges* bore.  
*Dolops*, the son of *Lampus*, rushes on,  
 Sprung from the race of old *Laomedon*,  
 And fam'd for prowess in a well fought field ;  
 He pierc'd the centre of his sounding shield : 625  
 But *Meges*, *Phyleus'* ample breast-plate wore,  
 (Well known in fight on *Selles'* winding shore,  
 For King *Euphates* gave the golden mail,  
 Compact, and firm with many a jointed scale)  
 Which oft, in cities storm'd, and battles won, 630  
 Had sav'd the father, and now saves the son.-  
 Full at the *Trojan*'s head he urg'd his lance,  
 Where the high plumes above the helmet-dance,  
 New-ting'd with *Tyrian* dye : In dust 'below  
 Shorn from the crest, the purple honours glow. 635  
 Mean time their fight the *Spartan* King survey'd,  
 And stood by *Meges'* side, a sudden aid,  
 Thro' *Dolops'* shoulder urg'd his forceful dart,  
 Which held its passage thro' the panting heart,  
 And islu'd at his breast. With thund'ring sound 640  
 The warrior falls, extended on the ground.  
 In rush the conqu'ring *Greeks* to spoil the slain ;  
 But *Hector*'s voice excites his kindred train ;  
 The hero most, from *Hicetaon* sprung,  
 Fierce *Menalippus*; gallant, brave, and young. 645  
 He (ere to *Troy* the *Grecians* cross'd the main)  
 Fed his large oxen on *Percote*'s plain ;  
 But when oppres'd, his country claim'd his care,  
 Return'd to *Ilion*, and excell'd in war :  
 For this, in *Priam*'s court he held his place, 550  
 Belov'd no less than *Priam*'s royal race.

Him

Him *Hector* singled, as his troops he led,  
And thus inflam'd him, pointing to the dead.

Lo *Menalippus* ! lo where *Dolops* lies ;  
And is it thus our royal kinsman dies ?

O'ermatch'd he falls ; to two at once a prey,  
And lo ! they bear the bloody arms away !

Come on—a distant war no longer wage,  
But hand to hand thy country's foes engage :

'Till *Greece* at once, and all her glory end ;  
Or *Ilion* from her tow'ry height descend,

Heav'd from the lowest stone ; and bury all  
In one sad sepulchre, one common fall.

*Hector* (this said) rush'd forward on the foes :

With equal ardour *Menalippus* glows 665

Then *Ajax* thus—Oh *Greeks* ! respect your fame,  
Respect yourselves, and learn an honest shame :

Let mutual rev'rence mutual warmth inspire,  
And catch from brea't to brea't the noble fire.

On valour's side the odds of combat lie, 670

The brave live glorious, or lamented die ;  
The wretch that trembles in the field of fame,

Meets death, and worse than death, eternal shame.

His gen'rous sense he not in vain imparts ;  
It sunk, and rooted in the *Grecian* hearts 675

They join, they throng, they thicken at his call,  
And flank the navy with a brazen wall ;

Shields

V. 677. *And flank the navy with a brazen wall.*] The Poet has built the *Grecians* a new sort of wall out of their arms ; and perhaps one might say, 'twas from this passage *Apollo* borrowed that oracle which he gave to the *Athenians* about their wall of wood ; in like manner the *Spartans* were said to have a wall of bones. If so, we must allow the God not a little obliged to the Poet. *Eustathius*:

Shields touching shields, in order blaze above,  
And stop the *Trojans*, tho' impell'd by *Jove*.

The fiery *Spartan* first, with loud applause,  
Warms the bold son of *Hector* in his cause. 68a

Is there (he said) in arms a youth like you,  
So strong to fight, so active to pursue?

Why stand you distant, nor attempt a deed?

Lift the bold lance, and make some *Trojan* bleed. 68g

He said, and backward to the lines retir'd ;  
Forth rush'd the youth, with martial fury fir'd,  
Beyond the foremost ranks ; his lance he threw,  
And round the black battalions cast his view.

The troops of *Troy* recede with sudden fear, 69g  
While the swift jav'lin his'd along in air.

Advancing *Menalippus* met the dart  
With his bold breast, and felt it in his heart :  
Thund'ring he falls ; his falling arms resound,  
And his broad buckler rings against the ground. 695  
The victor leaps upon his prostrate prize ;  
Thus on a roe the well-breath'd beagle flies,  
And rends his side, fresh-bleeding with the dart  
The distant hunter sent into his heart.

Observing *Hector* to the rescue flew. ; 700  
Bold as he was, *Antilochus* withdrew :

So when a savage, ranging o'er the plain,  
Has torn the shepherd's dog, or shepherd swain ;  
While conscious of the deed, he glares around,  
And hears the gath'ring multitude resound, 705  
Timely he flies the yet untasted food,  
And gains the friendly shelter of the wood.

So fears the youth ; all *Troy* with shouts pursue,  
While stones and darts in mingled tempests flew ;

But

But enter'd in the *Grecian* ranks, he turns  
His manly breast, and with new fury burns.

716

Now on the fleet the tides of *Trojans* drove,  
Fierce to fulfil the stern decrees of *Jove*:

The Sire of Gods, confirming *Thetis'* prayer,  
The *Grecian* ardour quench'd in deep despair;

715

But lifts to gloiy *Troy*'s prevailing bands,  
Swells all their hearts, and strengthens all their hands.

On *Ida*'s top he waits with longing eyes,  
To view the navy blazing to the skies;

Then, nor till then, the scale of war shall turn,  
The *Trojans* fly, and *conquer'd Ilium* burn.

720

These fates revolv'd in his almighty mind,  
He raises *Hector* to the work desigh'd,

Bids him with more than mortal fury glow,  
And drives him, like a light'ning, on the foe.

725

So *Mars*, when human crimes for vengeance call,  
Shakes his huge jav'lin, and whole armies fall.

Not with more rage a conflagration rolls,  
Wraps the vast moun'tains, and involves the poles.

VOL. III.

G

He

V. 723. *He raises Hector, &c.*] This picture of *Hector*, impuls'd by *Jupiter*, is a very finished piece, and excels all the drawings of this hero which *Homer* has given us in so various attitudes. He is here represented as an instrument in the hand of *Jupiter*, to bring about those designs the God had long projected: And as his fatal hour now approaches, *Jove* is willing to recompense his hasty death with this short-lived glory. Accordingly this being the last scene of victory he is to appear in, the Poet introduces him with all imaginable pomp, and adorns him with all the terror of a conqueror: His eyes sparkle with fire, his mouth foams with fury, his figure is compared to the God of War, his rage is equalled to a conflagration and a storm; and the destruction he causes is resembled to that which a lion makes among the herds. The Poet, by this heap of comparisons, raises the idea of the hero higher than any simple description could reach.

He foams with wrath ; beneath his gloomy brow 730  
 Like fiery meteors his red eye-balls glow :

The radiant helmet on his temples burns,  
 Waves when he nods, and lightens as he turns :

For *Jove* his splendor round the Chief had thrown,  
 And cast the blaze of both the hosts on one. 735

Unhappy glories ! for his fate was near,  
 Due to stern *Pallas*, and *Pelides'* spear :

Yet *Jove* deferr'd the death he was to pay,  
 And gave what fate allow'd, the honours of a day !

Now all on fire for fame, his breast, his eyes 740  
 Burn at each foe, and single ev'ry prize ;

Still at the closest ranks, the thickest fight,  
 He points his ardour, and exerts his might.

The Grecian Phalanx, moveless as a tow'r,  
 On all sides batter'd, yet resists his power : 745

So some tall rock o'erhangs the hoary main,  
 By winds assai'd, by billows beat in vain,

Uumov'd it hears, above, the tempest blow,  
 And sees the wat'ry mountains break below.

Girt in surrounding flames, he seems to fall 750  
 Like fire from *Jove*, and bursts upon them all :

Bursts as a wave that from the clouds impends,  
 And swell'd with tempests on the ship descends ;

White

V. 736.—*His fate was near—Due to stern Pallas.*] It may be asked, what *Pallas* has to do with the *Fates*, or what Power has she over them ? Homer speaks thus, because *Minerva* has already resolved to succour *Achilles*, and deceive *Hector* in the combat between these two heroes, as we find in book 22. Properly speaking, *Pallas* is nothing but the knowledge and wisdom of *Jove*, and it is wisdom which presides over the counsels of his providence, therefore she may be looked upon as drawing all things to the fatal term to which they are decreed. *Dacier.*

V. 752. *Bursts as a wave, &c.*] *Longinus*, observing that oftentimes the principal beauty of writing consists in the judicious

White are the decks with foam ; the winds aloud  
Howl o'er the masts, and sing thro' ev'ry shroud : 755

G 2

Pale,

cious assembling together of the great circumstances, and the strength with which they are marked in the proper place, chuses this passage of Homer as a plain instance of it. "Where (says "that noble critick) in describing the terror of a tempest, he "takes care to express whatever are the accidents of most dread "and horror in such a situation : He is not content to tell us "the mariners were in danger, but he brings them before our "eyes, as in a picture, upon the point of being every moment "overwhelmed by every wave ; nay, the very words and syllables of the description give us an image of their peril." He shews, that a Poet of less judgment would amuse himself in less important circumstances, and spoil the whole effect of the image by minute, ill-chosen or superfluous particulars. Thus *Arius* endeavouring to refine upon that line,

*And instant death on ev'ry wave appears !*

He turned it thus,

*A slender plank preserves them from their fate ;*

Which, by flourishing upon the thought, has lost the terrors and terror of it, and is so far from improving the image, that it lessens and vanishes in his management. By confining the danger to a single line, he has scarce left the shadow of it, and indeed the word *preserves* takes away even that. The same critick produces a fragment of an old poem on the *Arimaspians*, written in this faultie taste, whose author, he doubts not, imagined he had said something wonderful in the following affected verses. I have done my best to give them the same turn, and I believe there are those who will not think them bad ones.

' Ye pow'rs ! what madness ! How on ships so frail,  
' (Tremendous thought !) can thoughtless mortals sail ?  
' For stormy seas they quit the pleasing plain,  
' Plant woods, in waves, and dwell amidst the main.  
' Far o'er the deep (a trackless path) they go,  
' And wander oceans, in pursuit of woo.  
' No ease their hearts, no rest their eyes can find,  
' On heav'n their looks, and on the waves their mind ;  
' Sunk are their spirits, while their arms they rear ;  
' And gods are weary'd with their fruitless pray.'"

Pale, trembling, tir'd, the sailors freeze with fears ;  
And instant death on ev'ry wave appears.

So pale the Greeks the eyes of *Hector* meet,  
The chief so thunders, and so shakes the fleet.

As when a lion, rushing from his den, 760  
Amidst the plain of some wide water'd fen,  
(Where num'rous oxen, as at ease they feed,  
At large expatiate o'er the ranker mead ;)  
Leaps on the herds before the herdsman's eyes ;

The trembling herdsman far to distance flies : 765

Some lordly bull (the rest dispers'd and fled)

He singles out ; arrests, and lays him dead.

Thus from the rage of Jove-like *Hector* flew  
All Greece in heaps ; but one he seiz'd, and flew.

*Mycenean Periphas*, a mighty name, 770

In wisdom great, in arms well known to fame :

The minister of stern *Eurythœus*' ire

Against *Alcides*, *Copreus*, was his ire :

The son redeem'd the honours of the race,

A son as gen'rous as the fire was base ;

O'er all his country's youth conspicuous far

In every virtue, or of peace or war :

But doom'd to *Hector*'s stronger force to yield ;

Against the margin of his ample shield

He struck his hasty foot : his heels up-sprung ; 780

Supine he fell ; his brazen helmet rung.

On the fall'n Chief th' invading *Trojan* prest,

And plung'd the pointed jav'lin in his breast.

His circling friends, who strove to guard too late

Th' unhappy hero, fled, or shar'd his fate.

Chas'd from the foremost line, the *Grecian* train

Now man the next, receding tow'rd the main :

Wedg'd

Wedg'd in one body at the tents they stand,  
 Wall'd round with sterns, a gloomy desp'rare band.  
 Now manly shame forbids th' inglorious flight ; 790  
 Now fear itself confines them to the fight :  
 Man courage breathes in man ; but *Nestor* most  
 (The sage preserver of the *Grecian* host).  
 Exhorts, adjures, to guard these utmost fibres ;  
 And by their parents, by themselves, implores. 795  
 O friends ! be men : your gen'rous breasts inflame  
 With mutual honour, and with mutual shame !  
 Think of your hopes, your fortunes ; all the care  
 Your wives, your infants, and your parents share :

Think.

V. 796. *Nestor's speech.*] This popular harangue of *Nestor* is justly extolled as the strongest and most persuasive piece of oratory imaginable. It contains in it every motive by which men can be affected ; the preservation of their wives and children, the secure possession of their fortunes, the respect of their living parents, and the due regard for the memory of those that were departed : By these he diverts the *Grecians* from any thoughts of flight in the article of extreme peril. *Eustathius*.

This noble exhortation is finely imitated by *Tasso*, *Jerusalem*, l. 30.

— *O valoroso, bar via conquista*  
*Faccia, a ritor la preda a noi rapita.*  
*L'immagine ad alcuno in mente destra,*  
*Glie la figura quasi, e glie l'addita*  
*De la preggante patria e de la mesta*  
*Supplice famigliuola sbigottita.*  
*Credi (dicea) che la tua patria spieghi*  
*Per la mia lingua in tui parole i preghi.*  
*Guarda tu le mie leggi, e i sacri tempi*  
*Fa, ch'io del sangue mio non bagni, e lavi,*  
*Affcura le virginì da gli empi,*  
*E i sepolchri, e le cinere de gli avi.*  
*A te püangendo i lor passati tempi*  
*Mostran la bianca chioma i vecchi gravi ;*  
*A te la moglie, e le mammelle, e l'petto,*  
*Le cune, e i figli, e l'marital suo letto.*

Think of each living father's rev'rend head ; 800  
 Think of each ancestor with glory dead ;  
 Absent, by me they speak, by me they sue ;  
 They ask their safety and their fame from you :  
 The Gods their fates on this one action lay,  
 And all are lost if you desert the day. 805

He spoke, and round him breath'd heroic fires ;  
 Minerva seconds what the sage inspires.

The midst of darkness Jove around them threw.  
 She clear'd, restoring all the war to view ;  
 A sudden ray shot beaming o'er the plain, 810  
 And shew'd the shores, the navy, and the main.

Hector they saw, and all who fly or fight,  
 The scene wide op'ning to the blaze of light.

First of the field, great Ajax strikes their eyes,  
 His port majestick, and his ample size : 815

A pond'rous mace, with studs of iron crown'd,  
 Full twenty cubits long, he swings around.

Nor fights like others fix'd to certain stands,  
 But looks a moving tow'r above the bands ;

High on the decks, with vast gigantick stride, 820  
 The god-like hero stalks from side to side.

So when a horseman from the wat'ry mead  
 (Skill'd in the manage of the bounding steed).

### Drives.

V. 814. *First of the field, great Ajax.*] In this book, Homer, to raise the valour of *Hector*, gives him *Neptune* for an antagonist ; and to raise that of *Ajax*, he first opposed to him *Hector*, supported by *Apollo*, and now the same *Hector* impelled and seconded by *Jupiter* himself. These are strokes of a master-hand. *Eustathius.*

Drives four fair coursers, practis'd to obey,  
To some great city thro' the publick way ;      825.  
Safe in his art, as side by side they run,  
Hē shifts his seat, and vaults from one to one ;  
And now to this and now to that he flies ;  
Admiring numbers follow with their eyes.  
From ship to ship, thus *Ajax* swiftly flew,  
No less the wonder of the warring crew.  
As furious *Hector* thunder'd threats aloud,  
And rush'd enrag'd before the *Trojan* crowd ;  
Then swift invades the ships, whose beaky prores  
Lay, rank'd contiguous on the bending shores.      835.  
So the strong eagle from his airy height,  
Who marks the swans or cranes embody'd flight,  
Stoops down impetuous, while they light for food,  
And swooping darkens with his wings the flood.  
*Jove* leads him on with his almighty hand ;      840.  
And breathes fierce spirits in his following band.

The

V. 824. *Drives four fair coursers*, &c.] The comparison which *Homer* here introduces, is a demonstration that the art of mounting and managing horses was brought to so great a perfection in these early times, that one man could manage four at once, and leap from one to the other, even when they ran full speed. But some object, That the custom of riding was not known in *Greece* at the time of the *Trojan* war. Besides, they say that the comparison is not just, for the horses are said to run full speed, whereas the ships stand firm and unmoved. Had *Homer* put the comparison in the mouth of one of his heroes, the objection had been just, and he guilty of an inconsistency; but it is he himself who speaks: Saddle horses were in use in his age, and any poet may be allowed to illustrate pieces of antiquity by images familiar to his own times. This is sufficient for the first objection; nor is the second more reasonable; for it is not absolutely necessary that comparisons should correspond in every particular, it suffices if there be a general resemblance. This is only introduced to shew the agility of *Ajax*, who passes swiftly from one vessel to another, and is therefore entirely just. *Eustathius*.

The warring nations meet, the battle roars,  
 Thick beats the combat on the sounding prores.  
 Thou would'st have thought, so furious was their fire,  
 No force could tame them, and no toil could tire ; 845  
 As if new vigour, from new fights they won,  
 And the long battle was but then begun.  
*Greece*, yet unconquer'd, kept alive the war,  
 Secure of death, confiding in despair ;  
*Troy* in proud hopes already view'd the main 850  
 Bright with the blaze, and red with heroes slain ;  
 Like strength it felt from hope, and from despair ;  
 And each contends, as his were all the war.  
 'Twas thou, bold *Hector* ! whose resolute hand  
 First seiz'd a ship on that contested strand : 855  
 The same, which dead *Protesilaus* bore,  
 The first that touch'd th' unhappy *Trojan* shore,  
 For this in arms the warring nations stood,  
 And bath'd their gen'rous breasts with mutual blood.  
 No room to poize the lance, or bend the bow ; 860  
 But hand to hand, and man to man they grow :  
 Wounded, they wound ; and seek each others hearts.  
 With faulchions, axes, swords and shorten'd darts.  
 The faulchions ring, shields rattle, axes found,  
 Swords flash in air, or glitter on the ground : 865  
 With streaming blood the slipp'ry shores are dy'd,  
 And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.  
 Still raging *Hector* with his ample hand  
 Grasps the high stern, and gives his loud command,

Haste,

V. 856. *The same, which dead Protesilaus bore.*] Homer feigns that *Hector* laid hold on the ship of the dead *Protesilaus*, rather than on that of any other, that he might not disgrace any of his *Grecian Generals*. *Euplatbius*.

Hasle, bring the flames ! the toil of ten long years  
 Is finish'd ; and the day desir'd appears ! 871  
 This happy day with acclamations greet,  
 Bright with destruction of yon hostile fleet.  
 The coward-counsels of a tim'rous throng  
 Of reverend dotards, check'd our glory long : 875  
 Too long *Jove* lull'd us with lethargic charms,  
 But now in peals of thunder calls to arms ;  
 In this great day he crowns our full desires,  
 Wakes all our force, and seconds all our fires.

He spoke — the warriors, at his fierce command, 880  
 Pour a new deluge on the *Grecian* band.  
 Ev'n *Ajax* paus'd (so thick the jav'lins fly) :  
 Stepp'd back, and doubted or to live, or die.  
 Yet where the oars are plac'd, he stands to wait  
 What Chief approaching dares attempt his fate : 885  
 Ev'n

V. 874. *The coward-counsels of a tim'rous throng*  
*Of reverend dotards — ]*

*Homer* adds this with a great deal of art and prudence, to answer beforehand all the objections which he well fore saw would be made, because *Hector* never till now attacks the *Grecians* in their camp, or endeavours to burn their navy. He was retained by the elders of *Troy*, who, frozen with fear at the sight of *Achilles*, never suffered him to march from the ramparts. Our Author forgets nothing that has the resemblance of truth ; but he had yet a farther reason for inserting this, as it exalts the glory of his principal hero : These elders of *Troy* thought it less difficult to defeat the *Greeks* defended with strong entrenchments, while *Achilles* was not with them ; than to overcome them without entrenchments when he assailed them. And this is the reason that they prohibited *Hector* before, and permit him now, to fall on the enemy. *Dacier*.

V. 877. *But now Jove calls to arms, &c. ]* *Hector* seems to be sensible of an extraordinary impulse from heaven, signified by these words *the most mighty hand of Jove pushing him on*. It is no more than any other person would be ready to imagine, who should rise from a state of distress or indolence, into one of good fortune, vigour, and activity. *Eustathius*.

Ev'n to the last his nayal charge defends,  
Now shakes his spear, now lifts, and now pretends;  
Ev'r: yet the *Greeks* with piercing shouts inspires,  
Amidst attacks, and deaths, and darts, and fires.  
O friends! O heroes! names for ever dear, 890  
Once sons of *Mars*, and thunderbolts of war!

Ah!

V. 890. *The speech of Ajax.*] There is great strength, closeness, and spirit in this speech, and one might (like many criticks) employ a whole page in extolling and admiring it in general terms. But sure the perpetual rapture of such commentators, who are always giving us exclamations instead of criticisms, may be a mark of great admiration, but of little judgment. Of what use is this either to a reader who has a taste, or to one who has not? To admire a fine passage is what the former will do without us. However we ought gratefully to acknowledge the good-nature of most people, who are not only pleased with this superficial applause given to fine passages, but are likewise inclined to transfer to the critick, who only points at these beauties, part of the admiration justly due to the Poet. This is a cheap and easy way to fame, which many writers both ancient and modern have pursued with great success. Formerly indeed this sort of authors had modesty, and were humbly content to call their performance only *Florilegia* or *Pefes*: But some of late have pass'd such collections on the world for criticisms of great depth and learning, and seem to expect the same flowers should please us better in those paltry nosegays, of their own making up, than in the native gardens where they grew. As this practice of extolling without giving reasons is very convenient for most writers, so it excellently suits the ignorance or laziness of most readers, who will come into any sentiment, rather than take the trouble of refuting it. Thus the compliment is mutual: For as such criticks do not tax their readers with any thought to understand them, so their readers in return advance nothing in opposition to such criticks. They may go roundly on, admiring and exclaining in this manner; *What an exquisite spirit of poetry—How beautiful a circumstance—What delicacy of sentiments—With what art has the Poet—In how sublime and just a manner—How finely imagined—How wonderfully beautiful and poetical*—And so proceed, without one reason to interrupt the course of their eloquence, most comfortably and ignorantly apostrophising to the end of the chapter.

Ah ! yet be mindful of your old renown,  
Your great forefathers virtues and your own.  
What aids expect you in this utmost strait ?  
What bulwarks rising between you and fate ? 895  
No aids, no bulwarks your retreat attend,  
No friends to help, no city to defend.

This spot is all you have, to lose or keep ;  
There stand the *Trojans*, and here rolls the deep.  
Tis hostile ground you tread, your native lands 900  
Far, far, from hence : your fates are in your hands.

Raging he spoke ; nor farther wastes his breath,  
But turns his jav'lin to the work of death.

Whate'er bold *Trojan* arm'd his daring hands  
Against the fable ships with flaming brands, 905  
So well the chief his naval weapon sped,  
The luckless warrior at his stern lay dead :  
Full twelve, the boldest in a moment fell,  
Sent by great *Ajax* to the shades of hell.

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2

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THE  
SIXTEENTH BOOK

OR THE

I L I A D.

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## The A R G U M E N T.

The sixth battle: The acts and death of *Patroclus*.

**P**ATROCLUS (in pursuance of the request of Nestor in the eleventh book) intreats Achilles to suffer him to go to the assistance of the Greeks with Achilles's troops and armour. He agrees to it, but at the same time charges him to content himself with rescuing the fleet, without farther pursuit of the enemy. The armour, horses, soldiers, and officers of Achilles are described. Achilles offers a libation for the success of his friend, after which Patroclus leads the Myrmidons to battle. The Trojans at the sight of Patroclus in Achilles' armour, taking him for that hero, are cast into the utmost consternation: He beats them off from the vessels, Hector himself flies, Sarpedon is killed, tho' Jupiter was averse to his fate. Several other particulars of the battle are described; in the heat of which, Patroclus, neglecting the orders of Achilles, pursues the foe to the walls of Troy; where Apollo repulses and disarms him. Euphorbus wounds him, and Hector kills him: which concludes the book.

T H E

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T H E  
\* SIXTEENTH B O O K.  
O F T H E  
I L I A D.

**S**O warr'd both armies on th' ensanguin'd shore,  
While the black vessels smoak'd with human gore.  
Meantime *Patroclus* to *Achilles* flies ;  
The streaming tears fall copious from his eyes ;

Not

\* We have at the entrance of this book one of the most beautiful parts of the Iliad. The two different characters are admirably sustained in this dialogue of the two heroes, wherein there is not a period but strongly marks not only their natural temper, but that particular disposition of mind in either, which arises from the present state of affairs. We see *Patroclus* touched with the deepest compassion for the misfortune of the *Greeks* (whom the *Trojans* had forced to retreat to their ships, and which ships were on the point of burning) prostrating himself before the vessel of *Achilles*, and pouring out his tears at his feet. *Achilles*, struck with the grief of his friend, demands the cause of it. *Patroclus*, pointing to the ships, where the flames already began to rise, tells him he is harder than the rocks or sea which lay in prospect before them, if he is not touched with so moving a spectacle, and can see in cold blood his friends perishing before his eyes. As nothing can be more natural and affecting than the speech of *Patroclus*, so nothing is more

Not faster, trickling to the plains below,  
From the tall rock the fable waters flow.  
Divine *Pelides*, with compassion mov'd,  
Thus spoke, indulgent to his best belov'd.

*Patroclus*.

more lively and picturesque than the attitude he is here described in.

The *Pathetic* of *Patroclus*'s speech is finely contrasted by the *Fierceness* of that of *Achilles*. While the former is melting with sorrow for his countrymen, the utmost he can hope from the latter is but to borrow his armour and troops; to obtain his personal assistance he knows is impossible. At the very instant that *Achilles* is moved to ask the cause of his friend's concern, he seems to say that nothing could deserve it but the death of their fathers; and in the same breath speaks of the total destruction of the *Greeks* as of too slight a cause for tears. *Patroclus*, at the opening of this speech, dares not name *Agamemnon* even for being wounded; and after he has tried to bend him by all the arguments that could affect an human breast, concludes by supposing that some oracle or supernatural inspiration is the cause that withdraws his arms. What can match the fierceness of his answer: Which implies, that not the oracles of heaven itself should be regarded, if they stood in competition with his resentment: That if he yields, it must be through his own mere motive: the only reason he has ever to yield, is that nature itself cannot support anger eternally: And if he yields now, it is only because he had before determined to do so at a certain time, (Il. 9. V. 773.) That time was not till the flames should approach to his own ships, till the last article of danger, and that not of danger, to *Greece*, but to himself. Thus his very pity had the sternest qualifications in the world. After all, what is it he yields to? only to suffer his friend to go in his stead, just to save them from prefeat ruin, but he expressly forbids him to proceed any farther than barely to put out the fires, and secure his own and his friends return to their country: And all this concludes with a wish, that (if it were possible) every *Greek* and every *Trojan* might perish except themselves. Such is that *wrath* of *Achilles*, that more than wrath, as the *Greek* *μῆν* implies, which *Homer* has painted in so strong a colouring.

V. 8. *Indulgent to his best belov'd.*] The friendship of *Achilles* and *Patroclus* is celebrated by all antiquity: And *Homer*, notwithstanding

*Patroclus, say, what grief thy bosom bears,  
That flows so fast in these unmanly tears ?*

*No girl, no infant whom the mother keeps  
From her lov'd breast, with fonder passion weeps ?  
Not more the mother's soul that infant warms,  
Clung to her knees, and reaching at her arms,  
Than thou hast mine ! O tell me to what end  
Thy melting sorrows thus pursue thy friend ?*

Grieſſt

withstanding the anger of *Achilles* was his professed subject, has found the secret to discover, thro' that very anger, the softer parts of his character. In this view we shall find him generous in his temper, despising gain or booty, and as far as his honour is concerned, fond of his mistress, and easy to his friend: Not proud, but when injured; and not more revengeful when ill used, than grateful and gentle when respectfully treated. " *Patroclus* (says *Philostratus*, who probably grounds his assertion on some ancient tradition) " was not so much elder than *Achilles* as to pretend to direct him, but of a tender, modest and unassuming nature; constant and diligent in his attendance, and seeming to have no affections but those of his friends." The same author has a very pretty passage, where *Ajax* is introduced enquiring of *Achilles*, " Which of all his warlike actions were the most difficult and dangerous to him ? He answers, those which he undertook for the sake of his friends. And which (continues *Ajax*) were the most pleasing and easy ? The very same, replies *Achilles*. He then asks him, Which of all the wounds he ever bore in battle was the most painful to him ? *Achilles* answers, That which he received from *Hector*. But *Hector*, says *Ajax*, never gave you a wound. Yes, replies *Achilles*, a mortal one when he slew my friend *Patroclus*."

It is said in the life of *Alexander the Great*, that when that Prince visited the monuments of the heroes at *Troy*, and placed a crown upon the tomb of *Achilles*; his friend *Hephæstion* placed another on that of *Patroclus*, as an intimation of his being to *Alexander* what the other was to *Achilles*. On which occasion the saying of *Alexander* is recorded; That *Achilles* was happy indeed, for having such a friend to love him living, and such a poet to celebrate him dead.

V. 11. *No girl, no infant, &c.*] I know the obvious translation of this passage makes the comparison consist only in tears.

as

Grieve thou for me, or for my martial band ?  
 Or come sad tidings from our native land ?  
 Our fathers live, (our first, most tender care)  
 Thy good *Menestheus* breathes the vital air, 20  
 And hoary *Peleus* yet extends his days ;  
 Pleas'd in their age to hear their children's praise.

Or may some meaneer cause thy pity claim ?  
 Perhapayon' reliques of the Grecian name,  
 Dcom'd in their ships to sink by fire and sword, 25  
 And pay the forfeit of their haughty Lord ?  
 Whate'er the cause, reveal thy secret care,  
 And speak those sorrows which a friend would share.  
 A sigh, that instant from his bosom broke,  
 Another follow'd, and *Patroclus* spoke. 30

Let *Greece* at length with pity touch thy breast,  
 Thyself a *Greek* ; and once, of *Greeks* the best !

Lo !

of the infant, applied to those of *Patroclus*. But certainly the idea of the simile will be much finer, if we comprehend also in it the mother's fondness and concern, awakened by this uneasiness of the child, which no less aptly corresponds with the tenderness of *Achilles* on the sight of his friend's affliction. And there is yet a third branch of the comparison, in that pursuit, and constant application the infant makes to the mother, in the same manner as *Patroclus* follows *Achilles* with his grief till he force him to take notice of it. I think (all these circumstances laid together) nothing can be more affecting or exact in all its views, than this similitude ; which, w. without that regard, has perhaps seemed but low and trivial to an unreflecting reader.

V. 31. *Let Greece at length with pity touch thy breast.*] The commentators labour to prove, that the word, in the original which begin this speech, *Mή ράπτε*, *Be not angry*, are not meant to desire *Achilles* to bear no farther resentment against the *Greeks*, but only not to be displeased at the tears which *Patroclus* shed for their misfortune. *Patroclus* (they say) was not so imprudent to begin his intercession in that manner, when there was need of something more insinuating. I take this to be an excess.

Lo ! ev'ry chief that might her fate prevent,  
 Lies pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in his tent,  
*Eurypylus, Tydides, Atreus' son,* 35 }  
 And wise *Ulysses* at the navy groan }  
 More for their country's wounds, than for their own. }  
 Their pain soft arts of pharmacy can ease,  
 Thy breast alone no lenitives appease.  
 May never rage like thine my soul enslave, 40  
 O great in vain ! unprofitably brave !  
 Thy country gighted in her last distress,  
 What friend, what man, from thee shall hope redress ?  
 No—men unborn, and ages yet behind,  
 Shall curse that fierce, that unforgiving mind. 45  
 O man unpitying ! if of man thy race ;  
 But sure thou spring'st not from a soft embrace,  
 Nor ever am'rous hero caus'd thy birth,  
 Nor ever tender Goddess brought thee forth.

Some

excess of refinement : The purpose of every period in his speech is to persuade *Achilles* to lay aside his anger ; why then may he not begin by desiring it ? The whole question is, whether he may speak openly in favour of the *Greeks*, in the first half of the verse, or in the latter ? For in the same line he represents their distress.

— τοῖον γὰς ἀχες βούλευεν Ἀχαιοῖς.

\*Tis plain he treats him without much reserve, calls him implacable, inexorable, and even mischievous (for *ἀλεπίνη* implies no less.) I do not see wherein the caution of this speech consists : it is a generous, unartful petition, whereof *Achilles*'s nature would much more approve, than of all the artifice of *Ulysses*, to which he expressed his hatred in the ninth book, V. 412.

V. 35. *Eurypylus, Tydides, Atreus' son,*  
*And wife Ulysses.* — ]

*Patroclus* in mentioning the wounded Princes to *Achilles*, takes care not to put *Agamemnon* first, lest that odious name striking his ear on a sudden, should shut it against the rest of his discourse : Neither does he name him last, for fear *Achilles*, dwelling

Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form, 50  
 And raging seas produced thee in a storm.  
 A soul well suiting that tempestuous kind,  
 So rough thy manners, so untam'd thy mind.

If some dire Oracle thy breast alarm,  
 If ought from *Jove*, or *Tebis*, stop thy arm, 55  
 Some beam of comfort yet on *Greece* may shine,  
 If I but lead the *Myrmidonian* line :  
 Clad in thy dreadful arms if I appear,  
 Proud *Troy* shall tremble, and desert the war :  
 Without thy person *Greece* shall win the day, 60  
 And thy mere image chase her foes away.

Pref'd

dwelling upon it, should fall into a passion. But he sides it into the middle, mixing and confounding it with the rest, that it might not be taken too much notice of, and that the names which precede and follow it may diminish the hatred it might excite. Wherefore he does not so much as accompany it with an epithet.

I think the foregoing remark of *Enstatius* is very ingenious, and I have given into it so far, as to chuse rather to make *Patroclus* call him *Atreus'* son, than *Agamemnon*, which yet farther softens it, since thus it might as well be imagined he spoke of *Menelaus*, as of *Agamemnon*.

V. 61. *And thy mere image chase her foes away.*] It is hard to conceive a greater compliment, or one that could more touch the warlike ambition of *Achilles*, than this which *Homer* puts into the mouth of *Patroclus*. It was also an encomium which he could not suspect of flattery ; since the person who made it desires to hazard his life upon the security that the enemy could not support the sight of the very armour of *Achilles* : And indeed *Achilles* himself seems to entertain no less a thought, in the answer to this speech, where he ascribes the flight of *Troy* to the blazing of his helmet : a circumstance wonderfully fine, and nobly exalting the idea of this hero's terrible character. Besides all this, *Homer* had it in view to prepare hereby the wonderful incident that is to ensue in the eighteenth book, where the very sight of *Achilles* from his ship turns the fortune of the war.

Press'd by fresh forces, her o'erlabour'd train  
Shall quit the ships, and *Greece* respire again.

Thus blind to fate ! with supplicating breath,  
Thou begg'dst his arms, and in his arms thy death. 65  
'Unfortunately good ! a hoding figh  
Thy friend return'd ; and with it, this reply.

*Patroclus* ! thy *Achilles* knows no fears !  
Nor words from *Jove*, nor *Oracles* he hears ; 70  
Nor ought a mother's conscience can suggest ;  
The tyrant's pride lies rooted in my breast.  
My wrongs, my wrongs, my constant thought engage,  
Those, my sole oracles, inspire my rage ;  
I made him tyrant ; gave him pow'rs to wrong  
Ev'n me : I felt it ; and shall feel it long. 75  
The maid, my black-eye'd maid, he forc'd away,  
Due to the toils of many a well-fought day ;  
Due to my conquest of her father's reign ;  
Due to the votes of all the *Grecian* train.  
From me he forc'd her ; me, the bold and brave ; 80  
Disgrac'd, dishonour'd, like the meanest slave.  
But bear we this — the wrongs I grieve are past :  
'Tis time our fury should relent at last :  
I fix'd its date : the day I wish'd appears :  
Now *Hector* to my ships his battle bears, 85  
The flames my eyes, the shouts invade my ears.  
Go then, *Patroclus* ! court fair honour's charms  
In *Troy*'s fam'd fields, and in *Achilles'* arms :  
Lead forth my martial *Myrmidons* to fight,  
Go save the fleets, and conquer in my right. 90  
See the thin reliques of their baffled band,  
At the last edge of yon' deserted land !  
Behold all *Iliion* on their ships descends ;  
How the cloud blackens, how the storm impends !

It was not thus, when at my sight amaz'd,  
Troy saw and trembled, as this helmet blaz'd. 95  
Had not th' injurious King our friendship lost,  
Yon' ample trench had bury'd half her host.  
No camps, no bulwarks now the *Trojans* fear,  
Those are not dreadful, no *Achilles* there: 100  
No longer flames the lance of *Tydeus'* son;  
No more your Gen'ral calls his heroes on;  
*Hector*, alone, I hear; his dreadful breath  
Commands your slaughter, or proclaims your death.  
Yet now, *Patroclus*, issue to the plain; 105  
Now save the ships, the rising fires restrain,  
And give the *Greeks* to visit *Greece* again.  
But heed my words, and mark a friend's command,  
Who trusts his fame and honours in thy hand,

And

V. 101. *No longer flames the lance of Tydeus' son.*] By what *Achilles* here says, joining *Diomed* to *Agamemnon* in this taunting reflection, one may justly suspect there was some particular disagreement and emulation between these two Heroes. This we may suppose to be the more natural, because *Diomed* was of all the *Greeks* confessedly the nearest in fame and courage to *Achilles*, and therefore the most likely to move his envy, as being the most likely to supply his place. The same sentiments are to be observed in *Diomed* with regard to *Achilles*; he is always confident in his own valour, and therefore in the greatest extremities he no where acknowledges the necessity of appealing *Achilles*, but always in council appears most forward and resolute to carry on the war without him. For this reason he was not thought a fit ambassador to *Achilles*; and upon return from the embassy, he breaks into a severe reflection, not only upon *Achilles*, but even upon *Agamemnon* who had sent this embassy to him. *I wish thou hadst not sent these supplications and gifts to Achilles: his insolence was extreme before, but now his arrogance will be intolerable; let us not mind whether he goes or stays, but do our duty and prepare for the battle.* *Eustathius observes, that Achilles uses this particular expression concerning Diomed,*

Οὐ γάρ Τυδεὺς Διομήδεος ἐν παλάμηνοι  
Μακρας ἰγχεῖν

And from thy deeds expects, th' Achæian host  
 Shall render back the beauteous maid he lost:  
 Rage uncontrol'd thro' all the hostile crew,  
 But touch not *Hector*, *Hector* is my due.

110

Tho'

because it was the same boasting expression *Dismed* had applied to himself, *Il.* 8. *V. 111.* of the original. But this having been said only to *Nestor* in the heat of fight, how can we suppose *Achilles* had notice of it? This observation shews the great diligence, if not the judgment, of the good Archbishop.

*V. 111. Shall render back the beauteous maid.*] But this is what the *Greeks* had already offered to do, and which he has refused; this then is an inequality in *Achilles's* manners. Not at all: *Achilles* is still ambitious; when he refused these presents, the *Greeks* were not low enough, he would not receive them till they were reduced to the last extremity, and till he was sufficiently revenged by their losses. *Dacier.*

*V. 113. But touch not *Hector*.*] This injunction of *Achilles* is highly correspondent to his ambitious character: He is by no means willing that the conquest of *Hector* should be atchieved by any hand but his own: in that point of glory he is jealous even of his dearest friend. This also wonderfully strengthens the idea we have of his implacability and resentment; since at the same time that nothing can move him to afflict the *Greeks* in the battle, we see it is the utmost force upon his nature to abstain from it, by the fear he manifests lest any other should subdue this hero.

The verse I am speaking of,

Τὺς ἄλλας ἐνάριξ· ἀπὸ δ' Ἐκτορος ἴσχεο χεῖρας,

is cited by *Digenes Laertius* as *Homer's*, but not to be found in the editions before that of *Barnes's*. It is certainly one of the instructions of *Achilles* to *Patroclus*, and therefore properly placed in this speech; but I believe better after

———— περὶ δ', ἀγλαὰ δύρα πύρωσιν,

than where he has inserted it four lines above: For *Achilles's* instructions not beginning till *V. 83.*

Πείθεο δ', ὃς τοι ἐγὼ μύθι τέλος ἐν φρεσὶ θείω,

it is not so proper to divide this material one from the rest. Whereas

Tho' Jove in thunder should command the war,  
Be just, consult my glory, and forbear. 115  
The fleet once sav'd, desit from farther chace,  
Nor lead to Ilion's walls the Grecian race ;  
Some adverse God thy rashness may destroy ;  
Some God, like Phœbus, ever kind to Troy.  
Let Greece, redeem'd from this destructive strait, 120  
Do her own work, and leave the rest to fate.  
Oh ! would to all th' immortal pow'rs above,  
*Apollo, Pallas, and almighty Jove !*

That

Whereas (according to the method I propose) the whole context will lie in this order. *Obey my injunctions, as you consult my interest and honour. Make as great a slaughter of the Trojans as you will, but abstain from Hector. And as soon as you have repulsed them from the ships, be satisfied and return : For it may be fatal to pursue the victory to the walls of Troy.*

V. 115. *Consult my glory, and forbear.]* Achilles tells Patroclus, that if he pursues the foe too far, whether he shall be victor or vanquished, it must either way prove prejudicial to his glory. For by the former, the Greeks having no more need of Achilles's aid, will not restore him his captive, nor try any more to appease him by presents : By the latter, his arms would be left in the enemy's hands, and he himself upbraided with the death of Patroclus. *Dacier.*

V. 122. *Oh ! would to all, &c.]* Achilles from his overflowing gall vents this execration : The Trojans he hates as professed enemies, and he detests the Greeks as people who had with calmness overlooked his wrongs. Some of the ancient criticks not entering into the manners of Achilles, would have expunged this imprecation, as uttering an universal malevolence to mankind. This violence agrees perfectly with his implacable character. But one may observe at the same time the mighty force of friendship, if for the sake of his dear Patroclus he will protect and secure those Greeks, whose destruction he wishes. What a little qualifies this bloody wish, is, that we may suppose it spoken with great unreservedness, as in secret, and between friends.

Mons. de la Motte has a lively remark upon the absurdity of this wish. Upon the supposition that Jupiter had granted it, if

That not one *Trojan* might be left alive,  
And not a *Greek* of all the race survive ;  
Might only we the vast destruction slay,  
And only we destroy th' accursed town !

125

Such conference held the chiefs : while on the strand,  
Great *Jove* with conquest crown'd the *Trojan* band.  
*Ajax* no more the sounding storm sustain'd,  
So thick, the darts an iron tempest rain'd :

VOL. III.

H

On

if all the *Trojans* and *Greeks* were destroyed, and only *Achilles* and *Patroclus* left to conquer *Troy*, he asks what would be the victory without any enemies, and the triumph without any spectators ? But the answer is very obvious ; Homer intends to paint a man in passion ; the wishes and schemes of such an one are seldom conformable to reason ; and the manners are pre-served the better, the less they are represented to be so.

This brings into my mind that curse in *Shakespear*, where that admirable master of nature makes *Northumberland*, in the rage of his passion, wish for an universal destruction.

—“ Now let not nature's hand  
Keep the wild flood confin'd ! Let order die,  
And let the world no longer be a stage  
To feed contention in a lingring act :  
But let one spirit of the first-born *Cain*  
Reign in all bosoms, that each heart being set  
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,  
And darkness be the buriel of the dead ! ”

[V. 130. *Ajax* no more, &c.] This description of *Ajax* wearied out with battle, is a passage of exquisite life and beauty : Yet what I think nobler than the description itself, is what he says at the end of it, that his hero, even in this excess of fatigue and languor, could scarce be moved from his post by the efforts of a whole army. *Virgil* has copied the description very exactly.

Æn. 9.

*Ergo nec clypeo juvenis subfistere tantum  
Nec dextra valet : injectis sic undique telis  
Obruitur. Strepit agidus cava tempora circum  
Tinnit galea, & saxis solida æra fatiscunt :  
Discusque juba capiti, nec sufficit umbo*

Ictibus

On his tir'd arm the weighty buckler hung ;  
 His hollow helm with falling jav'lins rung.  
 His breath, in quick, short pantings, comes and goes ;  
 And painful sweat from all his members flows. 135  
 Spent and o'erpow'r'd, he barely breathes at most ;  
 Yet scarce an army stirs him from his post :  
 Dangers on dangers all around him grow,  
 And toil to toil, and woe succeeds to woe.

Say, muses, thron'd above the starry frame,  
 How first the navy blaz'd with Trojan flame ?

Stern *Hector* wav'd his sword ; and standing near  
 Where furious *Ajax* ply'd his ashen spear,  
 Full on the lance a stroke so justly sped,  
 That the broad faulchion lopp'd its brazen head. 145  
 His pointless spear the warrior shakes in vain ;  
 The brazen head falls sounding on the plain.

Great

I<sup>o</sup>ribus : ingeminant bafis & Trœs & ipse  
 Fulmineus *Mnestheus* ; tum toto corpore sudor  
 Liquitur, & picum, nec respirare potestas,  
 Flumen agit ; fessis quatit aeger anhelitus artus.

The circumstances which I have marked in a different character are improvements upon *Homer*, and the last verse excellently expresses, in the short catching up of the numbers, the quick, short panting, represented in the image. The reader may add to the comparison an imitation of the same place in *L'Isle*, Cant. 9. St. 97.

Fatto intanto hâ il soldan cis, ch' è concessa  
 Fare a terrena forza, hor piu non puote :  
 Tutto è sangue e sudore ; un grave, e spesso  
 Anhelar gli s'nece il petto, e i fianchi feste.  
 Langu fatto lo scuds il braccio oppreſſo,  
 Cira la destra il ferro in pigre rote ;  
 Speſta, e non taglia, e div'nendo ottuso  
 Perduto il brando emai di brando ha l'uso.

Great *Ajax* saw, and own'd the hand divine,  
 Confessing *Jove*, and trembling at the sign;  
 Warn'd, he retreats. Then swift from all sides pour 150  
 The hissing brands; thick streams the fiery show'r;  
 O'er the high stern the curling volumes rise,  
 And sheets of rolling smoke involve the skies.  
 Divine *Achilles* view'd the rising flames,  
 And smote his thigh, and thus aloud exclaims. 155  
 Arm, arm, *Patroclus*! Lo, the blaze aspires!  
 The glowing ocean reddens with the fires.

H 2

Arm,

V. 148. Great *Ajax* saw, and own'd the hand divine,  
 Confessing *Jove*, and trembling at the sign.]  
 In the Greek there is added an explication of this sign, which  
 has no other allusion to the action, but a very odd one in a sin-  
 gle phrase or metaphor.

— ὁ πάγχυ μέχνε ἐπι μῆδα κείπει  
 Ζεύς, ἵψερμέτε, Τράσσος δὲ βαλεῖ σκέψη.

Which may be translated,

‘ So seem'd their hopes cut off by heav' o's high Lord,  
 So doom'd to fall before the *Troyas* sword.

*Chapman* endeavours to account for the meanness of this conceit, by the gross wit of *Ajax*; who seeing the head of his lance cut off, took it into his fancy that *Jupiter* would in the same manner cut off the counsels and schemes of the *Greeks*. For to understand this far-fetched apprehension gravely, as the commentators have done, is indeed (to use the words of *Chapman*) most dull and *Ajantical*. I believe no man will blame me for leaving these lines out of the text.

V. 154. Achilles view'd the rising flames.] This event is prepared with a great deal of art and probability. That effect which a multitude of speeches was not able to accomplish, one lamentable spectacle, the sight of the flames, at length brings to pass, and moves *Achilles* to compassion. This it was (say the ancients) that moved the tragedians to make visible representations of misery; for the spectators beholding people in unhappy circumstances, find their souls more deeply touched, than by all the strains of thetoxick, *Euplatines*.

Arm, ere our vessels catch the spreading flame ;

Arm, ere the *Grecians* be no more a name ;

I hafte to bring the troops—The hero said ;

The friend with ardour and with joy obey'd.

He cas'd his limbs in brafs, and firt around

His manly legs, with filver buckles bound

The clasping greaves ; then to his breast applies

The flamy guirals, of a thousand dyes ;

Emblaz'd with studs of gold, his faulchion shone,

In the rich belt, asin a starry zone.

*Achilles'* shield his ample shoulders spread,

*Achilles'* helmet rodded o'er his head.

Adorn'd in all his terrible array,

He flash'd around intolerable day.

Alone, untouch'd, *Pelides'* jav'lin stands,

Not to be pois'd but by *Pelides'* hands :

169

165

169

From

V. 162. *He cas'd his limbs in brafs, &c.*] Homer does not amuse himself here to describe these arms of *Achilles* at length, for besides that the time permits it not, he reserves this description for the new armour, which *Thetis* shall bring that hero; a description which will be placed in a more quiet moment, and which will give him all the leisure of making it, without requiring any force to introduce it. *Eustathius*.

V. 172. *Alone, untouch'd, Pelides' jav'lin stands.*] This passage affords another instance of the stupidity of the commentators, who are here most absurdly inquisitive after the reasons why *Patroclus* does not take the spear, as well as the other arms, of *Achilles*? He thought himself a very happy man, who first found out, that Homer had certainly given this spear to *Patroclus*, if he had not foreseen that when it should be lost in his future unfortunate engagement, *Vulcan* could not furnish *Achilles* with another; being no joiner, but only a smith. *Virgil*, it seems, was not so precisely acquainted with *Vulcan*'s inability to profess the two trades, since he has, without any scruple, employed him in making a spear, as well as the other arms, for *Aeneas*. Nothing is more obvious than this thought of Homer, who intended to raise the idea of his hero, by giving

From Pelion's shady brow the plant entire  
Old Cbiron rent, and shap'd it for his fire ; 175

Whose son's great arm alone the weapon wields,  
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.

The brave *Automedon* (an honour'd name,  
The second to his Lord in love and fame,  
In peace his friend, and partner of the war) 180  
The winged coursers harness'd to the car.

*Xanthus* and *Balius*, of immortal breed,  
Sprung from the wind, and like the wind in speed ;

H 3 Whom

ing him such a spear, as no other could wield : The description of it in this place is wonderfully pompous.

V. 183. *Sprung from the wind.*] It is a beautiful invention of the Poet, to represent the wonderful swiftness of the horses of *Achilles*, by saying they were begotten by the western wind. This fiction is truly poetical, and very proper in the way of natural allegory. However, it is not altogether improbable our Author might have designed it even in the literal sense : Nor ought the notion to be thought very extravagant in a Poet, since grave naturalists have seriously vouched the truth of this kind of generation. Some of these relate, as an undoubted piece of natural history, that there was anciently a breed of this kind of horses in *Portugal*, whose dams were impregnated by a western wind : *Varro*, *Columella*, and *Pliny*, are all of this opinion. I shall only mention the words of *Pliny*, Nat. Hist. lib. 8. cap. 42. *Confit in Lusitania circa Olyssiponem oppidum, & Tagum aminem, equas favinio flante obversas animalem cencipere spiritum, idque partum fieri & gigni perniciissimum.* See also the same author, l. 4. c. 22. l. 16. c. 25. Possibly Homer had this opinion in view, which we see has authority more than sufficient to give it place in poetry. *Virgil* has given us a description of this manner of conception, *Georgic* 3.

*Continueque avidis ubi subdita flamma medullis,  
Vera magis (quia vere calor reddit ossibus) illa  
Ore omnes versæ in zephyrum, stant rupibus altis,  
Exceptaque leves auræ : & sapientia ullis  
Conjugiis, vento gravida (mirabile dictu)  
Saxa per & scopulos & depresso corvalles  
Diffingunt.*—

Whom the wing'd *Harpye*, swift *Podarge*, bore,  
By *Zefyri* pregnant on the breezy shore.

185

Swift *Pegasus* was added to their side,  
(Once great *Aetion's*, now *Achilles*, pride)

Who, like in strength, in swiftness, and in grace,  
A mortal courser match'd th' immortal race.

*Achilles* speeds from tent to tent, and warms  
His hardy *Myrmidons* to blood and arms.  
All breathing death, around their chief they stand,  
A grim, terrific, formidable band :  
Grim as voracious wolves that seek the springs,  
When scalding thirst their burning bowels rings.

195

(When

V. 186. *Swift Pegasus was added to their side.*] Here was a necessity for a spare horse (as in another place *Nestor* had occasion for the same) that if by any misfortune one of the other horses should fall, there might be a fresh one ready at hand to supply his place. This is good management in the Poet, to deprive *Achilles*, not only of his charioteer and his arms, but of one of his inestimable horses. *Eustathius*.

V. 194. *Grim as voracious wolves, &c.*] There is scarce any picture in *Homer* so much in the savage and terrible way, as this comparison of the *Myrmidons* to wolves : It puts one in mind of the pieces of *Spagnielli*, or *Salvator Rafa* : Each circumstance is made up of images very strongly coloured, and horribly lively. The principal design is to represent the stern looks and fierce appearance of the *Myrmidons*, a gaunt and ghastly train of raw-boned bloody-minded-fellows. But besides this, the Poet seems to have some farther views in so many different particulars of the comparison : Their eager desire of fight is hinted at by the wolves thirsting after water : Their strength and vigour for the battle is intimated by their being filled with food : And as these beasts are said to have their thirst sharer after they are gorged with prey ; so the *Myrmidons* are strong and vigorous with ease and refreshment, and therefore more ardently desirous of the combat. This image of their *strength* is inculcated by several expressions, both in the simile and in the application, and seems designed in contrast to the other *Greeks*, who are all wailed and spent with toil.

We

(When some tall stag, fresh-slaughter'd in the wood,  
 Has drench'd their wide insatiate throats with blood)  
 To the black fount they rush, a hideous throng,  
 With paunch distended, and with lolling tongue :  
 Fire fills their eyes, their black jaws belch the gore, 200  
 And, gorg'd with slaughter, till they thirst for more.  
 Like furious, rush'd the *Myrmidonian* crew,  
 Such their dread strength, and such their dreadful view.  
 High in the midst the great *Achilles* stands,  
 Directs their order, and the war commands. 205  
 He, lov'd of *Jove*, had launch'd for *Ilios*' shores  
 Full fifty vessels, mann'd with fifty oars :  
 Five chosen leaders the fierce bands obey,  
 Himself supreme in valour, as in sway.

## H 4

First

We have a picture much of this kind given us by *Milton*, lib. 10. where *Death* is let loose into the new creation, to glut his appetite and discharge his rage against all nature.

— As when a flock  
 Of rav'nous fowls, tho' many a league remote,  
 Against the day of battle, to a field  
 Where armies lie encamp'd, come flying, lur'd  
 With scent of living carcasses, design'd  
 For Death the following day, in bloody fight:  
 So scented the grim feature, and upturn'd  
 His nostril wide into the murky air,  
 Sagacious of his quarry from afar.

And by *Tasso*, Canto 10. St. 2. of the furious *Soldan* covered with blood, and thirsting for fresh slaughter.

Come dal chiuso ovil cacciato viene  
 Lupo tal' ter, che fugge, e si nasconde ;  
 Che se ben del gran ventre omai ripiene  
 Ha l'ingorde voragini profonde.  
 Avilo pur di sangue anco furore tiene  
 La lingua, e'l fugge da le labbra immonde ;  
 Tal' ei sen già dopo il sanguigno strazio  
 De la sua cupa fame anco non fatio.

First march'd *Meneleus*, of celestial birth, 210  
 Deriv'd from thee, whose waters wash the earth,  
 Divine *Spercius* ! *Foru*-descended flood !  
 A mortal mother mixing with a God.  
 Such was *Meneleus*, but miscall'd by fame  
 The son of *Borus*, that espous'd the dame. 215  
*Eudor*us next ; whom *Polymele* the gay,  
 Fam'd in the graceful dance, produc'd to day.  
 Her, fly *Cyllenius* lov'd ; on her would gaze,  
 As with swift step she form'd the running maze :  
 To her high chamber from *Diana*'s quire, 220  
 The God pursu'd her, urg'd, and crown'd his fire.  
 The son confess'd his father's heav'nly race,  
 And heir'd his mother's swiftness in the chace.  
 Strong *Ecbelaeus*, blest in all those charms  
 That pleas'd a God, succeeded to her arms ; 225  
 Not conscious of those loves, long hid from fame,  
 With gifts of price he sought and won the dame ;  
 Her secret offspring to her fire she bare ;  
 Her Sire caref'd him with a parent's care.

*Pisander*

V. 211. *Deriv'd from thee, whose waters, &c.*] Homer seems resolved that every thing about *Achilles* shall be miraculous. We have seen his very horses are of celestial origin ; and now his commanders, tho' vulgarly reputed the sons of men, are represented as the real offspring of some deity. The Poet thus enhances the admiration of his chief hero by every circumstance with which his imagination could furnish him.

V. 210. *To her high chamber.*] It was, the custom of those times to assign the uppermost rooms to the women, that they might be the farther remov'd from commerce : Wherefore *Penelope* in the *Odyssy* mounts up into a garret, and there sits to her business. So *Priam*, in the sixth book, V. 248, had chambers for the Ladies of his court, under the roof of his palace.

The *Lacedæmonians* call'd these high apartments *ωα*, and as the word also signifies *eggs*, it is probable it was this that gave occasion to the fable of *Helen*'s birth, who is said to be born from an egg. *Eustathius*.

*Pisander* follow'd ; matchless in his art 230  
 To wing the spear, or aim the distant dart ;  
 No hand so sure of all th' *Emathian* line,  
 Or if a surer, great *Patroclus* ! thine.

The fourth by *Phœnix'* grave command was grac'd  
*Laertes'* valiant offspring led the last. 235

Soon as *Achilles* with superior care  
 Had call'd the chiefs, and order'd all the war,  
 This stern remembrance to his troops he gave :  
 " Ye far-fam'd *Myrmidons*, ye fierce and brave !  
 " Think with what threats yedar'd the *Trojan* throng,  
 " Think what reproach these ears endur'd so long : 241  
 " Stern son of *Peleus* (thus ye us'd to say,  
 " While restless, raging, in your ships you lay)  
 " Oh nurs'd with gall, unknowing how to yield !  
 " Whose rage defrauds us of so fam'd a field. 245  
 " If that dire fury must for ever burn,  
 " What make we here ? Return, ye Chiefs, return !"  
 Such were your words —Now, warriors, grieve no more;  
 Lo there the *Trojans* ! bathe your swords in gore !  
 This day shall give you all your soul demands ; 250  
 Glut all your hearts ! and weary all your hands !

Thus while he rous'd the fire in every breast,  
 Close, and more close, the list'ning cohorts prest,  
 Ranks wedg'd in ranks of arms a steely ring  
 Still grows, and spreads, and thickens round the King.  
 As when a circling wall the builder forms, 260  
 Of strength defensive against winds and storms,  
 Compacted stones the thick'ning work compose,  
 And round him wide the rising structure grows.  
 So helm to helm, and crest to crest they throng, 260  
 Shield urg'd on shield, and man drove man along :  
 Thick, undistinguish'd plumes, together join'd,  
 Float in one sea, and wave before the wind.

Far o'er the rest, in glitt'ring pomp appear  
 There bold *Automedon* ; *Patroclus* here ; 265  
 Brothers in arms, with equal fury fir'd ;  
 Two friends, two bodies with one soul inspir'd.  
 But mindful of the Gods, *Actilles* went  
 To the rich coffer in his shady tent :  
 There lay on heaps his various garments roll'd, 270  
 And costly furs, and carpets stiff with gold.  
 (The presents of the silver-footed dame)  
 From thence he took a bowl of antique frame,  
 Which never man had stain'd with ruddy wine,  
 Not rais'd in off'rings to the pow'rs divine, 275  
 But *Peleus*' son ; and *Peleus*' son to none  
 Had rais'd in off'rings, bat to *Jove* alone.  
 This ting'd with sulphur, sacred first to flame,  
 He purg'd ; and wash'd it in the running stream.  
 Then cleans'd his hands ; and fixing for a space 280  
 His eyes on heav'n, his feet upon the place  
 Of sacrifice, the purple draught he pour'd  
 Forth in the midst ; and thus the God implor'd.  
 Oh thou supreme ! high-thron'd, all high above !  
 Oh great *Pelasgic, Dodonæan Jove* !

Who

V. 283. *And thus the God implor'd.*] Tho' the character of *Actilles* every where shews a mind swayed with unbounded passions, and entirely regardless of all human authority and law ; yet he preserves a constant respect to the Gods, and appears as zealous in the sentiments and actions of piety as any hero of the Iliad ; who indeed are all remarkable this way. The present passage is an exact description and perfect ritual of the ceremonies on these occasions. *Actilles*, tho' an urgent affair called for his friend's assistance, would not yet suffer him to enter the fight, till in a most solemn manner he had recommended him to the protection of *Jupiter* : And this I think a stronger proof of his tenderness and affection for *Patroclus*, than either the grief he expressed at his death, or the fury he shewed to revenge it.

V. 285. *Dodonæan Jove.*] The frequent mention of *Oracles*

Who 'midst surrounding frosts and vapours chill,  
Presid'st on bleak *Dodona*'s vocal hill :

(Whose

in Homer and the ancient authors, may make it not improper to give the reader a general account of so considerable a part of the *Grecian* superstition ; which I cannot do better than in the words of my friend Mr. *Stanyan*, in his excellent and judicious abstract of the *Grecian* history.

" The *Oracles* were ranked among the noblest and most religious kinds of divination ; the design of them being to settle such an immediate way of converse with their Gods, as to be able with them not only to explain things intricate and obscure, but also to anticipate the knowledge of future events ; and that with far greater certainty than they could hope for from men, who out of ignorance and prejudice might sometimes either conceal or betray the truth. So that this became the only safe way of deliberating upon affairs of any consequence, either publick or private. Whether to proclaim war, or conclude a peace ; to institute a new form of government, or enact new laws ; all was to be done with the advice, and approbation of the Oracle, whose determinations were always held sacred and inviolable. As to the causes of Oracles, *Jupiter* was looked upon as the first cause of this, and all other sorts of divination ; he had the book of fate before him, and out of that revealed either more or less, as he pleased, to inferior dæmons. But to argue more rationally, this way of access to the Gods has been branded as one of the earliest and grossest pieces of priestcraft, that obtained in the world. For the priests whose dependence was on the Oracles, when they found the cheat had got sufficient footing, allowed no man to consult the Gods without costly sacrifices and rich presents to themselves : And as few could bear this expence, it served to raiſe their credit among the common people ; by keeping them at an awful distance. And to heighten their esteem with the better and wealthiest sort, even they were only admitted upon a few stated days : By which the thing appeared still more mysterious, and, for want of this good management, must quickly have been seen through, and fall to the ground. But whatever juggling there was as to the religious part, Oracles had certainly a good effect as to the publick ; being admirably suited to the genius of the people, who would join in the most desperate expedition, and admit of any change of government, when they understood by the Oracle it was the irresistible will of the Gods. This was the method *Menelaus*, *Lysander*, and all

" the

(Whose groves the *Selli*, race austere ! surround,

Their feet unwash'd, their slumbers on the ground ;

Who

" the famous lawgivers took ; and indeed they found the people so entirely devoted to this part of religion, that it was generally the easiest and sometimes the only, way of winning them into a compliance. And then they took care to have them delivered in such ambiguous terms, as to admit of different constructions according to the exigency of the times ; so that they were generally interpreted to the advantage of the state, unless sometimes there happened to be bribery or flattery in the case ; as when *Demosthenes* complained that the *Pythia* spoke as *Philip* would have her. The most numerous, and of greatest repute, were the Oracles of *Apollo*, who, in subordination to *Jupiter*, was appointed to preside over, and inspire, all sorts of prophets and diviners. And amongst these the *Delphians* challenged the first place, not so much in respect of its antiquity, as its perspicuity and certainty ; insomuch that the answers of the *Tripos* came to be used proverbially for clear and infallible truths. Here we must not omit the first *Pythia* or priestess of this famous oracle in heroic verse. They found a secret charm in number, which made every thing look pompous and weighty. And hence it became the general practice of legislators and philosophers, to deliver their laws and maxims in that dress : And scarce any thing in those ages was writ of excellence or moment but in verse. This was the dawn of poetry, which soon grew into repute ; and so long as it served to such noble purposes as religion and government, poets were highly honoured, and admitted into a share of the administration. But by that time it arrived to any perfection, they pursued more mean and servile ends ; and as they prostituted their muse, they debased the subject, they sunk proportionably in their esteem and dignity. As to the history of Oracles, we find them mentioned in the very infancy of *Greece* ; and it is as uncertain when they were finally extinct, as when they began. For they often lost their prophetick faculty for some time, and recovered it again. I know it is a common opinion, that they were universally silenced upon our Saviour's appearance in the world : And if the Devil had been permitted for so many ages to delude mankind, it might probably have been so. But we are assured from history, that several of them continued till the reign of *Julian* the apostate, and were consulted by him : And therefore I look upon the whole business as of human contrivance ; an egregious

Who hear, from rustling oaks, thy dark decrees ; 290  
And catch the fates, low-whisper'd in the breeze.

Hear,  
"gious imposture founded upon superstition, and carried  
"on by policy and interest, till the brighter oracles of  
"the holy scripture dispelled these mists of error and en-  
"thusiasm."

V. 285. Pelasgic, Dodonean Jove.] *Achilles* invokes *Jupiter* with these particular appellations, and represents to him the services perform'd by these priests and prophets ; making these honours, paid in his own country, his claim for the protection of this Deity. *Jupiter* was looked upon as the first cause of all divination and oracles, from whence he had the appellation of *παντοπλεῖς*, *H. 8. V. 250*. The first Oracle of *Dodona* was founded by the *Pelasgi*, the most ancient of all the inhabitants of *Greece*, which is confirmed by this verse of *He-  
liodorus*, preserved by the Scholiast *Sophocles Trachis*.

Δωδώνη, φηγή τε Πελασγῶν ἔδραν τε.

The Oaks of this place were said to be endowed with voice and prophetick spirit ; the priests who gave answers concealing themselves in these trees ; a practice which the pious frauds of succeeding ages have rendered not improbable.

V. 288. *Whose groves, the Selli, race austere ! &c.*] Homer seems to me to lay clearly enough, that these priests lay on the ground, and forbore the bath, to honour by these austeries the God they served ; for he says *οὐδὲν αὐτοῖς διανέρδεται* and this *οὐδὲ* can in my opinion only signify *for you*, that is to say, *to please you, and for your honour*. This example is remarkable, but I do not think it singular ; and the earliest antiquity may furnish us with the like of pagans, who by an austere life tried to please their Gods. Nevertheless I am obliged to say, that *Strabo*, who speaks at large of these *Selli* in his seventh book, has not taken this austerity of life for an effect of their devotion, but for a remain of the grossness of their ancestors ; who being barbarians, and straying from country to country, had no bed but the earth, and never used a bath. But it is no way unlikely that what was in the first *Pelasgians* (who founded this oracle) only custom and use, might be continued by these priests thro' devotion. How many things do we at this day see, which were in their original only ancient manner, and which are continued thro' zeal and a spirit of religion ? It is very probable that these priests by this hard living had a mind to attract the admiration and confidence of a people who lov'd luxury and delicacy so much. I was willing to search into antiquity

Hear, as of old ! Thou gav'st, at *Thetis'* pray'z,  
Glory to me, and to the Greeks despair :

Lo

tiquity for the origin of these *Selli*, priests of *Jupiter*, but found nothing so ancient as *Homer*: *Herodotus* writes in his second book, that the oracle of *Dodona* was the ancientest of *Greece*, and that it was a long time the only one; but what he adds, that it was founded by an *Egyptian* woman, who was the priestess of it, is contradicted by this passage of *Homer*, who shews that in the time of the *Trojan* war this temple was served by men called *Selli*, and not by women. *Strabo* informs us of a curious ancient tradition, importing, that this temple was at first built in *Thessaly*, that from thence it was carried into *Dodona*; that several women who had placed their devotion there, followed it; and that in process of time the priestesses used to be chosen from among the descendants of those women. To return to their *Selli*; *Sophocles*, who of all the *Greek* poets is he who has most imitated *Homer*, speaks in like manner of these priests in one of his plays, where *Hercules* says to his son *Hillus*: “ I will declare to thee a new Oracle, which perfectly agrees with this ancient one; I myself having entered into the sacred wood inhabited by the austere *Selli*, who lie on the ground, writ this answer to the oak, which is consecrated to my father *Jupiter*, and which renders his oracles in all languages.” *Dacier*.

V. 288. *Homer* in this verse uses a word which I think singular and remarkable, *ὑποπήραι*. I cannot believe that it was put simply for *ὑποπήραι*, but am persuaded that this term includes some particular sense, and shews some custom but little known, which I would willingly discover. In the *Sebolia* of *Didymus* there is this remark: “ They called those who served in the temple, and who explain'd the Oracles rendered by the priests, *hypothets*, or *under-prophets*. ” It is certain that there were in the temple servitors, or subaltern ministers, who for the sake of gain undertook to explain the Oracles which were obscure. This custom seems very well established in the *Ion* of *Euripides*; where the young child (after having said that the priestess is seated on the tripod, and renders the Oracles which *Apollo* dictates to her) addresses himself to those who serve in the temple, and bids them go and wash in the *Castalian* fountain, to come again into the temple, and explain the Oracles to those who should demand the explication of them: *Homer* therefore means to shew, that these *Selli* were, in the temple of *Dodona*, those subaltern ministers that interpreted the Oracles. But this, after all, does not appear to agree with the

Lo to the dangers of the fighting field  
 The best, the dearest of my friends I yield : 295  
 Tho' still determin'd to my ships confin'd,  
 Patroclus gone, I stay but half behind.  
 Oh be his guard thy providential care,  
 Confirm his heart, and string his arm to war :  
 Press'd by his single force let *Hector* see 300  
 His fame in arms, not owing all to me.  
 But when the fleets are fay'd from foes and fire,  
 Let him with conquest and renown retire,  
 Preserve his arms, preserve his social train,  
 And safe return him to these eyes again ! 305  
 Great *Jove* consents to half the chief's request,  
 But heav'n's eternal doom denies the rest ;

To

the present passage : For, besides that the custom was not established in Homer's time, and that there is no footstep of it founded in that early age ; these *Selli* (of whom Homer speaks) are not here ministers subordinate to others, they are plainly the chief priests. The explication of this word therefore must be elsewhere sought, and I shall offer my conjecture, which I ground-upon the nature of this Oracle of *Dodona*, which was very different from all the other Oracles : In all other temples the priests delivered the Oracles which they had received from their Gods, immediately : But in the temple of *Dodona*, *Jupiter* did not utter his Oracles to his priests, but to his *Selli* ; he rendered them to the oaks, and the wonderful oaks rendered them to the priests, who declared them to those who consulted them : So these priests were not properly *προφῆται*, prophets, since they did not receive those answers from the mouth of their God immediately ; but they were *ὑποφῆται*, under-prophets ; because they received them from the mouth of the oaks, if I may say so. The oaks, properly speaking, were the prophets, the first interpreters of *Jupiter*'s Oracles ; and the *Selli* were *ὑποφῆται*, under-prophets, because they pronounced what the oaks had said. Thus Homer, in one single word, includes a very curious piece of antiquity. *Dacier*.

V. 306. Great *Jove* consents to half.] *Virgil* has finely imitated this in his 11th *Aeneid*.

Audit

To free the fleet was granted to his pray'r :  
 His safe return the winds dispers'd in air.  
 Back to his tent the stern *Achilles* flies,  
 And waits the combat with impatient eyes.

310

Mean while the troops, beneath *Patroclus'* care,  
 Invade the *Trojans*, and commence the war.  
 As wasps, provok'd by children in their play,  
 Pour from their mansions by the broad high-way, 315

In

*Audiit & voti Phœbus succedere partem  
 Mente dedit, partem volucres dispergit in auras.  
 Sternet ut subitè turbatam morte Camillam  
 Annuit oranti; reducet ut patria alta videret  
 Non dedit, inque Notos vocem vertere procella.*

V. 314. *As wasps, provok'd, &c.*] One may observe, that tho' Homer sometimes takes his similitudes from the meanest and smallest things in nature, yet he orders it so as by their appearance to signalize and give a lustre to his greatest heroes. Here he likens a body of *Myrmidons* to a nest of wasps, not on account of their strength and bravery, but of their heat and resentment. *Virgil* has imitated these humble comparisons, as when he compares the builders of *Carthage* to bees. *Homer* has carried it a little farther in another place, where he compares the soldiers to flies, for their busy industry and perseverance about a dead body; not diminishing his heroes by the size of these small animals, but raising his comparisons from certain properties inherent in them, which deserve our observation. *Eustathius*.

This brings into my mind a pretty rural simile in *Spen-*  
*cer*, which is very much in the simplicity of the old father of  
 poetry.

‘ A gentle shepherd in sweet even-tide,  
 ‘ When ruddy *Pbœbus*’gins to welke in west,  
 ‘ High on a hill, his flock to viewen wide,  
 ‘ Marks which do bite their hasty supper best ;  
 ‘ A cloud of cumb’rous gnats do him molest,  
 ‘ All striving to infix their feeble stings,  
 ‘ That from their noyance he no whit can rest,  
 ‘ But with his clownish hand their tender wings  
 ‘ He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmuring ;

In swarms the guiltless traveller engage,  
Whet all their stings, and call forth all their rage :  
All rise in arms, and with a gen'ral cry  
Assert their waxen domes, and buzzing progeny.  
Thus from the tents the fervent legion swarms, 320  
So loud their clamours, and so keen their arms ;  
Their rising rage *Patroclus'* breath inspires,  
Who thus inflames them with heroick fires.

O warriors, part'ners of *Achilles'* praise !  
Be mindful of your deeds in ancient days ; 325  
Your god-like master let your acts proclaim,  
And add new glories to his mighty name.  
Think your *Achilles* sees you fight : Be brave,  
And humble the proud monarch whom you save.

Joyful they heard, and kindling as he spoke, 330  
Flew to the fleet, involv'd in fire and smoke.  
From shore to shore the doubling shouts resound,  
The hollow ships return a deeper sound.  
The war stood still, and all around them gaz'd,  
When great *Achilles'* shining armour blaz'd : 335  
*Troy* saw, and thought the dread *Achilles* nigh,  
At once they see, they tremble and they fly.

Then first thy spear, divine *Patroclus* ! flew,  
Where the war rag'd, and where the tumult grew.  
Close to the stern of that fam'd ship which bore 640  
Unblest *Proteus* to *Ilion*'s shore,  
The great *Peonian*, bold *Pyræchmes*, stood :  
(Who led his bands from *Axius'* winding flood)  
His shoulder-blade receives the fatal wound ;  
The groaning warrior pants upon the ground. 345  
His troops, that see their country's glory slain,  
Fly diverse, scatter'd o'er the distant plain,  
*Patroclus'* arm forbids the spreading fires,  
And from the half-burn'd ship proud *Troy* retires.  
Clear'd

Clear'd from the smoke the joyful navy lies, 350  
 In heaps on heaps the foe tumultuous flies :  
 Triumphant *Greeks* her rescu'd decks ascends,  
 And loud acclaim the starry region rends.  
 So when thick clouds inwrap the mountain's head,  
 O'er heav'n's expanse like one black cieling spread ; 355  
 Sudden.

V. 354. *So when thick clouds, &c.*] All the commentators take this comparison in a sense different from that in which it is here translated. They suppose *Jupiter* is here described cleaving the air with a flash of lightning, and spreading a gleam of light over a high mountain, which a black cloud had buried in darkness. The application is made to *Patroclus* falling on the *Trojans*, and giving respite to the *Greeks*, who were plunged in obscurity. *Eustathius* gives this interpretation, but at the same time acknowledges it improper in this comparison to represent the extinction of the flames by the darting of lightning. This explanation is solely founded on the expression *εργονηφέτας, Ζεύς, fulgorator Jupiter*, which epithet is often applied when no such action is supposed. The most obvious signification of the words in this passage, gives a more natural and agreeable image, and admits of a juster application. The simile seems to be of *Jupiter* dispersing a black cloud which had covered a high mountain, whereby a beautiful prospect, which was before hid in darkness, suddenly appears. This is applicable to the present state of the *Greeks*, after *Patroclus* had extinguished the flames, which began to spread clouds of smoke over the fleet. It is *Homer's* design in his comparisons to apply them to the most obvious and sensible image of the thing to be illustrated ; which his commentators too frequently endeavour to hide by moral and allegorical refinements ; and thus injure the Poet more, by attributing to him what does not belong to him, and by refusing him what is really his own.

It is much the same image with that of *Milton* in his second book, tho' applied in a very different way.

\* As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds  
 \* Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'er spread  
 \* Heav'n's cheerful face, the low'ring element  
 \* Scowls o'r the dark'ned landkip snow or show'r ;  
 \* If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet  
 \* Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,  
 \* The birds their notes renew, the bleating herds  
 \* Attest their joy, that hill; and valley rings.

Sudden the Thund'rer with a flashing ray,  
 Bursts thro' the darkness, and lets down the day :  
 The hills shine out, the rocks in prospect rise,  
 And streams, and vales, and forests strike the eyes ;  
 The smiling scene wide opens to the sight, 360  
 And all th' unmeasur'd *Aether* flames with light.

But *Troy* repuls'd, and scatter'd o'er the plain,  
 Forc'd from the navy, yet the fight maintains.  
 Now ev'ry Greek some hostile hero flew,  
 But, still the foremost, bold *Patroclus* flew : 365

As *Areilochus* had turn'd him round,  
 Sharp in his thigh he felt the piercing wound ;  
 The brazen-pointed spear, with vigour thrown,  
 The thigh transfix'd, and broke the brittle bone :  
 Headlong he fell. Next, *Tboas*, was thy chance, 370  
 Thy breast unarm'd, receiv'd the *Spartan* lance,  
*Phylides* dart, (as *Ampibius* drew nigh)  
 His blow prevented, and transpierc'd his thigh,  
 Tore all the brawn, and rent the nerves away ;  
 In darkness, and in death, the warrior lay. 375

In equal arms two sons of *Nestor* stand,  
 And two bold brothers of the *Lycian* band :  
 By great *Anti'ochus*, *Antymnius* dies,  
 Pierc'd in the flank, lamented youth ! he lies,  
 Kind *Maris*, bleeding in his brother's wound,  
 Defends the breathless carcass on the ground ; 380  
 Furious he flies, his murd'rer to engage,  
 But god-like *Tbraised* prevents his rage.  
 Between his arm and shoulder ains a blow ;  
 His arms fall spouting on the dust below ;  
 He sinks, with endless darkness cover'd o'er,  
 And vents his soul effus'd with gushing gore. 385

Slain by two brothers, thus two brothers bleed,  
*Sarpedon*'s friends, *Amisadorus*' seed ;  
*Amisodarus*,

*Amisodarus*, who by furies led, 390

The bane of man, abhorr'd *Chimera* bred ;

Skill'd in the dart in vain, his sons expire,

And pay the forfeit of their guilty fire.

Stopp'd in the tumult *Cleobulus* lies,

Beneath *Oileus'* arm, a living prize ;

A living prize not long the *Trojan* stood ;

The thirsty faulchion drank his reeking blood ;

Plung'd in his throat the smoaking weapon lies,

Black death, and fate unpitying, seal his eyes.

Amid the ranks, with mutual thirst of fame,

*Lycon* the brave, and fierce *Peneleus* came ;

In vain their jav'lins at each other flew,

Now met in arms, their eager swords they drew.

On the plum'd crest of his *Boeotian* foe,

The daring *Lycon* aim'd a noble blow ;

The sword broke short ; but his *Peneleus* sped

Full on the juncture of the neck and head :

The head divided by a stroke so just,

Hung by the skin : the body sunk to dust.

O'ertaken *Neamas* by *Merion* bleeds,

Pierc'd thro' his shoulder as he mounts his steeds :

Back from the car he tumbles to the ground ;

His swimming eyes eternal shades surround.

Next *Erymas* was dooin'd his fate to feel,

His open mouth received the *Cretan* steel : 415

Beneath the brain the point a passage tore,

Crash'd the thin bones, and drown'd the teeth in gore

His

V. 390. *Amisodarus, who, &c.*] *Amisodarus* was King of *Caria* ; *Bellerophon* married his daughter. The ancients guessed from this passage that the *Chimera* was not a fiction, since Homer marks the time wherein she lived ; they thought it was some beast of that Prince's herds, who being grown furious and mad, had done a great deal of mischief, like the *Calydonian* boar. *Eustathius*.

His mouth, his eyes, his nostrils pour a flood ;  
He sobs his soul out in the gush of blood.

As when the flocks neglected by the swain 420  
(Or kids, or lambs) lie scatter'd o'er the plain,  
A troop of wolves th' unguarded charge survey,  
And rend the trembling, unresisting prey :

Thus on the foe the Greeks impetuous came :  
Troy fled, unmindful of her former fame. 425

But still at *Hector* god-like *Ajax* aim'd,  
Still pointed at his breast, his jav'lin flam'd :  
The *Trojan* chief, experienc'd in the field,  
O'er his broad shoulders spread the massy shield,  
Observ'd the storm of darts the *Grecians* pour, 430  
And on his buckler caught the ringing show'r.  
He sees for *Greece* the scale of conquest rise,  
Yet stops, and turns, and saves his lov'd allies.

As when the hand of *Jove* a tempest forms,  
And rolls the cloud to blacken heav'n with storms, 435  
Dark o'er the fields th' ascending vapours flies,  
And shades the sun, and blots the golden skies :  
So from the ships, along the dulky plain,  
Dire *Fright* and *Terror* drove the *Trojan* train.  
Ev'n *Hector* fled ; thro' heaps of disarray 440  
The fiery coursers drove their lord away :  
While far behind his *Trojans* fall confus'd,  
Wedg'd in the trench, in one vast carnage bruis'd.

Chariots

[V. 433. *Yet stops, and turns, and saves his lov'd allies.*] Homer represents *Hector*, as he retires, making a stand from time to time, to save his troops : And he expresses it by this single word ἀναμένειν ; for ἀναμένειν does not only signify to stay, but likewise in retiring to stop from time to time ; for this is the power of the preposition ἀνα, as in the word ἀναμάχεσθαι, which signifies to fight by fits and starts ; ἀναμενεῖν, to wrestle several times, and in many others. *Eustathius.*

Chariots on chariots roll ; the clashing' spokes  
Shock ; while the madding steeds break short their  
yokes.

445

In vain they labour up the steepy mound ;  
Their charioteers lie foaming on the ground.  
Fierce on the rear, with shouts, *Patroclus* flies :  
Tumultuous clamour fills the fields and skies ;  
Thick drifts of dust involve their rapid flight ;  
Clouds rise on clouds, and heav'n is snatch'd from sight.  
Th' affrighted steeds, their dying lords cast down,  
Scour o'er the fields, and stretch to reach the town.  
Loud o'er the rout was heard the victor's cry,  
Where the war bleeds and where the thickest die, 455  
Where horse and arms, and chariots lie o'erthrown,  
And bleeding heroes under axles groan.  
No stop, no check the steeds of *Peleus* knew ;  
From bank to bank th' immortal coursers flew,  
High-bounding o'er the fosse : the whirling car 460  
Smoaks thro' the ranks, o'er takes the flying war,  
And thunders after *Hector* ; *Hector* flies,  
*Patroclus* shakes his lance ; but fate denies.  
Not with less noise, with less impetuous force,  
The tide of *Trojans* urge their desp'rare course, 465  
Than when in Autumn Jove his fury pours,  
And earth is loaden with incessant show'rs,

(When

V. 459. From bank to bank th' immortal coursers fly, &c.] Homer has made of *Hector*'s horses all that poetry could make of common and mortal horses ; they stand on the bank of the ditch, foaming and neighing for madness that they cannot leap it. But the immortal horses of *Achilles* find no obstacle ; they leap the ditch, and fly into the plain. *Eustathius*.

V. 466. Than when in autumn Jove his fury pours—

When guilty mortals, &c.]

The Poet, in this image of an inundation, takes occasion to mention

(When guilty mortals break th' eternal laws  
 And judges, brib'd, betray the righteous cause)  
 From their deep beds he bids the rivers rise, 470  
 And opens all the flood-gates of the skies :  
 Th' impetuous torrents from their hills obey,  
 Whole fields are drown'd and mountains swept away ;  
 Loud roars the deluge till it meets the main ;  
 And trembling man sees all his labours vain. 475  
 And now the chief (the foremost troops repell'd)  
 Back to the ships his destin'd progress held,

Bore

mention a sentiment of great piety, that such calamities were the effects of divine justice punishing the sins of mankind. This might probably refer to the tradition of an universal deluge, which was very common amongst the ancient heathen writers, most of them ascribing the cause of this deluge to the wrath of heaven provoked by the wickedness of men. *Diodorus Siculus, l. 15. c. 5.* speaking of an earthquake and inundation, which destroyed a great part of Greece, in the hundred and first Olympiad, has these words, *There was a great dispute concerning the cause of this calamity : The natural philosophers generally ascribed such events to necessary causes, not to any divine hand : But they, who had more devout sentiments, gave a more probable account hereof ; asserting that it was the divine vengeance alone that brought this destruction upon men who had offended the Gods with their impiety.* And then proceeds to give an account of those crimes which drew down this punishment upon them.

This is one, among a thousand instances, of Homer's indirect and oblique manner of introducing moral sentences and instructions. These agreeably break in upon his reader, even in descriptions and poetical parts, where one naturally expects only painting and amusements. We have virtue put upon us by surprize, and are pleased to find a thing where we should never have looked to meet with it. I must do a noble English poet the justice to observe, that it is this particular art that is the very distinguishing excellence of *Cooper's* *skill*; throughout which, the descriptions of places, and images raised by the Poet, are still tending to some hint, or leading into some reflection, upon a moral life or political institution : Much in the same manner as the real sight of such scenes and prospects is apt to give to the mind a composed turn, and incline it to thoughts and contemplations that have a relation to the object.

Bore down half *Troy* in his resistless way,  
 And fort'd the routed ranks to stand the day.  
 Between the space where silver *Simois* flows, 480  
 Where lay the fleets, and where the rampires rose,  
 All grim with dust and blood, *Patroclus* stands,  
 And turns the slaughter on the conqu'ring bands.  
 First *Pronous* dy'd beneath his fiery dart,  
 Which pierc'd below the shield his valiant heart. 485  
*Tebevor* was next ; who saw the chief appear,  
 And fell the victim of his coward fear :  
 Shrunk up he sate with wild and haggard eye,  
 Nor stood to combat, nor had force to fly :  
*Patroclus* marked him as he shun'd the war, 490  
 And with unmanly trembling shook the car,  
 And droppe'd the flowing reins. Him 'twixt the jaws  
 The jav'lin sticks, and from the chariot draws.  
 As on a rock that overhangs the main,  
 An angler, studious of the line and cane, 495  
 Some mighty fish draws panting on the shore ;  
 Not with less ease the barbed jav'lin bore  
 The gaping dastard : As the spear was shook,  
 He fell, and left his heartless breast forsook.  
 Next on *Euryalus* he flies ; a stone, 500  
 Large as a rock, was by his fury thrown :  
 Full on his crown the pond'rous fragment flew,  
 And burst the helm, and cleft the head in two :  
 Prone

V. 480. *Between the space where silver Simois flows,*  
 [Where lay the ships, and where the rampires rose.] It looks at first sight as if *Patroclus* was very punctual in obeying the orders of *Achilles*, when he hinders the *Trojans* from ascending to their town, and holds an engagement with them between the ships, the river, and the wall. But he seems afterwards through very haste to have slighted his commands, for his orders were that he should drive them from the ships, and then presently return ; but he proceeds farther, and his death is the consequence. *Euphalius.*

Prone to the ground the breathless warrior fell,  
And death involv'd him with the shades of hell. 505  
Then low in dust *Epaltus*, *Ecbius*, lie ;  
*Iphaeus*, *Erippus*, *Polymelus*, die ;  
*Amphoterus*, and *Erymas* succeed ;  
And last *Tlepolemus* and *Pyres* bleed.

Where'er he moves the growing slaughterers spread 510  
In heaps on heaps ; a monument of dead.

When now *Sarpedon* his brave friends beheld  
Grov'ling in dust, and gasping on the field,

With

V. 512.—*When now Sarpedon, &c.*] The Poet preparing to recount the death of *Sarpedon*, it will not be improper to give a sketch of some particulars which constitute a character the most faultless and amiable in the whole Iliad. This hero is by birth superior to all the chiefs of either side, being the only son of *Jupiter* engaged in this war. His qualities are no way unworthy his descent, since he every where appears equal in valour, prudence and eloquence, to the most admired heroes. Nor are these excellencies blemished with any of those defects with which the most distinguished characters of the Poem are stained. So that the nicest criticks cannot find any thing to offend their delicacy, but must be obliged to own the manners of this hero perfect. His valour is neither rash or boisterous; his prudence neither timorous nor trickling; and his eloquence neither talkative nor boasting. He never reproaches the living, or insults the dead : but appears uniform through his conduct in the war, acting with the same generous sentiments that engaged him in it, having no interest in the quarrel but to succour his allies in distress. This noble life is ended with a death as glorious; for in his last moments he has no other concern, but for the honour of his friends, and the event of the day.

*Homer* justly represents such a character to be attended with universal esteem : As he was greatly honoured when living, he is as much lamented when dead, as the chief prop of *Troy*. The Poet by his death, even before that of *Hector*, prepares us to expect the destruction of this town, when its two great defenders are no more : and in order to make it the more signal and remarkable, it is the only death in the Iliad attended with prodigies. Even his funeral is performed by divine assistance, he being the only hero whose body is carried back to be in-

With this reproach his flying host he warms ;  
 Oh stain to honour ! oh disgrace to arms ! 515  
 Forsake, inglorious, the contended plain ;  
 This hand, unaided, shall the war sustain ;  
 The task be mine, this hero's strength to try,  
 Who mows whole troops, and makes an army fly.

He spake ; and speaking, leaps from off the car ; 520  
*Patroclus* lights, and sternly waits the war.  
 As when two vultures on the mountain's height  
 Stoop with resounding pinions to the fight ;  
 They cuff, they tear, they raise a screaming cry ;  
 The desert echoes, and the rocks reply : 525  
 The warriors, thus oppos'd in arms, engage  
 With equal clamours, and with equal rage.

Jove view'd the combat, whose event foreseen,  
 He thus bespoke his Sister and his Queen.  
 The hour draws on ; the destinies ordain, 530  
 My god-like son shall pres' the *Phrygian* plain :  
 Already on the verge of death he stands,  
 His life is ow'd to fierce *Patroclus*' hands.

What

terred in his native country, and honoured with monuments erected to his fame. These peculiar and distinguishing honours seem appropriated by our Author to him alone, as the reward of a merit superior to all his other less perfect heroes.

V. 512. *As when two vultures.*] Homer compares *Patroclus* and *Sarpedon* to two vultures, because they appeared to be of equal strength and abilities, when they had dismount'd from their chariots. For this reason he has chosen to compare them to birds of the same kind ; as on another occasion, to image the like equality of strength, he resembles both *Hector* and *Patroclus* to lions : But a little after this place, diminishing the force of *Sarpedon*, he compares him to a bull, and *Patroclus* to a lion. He has placed these vultures upon a high rock, because it is their nature to perch there, rather than in the boughs of trees. Their crooked talons make them unfit to walk on the ground ; they could not fight steadily, in the air, and therefore their fittest place is the rock. *Eulathus.*

What passions in a parent's breast debate?  
 Say, shall I snatch him from impending fate,  
 And send him safe to *Lycia*, distant far  
 From all the dangers and the toils of war;

I 2

Or

V. 535. *Say, shall I snatch him from impending fate.*] It appears by this passage that *Homer* was of opinion, that the power of God could over-rule fate or destiny. It has puzzled many to distinguish exactly the notion of the heathens as to this point. Mr. *Dryden* contends that *Jupiter* was limited by the destinies, or (to use his expression) was no better than book-keeper to them. He grounds it upon a passage in the tenth book of *Virgil*, where *Jupiter* mentions this instance of *Sarpedon* as a proof of his yielding to the fates. But both that, and his citation from *Ovid*, amounts to no more than that *Jupiter* gave way to destiny; not that he could not prevent it, the contrary to which is plain from his doubt and deliberation in this place. And indeed whatever may be inferred of other poets, *Homer*'s opinion at least, as to the dispensations of God to man, has ever seemed to me very clear, and distinctly agreeable to truth. We shall find, if we examine his whole works with an eye to this doctrine, that he assigns three causes for all the good that happens in this world, which he takes a particular care to distinguish. First the *will of God*, superior to all.

—— Διὸς δὲ ἐπελείπετο Σελήνη. Il. 1.

—— Σελήνη διὰ παντα τελευτῆς. Il. 19. v. 90.

Ζεὺς δύαθρος τε κακού τε δίδοι. — &c.

Secondly, *destiny* or *fate*, meaning the laws and order of nature affecting the constitutions of men, and disposing them to good or evil, prosperity or misfortune; which the supreme being, if it be his pleasure, may over-rule (as he is inclined to do in this place) but which he generally suffers to take effect. Thirdly, our own *free will*, which either by prudence overcomes those natural influences and passions, or by folly suffers us to fall under them. *Odyssey*. 1. 22.

“Ω πόνοι, οἵ τινι Θεοῖς βέτοι ἀπίστανται.

‘Εξ ἡμένων γὰρ φασι κακὸν ἔργαναν. οἱ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ

Σφόδροιν ατασθαλεῖσιν ἵπποι μέρον ἀλγεῖ ἔχεσσιν.

‘ Why charge mankind on heav'n their own offence,  
 ‘ And call their woes the crime of providence?  
 ‘ Blind ! who themselves their miseries create,  
 ‘ And perish by their folly, not their fate.

Or to his doom my bravest offspring yield,  
And fatten with celestial blood, the field ?

Then thus the Goddess with the radiant eyes : 540  
What words are these ? O sovereign of the skies !  
Short is the date prescrib'd to mortal man ;  
Shall *Force*, for one, extend a narrow span ? }  
Whose bounds were fix'd before his race began ? }  
How many sons of Gods, foredoom'd to death, 545  
Before proud *Hion*, must resign their breath !  
Were thine exempt, debate would rise above,  
And murmur'ring pow'r's condemn their partial *Force*.  
Give the bold chief a glorious fate in fight ;  
And when th' ascending soul has wing'd her flight, 550  
Let *Sleep* and *Death* convey, by thy command,  
The breathless body to his native land.  
His friends and people, to his future praise,  
A marble tomb, and pyramid shall raise,  
And lasting honours to his ashes give ; 555  
His fame ('tis all the dead can have) shall live.

She said ; the Cloud-compeller overcome,  
Assents to fate, and ratifies the doom.

Then,

V. 551. *Let Sleep and Death convey, by thy command,*  
*The breathless body to his native land.]*

The history or fable received in Homer's time, imported that *Sarpdon* was interred in *Lycia*, but it said nothing of his death. This gave the poet the liberty to make him die at *Troy*, provided that after his death he was carried into *Lycia* to preserve the fable. The expedient proposed by *Juno*, solves all ; *Sarpdon* dies at *Troy*, and is interred at *Lycia* : and what renders this probable is, that in those times, as at this day, Princes and persons of quality who died in foreign parts, were carried into their country to be laid in the tombs of their fathers. The antiquity of this custom cannot be doubted, since it was practised in the patriarchs' time. *Jac b* dying in *Egypt*, orders his children to carry him into the land of *Canaan*, where he desired to be buried. Gen. 49. 29. *Dacier*.

Then, touch'd with grief, the weeping heav'ns distill'd  
A show'r of blood o'er all the fatal field ; 560  
The God, his eyes averting from the plain,  
Laments his son, predestin'd to be slain,  
Far from the *Lycian* shores, his happy native reign. }

Now met in arms, the combatants appear,  
Each heav'd the shield, and pois'd the lifted spear : 565  
From strong *Patroclus*' hand the jav'lin fled,  
And pass'd the groin of valiant *Trasymed* ;  
The nerves unbrac'd no more his bulk sustain,  
He falls, and falling bites the bloody plain.  
Two sounding darts the *Lycian* leader threw ; 570  
The first aloof with erring fury flew,  
The next transpierce'd *Achilles* mortal steed,  
The gen'rous *Pedafus*, of *Theban* breed ;  
Fix'd in the shoulder-joint, he reel'd around ;  
Roll'd in the bloody dust, and paw'd the slipp'ry ground : 575  
His sudden fall th' entangled harness broke ;  
Each axle crackled, and the chariot shook :

I 3 :

When

V. 560. *A show'r of blood.*] As to showers of a bloody colour, many both ancient and modern naturalists agree in asserting the reality of such appearances, tho' they account for them differently. You may see a very odd solution of them in *Eustathius*, Note on V. 70. of the eleventh Iliad. What seems the most probable, is that of *Fromcndus* in his *Meteorelogi*, who observed, that a shower of this kind, which gave great cause of wonder, was nothing but a quantity of very small red insects, beat down to the earth by a heavy shower, whereby the ground was spotted in several places, as with drops of blood.

V. 572. —*Achilles' mortal steed,*

*The gen'rous Pedafus—*]

For the other two horses of *Achilles*, *Xanthus* and *Balius*, were immortal, as we have already seen in this book. It is a merry conceit of *Eustathius*, that *Pedafus* is only said to be mortal, because of the three horses he only was a gelding. 'Tis pity poor *Pedafus* had not a better fate to have recompensed the loss of his immortality.

When bold *Automedon* to disengage  
 The starting coursers, and restrain their rage,  
 Divides the traces with his sword, and freed  
 'Th' incumber'd chariot from the dying steed : 580  
 The rest move on obedient to the rein ;  
 The car rolls slowly o'er the dusty plain.

The tow'ring chiefs to fiercer fight advance,  
 And first *Sarpedon* whirl'd his weighty lance, 585  
 Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course,  
 And spent in empty air its dying force.

Not so *Patroclos'* never-erring dart ;  
 Aim'd at his breast, it pierc'd the mortal part, 590  
 Where the strong fibres bind the solid heart.

Then as the mountain oak, or poplar tall,  
 Or pine (fit mast for some great admiral)  
 Nods to the axe, 'till with a groaning sound  
 It sinks, and spreads its honours on the ground ;  
 Thus fell the King ; and laid on earth supine, 595  
 Before his chariot stretch'd his form divine :  
 He grasp'd the dust distain'd with streaming gore,  
 And pale in death lay groaning on the shore.

So lies a bull beneath a lion's paws,  
 While the grim savage grinds with foamy jaws 600  
 The trembling limbs, and sucks the swoaking blood ;  
 Deep groans, and hollow roars, rebe low through the  
 wood.

Then to the leader of the *Lycian* band  
 The dying chief address'd his last command.  
*Glaucus*, be bold ; thy task be first to dare 605  
 The glorious dangers of destructive war,  
 To

V. 605. *Glaucus, be bold, &c.*] This dying speech of *Sarpedon* deserves particular notice, being made up of noble sentiments, and fully answering the character of this brave and generous

To lead my troops, to combat at their head,  
Excite the living, and supply the dead.  
Tell 'em, I charg'd 'em with my latest breath  
Not unreveng'd to bear *Sarpedon's* death. 610  
What grief, what shame must *Glaucus* undergo,  
If these spoil'd arms adorn a *Grecian* foe?  
Then as a friend, and as a warrior, fight;  
Defend my body, conquer in my right;  
That taught by great examples, all may try 615  
Like thee to vanquish, or like me to die.

He ceas'd; the fates suppress his lab'ring breath,  
And his eyes darken'd with the shades of death.  
Th' insulting victor with disdain bestrode  
The prostrate prince, and on his bosom trod; 620  
Then drew the weapon from his panting heart,  
The reeking fibres clinging to the dart;  
From the wide wound gush'd out a stream of blood,  
And the soul issu'd in the purple flood.  
His flying steeds the *Myrmidons* detain, 625  
Unguided now, their mighty master slain.  
All impotent of aid, transfix'd with grief,  
Unhappy *Glaucus* heard the dying chief.

I 4

His

generous Prince, which he preserves in his last moments. Being sensible of approaching death, without any transports of rage, or desire of revenge, he calls to his friend to take care to preserve his body and arms from becoming a prey to the enemy: And this he says without any regard to himself, but out of the most tender concern for his friend's reputation, who must for ever become infamous if he fails in this point of honour and duty. If we conceive this said by the expiring hero, his dying locks fixed on his wounded friend, the spear remaining in his body, and the victor standing by in a kind of ecstasy surveying his conquest; those circumstances will form a very moving picture. *Patroclus* all this while, either out of humanity or surprise, omits to pull out the spear, which however he does not long forbear, but with it drawing forth his vitals, puts a period to this gallant life.

His painful arm, yet useless with the smart  
 Inflicted late by *Ten-er's* deadly dart, 630  
 Supported on his better hand he stay'd ;  
 To *Phaebus* then ('twas all he could) he pray'd.  
 All-seeing Monarch ! whether *Lycia's* coast,  
 Or sacred *Hion* thy bright presence boast ;  
 Pow'rful alike to ease the wretch's smart ; 635  
 Oh hear me ! God of ev'ry healing art !  
 Lo ! stiff with clotted blood, and pierc'd with pain,  
 That thrills my arm, and shoots thro' ev'ry vein ;  
 I stand unable to sustain the spear,  
 And sigh, at distance from the glorious war. 640  
 Low in the dust is great *Sarpedon* laid,  
 Nor *Jove* vouchsaf'd his hapless offspring aid.  
 But thou, O God of Health ! thy succour lend,  
 To guard the reliques of my slaughter'd friend.  
 For thou, tho' distant, can't restore my might, 645  
 To head my *Lycians*, and support the fight.

*Apollo* heard ; and suppliant as he stood,  
 His heav'ly hand restrain'd the flux of blood ;  
 He drew the dolours from the wounded part,  
 And breath'd a spirit in his rising heart. 650

Renew'd

V. 637. — *Pierc'd with pain,*

*That thrills my arm, and shoots thro' ev'ry vein.* ]

There seems to be an oversight in this place. *Glaucon* in the twelfth book had been wounded with an arrow by *Ten-er* at the attack of the wall ; and here so long after, we find him still on the field, *in the sharpest anguish of his wound, the blood not being yet stanch'd, &c.* In the speech that next follows to *He-ros*, there is also something liable to censure, when he imputes to the negligence of the *Trojans* the death of *Sarpedon*, of which they knew nothing till that very speech informed them. I beg leave to pass over these things without exposing or defending them ; tho' such as these may be sufficient grounds for a most inveterate war among the criticks.

Renew'd by art divine, the hero stands,  
And owns th' assistance of immortal hands.  
First to the fight his native troops he warms,  
Then loudly calls on *Troy*'s vindictive arms ;  
With ample strides he stalks from place to place, 655  
Now fires *Agenor*, now *Polydamas* ;  
*Aeneas* next, and *Hector* he accists ;  
Inflaming thus the rage of all their hosts.

What thoughts, regardless chief! thy breast employ?  
Oh too forgetful of the friends of *Troy*! 660  
Those gen'rous friends, who, from their country far,  
Breathe their brave souls out in another's war.  
See! where in dust the great *Sarpedon* lies,  
In action valiant, and in counsel wise,  
Who guarded right, and kept his people free; 665  
To all his *Lycians* lost, and lost to thee!  
Stretch'd by *Patroclus*' arm on yonder plains,  
Oh save from hostile rage his lov'd remains:  
Ah! let not *Greece* his conquer'd trophies boast,  
Nor on his corse revenge her heroes lost. 670  
He spoke; each leader in his grief partook,  
*Troy*, at the loss, thro' all her legions shook.  
Transfix'd with deep regret, they view o'erthrown  
At once his country's pillar, and their own;  
A chief, who led to *Troy*'s beleaguer'd wall 675  
A host of heroes, and out-shin'd them all.  
Fir'd; they rush on; First *Hector* seeks the foes,  
And with superior vengeance greatly glows.  
But o'er the dead the fierce *Patroclus* stands,  
And rouzing *Ajax*, rouz'd the list'ning bands. 680  
Heroes, be men! be what you were before;  
Or weigh the great occasion, and be more,

The chief who taught our lusty walls to yield,  
Lies pale in death, extended on the field.  
To guard his body *Troy* in numbers flies ; 685  
'Tis half the glory to maintain our prize.  
Haste, strip his arms, the slaughter round him spread,  
And send the living *Lycians* to the dead.

The heroes kindle at his fierce command ;  
The martial squadrons close on either hand : 690  
Here *Troy* and *Lycia* charge with loud alarms,  
*Thessalia* there, and *Greece*, oppose their arms.  
With horrid shouts they circle round the slain ;  
The clash of armour rings o'er all the plain.  
Great *Jove*, to swell the horrors of the fight, 695  
O'er the fierce armies pours pernicious night,  
And roun'd his son confounds the warring hosts,  
His fate ennobling with a crowd of ghosts.

Now *Greece* gives way, and great *Epigeus* falls ;  
*Agam'eus*' son, from *Budium*'s lofty walls : 700  
Who chas'd for murder thence, a suppliant came  
To *Peleus*, and the silver-footed dame ;  
Now sent to *Troy*, *Achilles*' arms to aid,  
He pays due vengeance to his kinsman's shade.  
Soon as his luckless hand had touch'd the dead, 705  
A rock's large fragment thunder'd on his head ;  
Huil'd by *Hectorean* force, it cleft in twain  
His shatter'd helm, and stretch'd him o'er the slain.

Fierce

V. 695. *Great Jove*—*O'er the fierce armies pour's pernicious Night.* ] Homer calls here by the name of Night, the whirl-winds of thick dust which rise from beneath the feet of the combatants, and which hinder them from knowing one another. Thus poetry knows how to convert the most natural things into miracles; these two armies are buried in dust round *Sarpedon*'s body; 'tis *Jupiter* who pours upon them an obscure night, to make the battle bloodier, and to honour the funeral of his son by a greater number of victims. *Buffatius.*

Fierce to the van of fight *Patroclus* came ;

And, like an eagle darting at his game, 710

Sprung on the *Trojan* and the *Lycian* band :

What grief thy heart, what fury urg'd thy hand,

Oh gen'rous Greek ! when with full vigour thrown

At *Stenelaüs* flew the mighty stone,

Which sunk him to the dead ; when *Troy*, too near 715

That arm, drew back ; and *Hector* learn'd to fear.

Far as an able hand a lance can throw,

Or at the lists, or at the fighting foe ;

So far the *Trojans* from their lines retir'd ;

Till *Glaucus*, turning, all the rest inspir'd. 720

Then *Batbyclaeus* fell beneath his rage,

The only hope of *Chalcon*'s trembling age :

Wide o'er the land was stretch'd his large domain,

With stately seats, and riches, bless'd in vain :

Him, bold with youth, and eager to pursue 725

Thy flying *Lycians*, *Glaucus* met ; and flew ;

Pierc'd thro' the bosom with a sudden wound,

He fell, and falling, made the fields resound.

Th' *Achaeans* sorrow for their hero slain ;

With conqu'ring shouts the *Trojans* shake the plain, 730

And croud to spoil the dead : the *Greeks* oppose ;

An iron circle round the carcass grows.

Then brave *Laogonus* resign'd his breath,

Dispatch'd by *Merion* to the shades of death :

On *Ida*'s holy hill he made abode, 735

The priest of *Jove*, and honour'd like his God.

Between the jaw and ear the jav'lin went ;

The soul, exhaling, issu'd at the vent.

His spear *Aeneas* at the victor threw,

Who stooping forward from the death withdrew ; 740

The lance his'd harmles on his cov'ring shield,

And trembling shook, and rooted in the field ;

There

There yet scarce spent, it quivers on the plain,  
Sent by the great *Æneas*' arm in vain.

Swift as thou art (the raging hero cries) 745  
And skill'd in dancing to dispute the prize,  
My spear the destin'd passage had it found,  
Had fix'd thy active vigour to the ground.

Oh valiant leader of the *Dardan* host !

(Insulted *Merion* thus retorts the boast) 750  
Strong as you are, 'tis mortal force you trust,  
An arm as strong may stretch thee in the dust.  
And if to this my lance thy fate be giv'n,  
Vain are thy vaunts ; Success is still from heav'n ;  
This instant sends thee down to *Pluto*'s coast, 755  
Mine is the glory, his thy parting ghost.

O friend (*Menætius*' son this answer gave)  
With words to combat, ill befits the brave :  
Not empty boasts the sons of *Troy* repel,  
Your sword must plunge them to the shades of hell.  
To speak, beseems the council ; but to dare 761  
In glorious action, is the task of war.

This said, *Patroclus* to the battle flies ;  
Great *Merion* follows, and new shouts arise :  
Shields, helmets rattle, as the warriors close ; 765  
And thick and heavy sounds the storm of blows.  
As thro' the shrilling vale, or mountain ground,  
The labours of the woodman's axe resound ;  
Blows following blows are heard re-echoing wide,  
While crackling forests fall on ev'ry side. 770

Thus

V. 746. *And skill'd in dancing.*] This stroke of raillery upon *Meriones* is founded on the custom of his country. For the *Cretans* were peculiarly addicted to this exercise, and in particular are said to have invented the *Pyrrhic* dance, which was performed in complete armour. See Note on V. 797. in the thirteenth book.

Thus echo'd all the fields with loud alarms,  
So fell the warriors, and so rung their arms.

Now great *Sarpdon*, on the sandy shore,  
His heav'ly form defac'd with dust and gore,  
And stuck with darts by warring heroes shed, 775  
Lies undistinguish'd from the vulgar dead;  
His long-disputed corse the chiefs inclose,  
On ev'ry side the busy combat grows ;  
Thick, as beneath some shepherd's thatch'd abode,  
(The pails high-foaming with a milky flood,) 780  
The buzzing flies, a persevering train,  
Incessant swarm, and chas'd return again.

*Jove* view'd the combat with a stern survey,  
And eyes that flash'd intolerable day ;  
Fix'd on the field his sight, his breast debates 785  
The vengeance due, and meditates the fates ;  
Whether to urge their prompt effect, and call  
The force of *Hector* to *Patroclus'* fall,  
This instant see his short-liv'd trophies won,  
And stretch him breathless on his slaughter'd son ; 790  
Or yet, with many a soul's untimely flight,  
Augment the fame and horror of the fight ?  
To crown *Achilles'* valiant friend with praise  
At length he dooms ; and this his last of days  
Shall set in glory ; bids him drive the foe ; 795  
Nor unattended, see the shades below.  
Then *Hector*'s mind he fills with dire dismay ;  
He mounts his car, and calls his hosts away,  
Sunk with *Troy*'s heavy fates, he sees decline  
The scales of *Jove*, and pants with awe divine. 800

Then, nor before, the hardy *Lycians* fled,  
And left their monarch with the common dead :  
Around, in heaps on heaps, a dreadful wall  
Of carnage rises, as the heroes fall.

(So *Jove* decreed !) At length the *Greeks* obtain 805  
 The prize contested, and despoil the slain.  
 The radiant arms are by *Patroclus* borne,  
*Patroclus'* ships the glorious spoils adorn.

Then thus to *Zeus*, in the realms above,  
 Spoke from his throne the cloud-compelling *Jove*. 810  
 Descend, my *Phabos* ! on the *Plygian* plain,  
 And from the fight convey *Sarpedon* slain ;  
 Then bathe his body in the crystal flood,  
 With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with blood :  
 O'er all his limbs ambrosial odours shed, 815  
 And with celestial robes adorn the dead.  
 Those rites discharg'd, his sacred corse bequeath  
 To the soft arms of silent *Sleep* and *Death* ;  
 They to his friends the mournful charge shall bear,  
 His friends a tomb and pyramid shall rear ; 820  
 What honours mortals after death receive,  
 Those unavailing honours we may give !

*Apollo* bows, and from mount *Ida*'s height,  
 Swift to the field precipitates his flight ;  
 Thence from the war the breathless hero bore, 825  
 Veil'd in a cloud, to silver *Simois'* shore :  
 There bath'd his honourable wounds, and dreft  
 His manly members in th' immortal vest ;  
 And with perfumes of sweet ambrosial dews,  
 Restores his freshness, and his form renews. 830  
 Then *Sleep* and *Death*, two twins of winged race,  
 Of matchless swiftness, but of silent pace,

Receiv'd

V. 831. *Then Sleep and Death, &c.*] It is the notion of *Eschatus*, that by this interment of *Sarpedon*, where *Sleep* and *Death* are concerned, *Homer* seems to intimate, that there was nothing else but an empty monument of that hero in *Lycia* ; for he deliver'd him not to any real or solid persons, but to certain unsubstantial phantoms to conduct his body thither. He was

Receiv'd Sarpedon, at the God's command,  
And in a moment reach'd the *Lycian* land ;  
The corse amidst his weeping friends they laid, 835  
Where endless honours wait the sacred shade.

Mean while *Patroclus* pours along the plains,  
With foaming coursers, and with loosen'd reins.  
Fierce on the *Trojan* and the *Lycian* crew,  
Ah, blind to fate ! thy headlong fury flew : 840  
Against what fate and pow'ful *Jove* ordain,  
Vain was thy friend's command, thy courage vain.  
For he the God, whose counsels uncontroul'd  
Dismay the mighty, and confound the bold :  
The God who gives, resumes, and orders all, 845  
He urg'd thee on, and urg'd thee on to fall.

Who

was forced (continues my author) to make use of these machines, since there were no other deities he could with any likelihood employ about this work ; for the ancients (as appears from *Euripides*, *Hippolytus*) had a superstition that all dead bodies were offensive to the Gods, they being of a nature celestial and uncorruptible. But this last remark is impertinent, since we see in this place *Apollo* is employed in adorning and embalming the body of *Sarpedon*.

What I think better accounts for the passage, is what *Pbilistratus in Heroicus* affirms, that this alludes to a piece of antiquity. " The *Lycians* shewed the body of *Sarpedon*, strew'd over with aromatical spicess in such a graceful composure, " that he seemed to be only asleep : And it was this that gave " rise to the fiction of *Homer*, that his rites were performed by " *Sleep and Death*.

But after all these refined observations, it is probable the Poet intended only to represent the death of this favourite son of *Jupiter*, and one of his most amiable characters, in a gentle and agreeable view, without any circumstances of dread and horror ; intimating by this fiction, that he was delivered out of all the tumults and miseries of life by two imaginary Deities, *Sleep and Death*, who alone can give mankind ease and exemption from their misfortunes.

Who first, brave hero ! by that arm was slain,  
Who last, beneath thy vengeance press'd the plain ;  
When heav'n itself thy fatal fury led,  
And call'd to fill the number of the dead ? 850

*Adrestus* first ; *Autonous* next succeeds ;

*Echeclus* follows ; next young *Megas* bleeds :

*Epistor*, *Menalippus*, bite the ground ;

The slaughter, *Elasus* and *Mulius* crown'd :

Then sunk *Pylartes* to eternal night ; 855

The rest dispersing, trust their fates to flight.

Now *Troy* had stoop'd beneath his matchless pow'rs,  
But flaming *Phaebus* kept the sacred tow'r.

Thrice at the battlements *Patroclus* strook,

His blazing *Aegis* thrice *Apollo* shook : 860

He try'd the fourth ; when, bursting from a cloud,

A more than mortal voice was heard aloud :

*Patroclus* ! cease : This heav'n-defended wall

Defies thy lance ; not fated yet to fall ;

Thy friend, thy greater far, it shall withstand, 865

*Troy* shall not stoop ev'n to *Achilles'* hand.

So spoke the God, who darts celestial fires :

The Greek obeys him, and with awe retires.

While *Hector*, checking at the *Scæan* gates

His panting coursers, in his breast debates,

870

Or

V. 847. *Who first, brave hero, &c.*] The poet in a very moving and solemn way turns his discourse to *Patroclus*. He does not accost his muse, as it is usual with him to do, but enquires of the hero himself who was the first, and who the last, who fell by his hand ? This address distinguishes and signalizes *Patroclus*, (to whom Homer uses it more frequently, than I remember on any other occasion) as if he was some genius or divine being, and at the same time it is very pathetical, and apt to move our compassion. The same kind of apostrophe is used by *Virgil* to *Camilla*.

*Quem teli primum, quem p[re]sumum, alp[er]a virgo ?*  
*Dejici ? Aut quid kundi merentia corpora fundi ?*

Or in the field his forces to employ,  
Or draw the troops within the walls of *Troy*.

Thus while he thought, beside him *Phœbus* stood,  
In *Asius'* shape, who reign'd by *Sargin's* flood ;  
(*Illi* brother; *Hecuba* ! from *Dymas* sprung, 875  
A valiant warrior, haughty, bold, and young.)

Thus he accosts him. What a shameful sight !

Gods ! is it *Hector* that forbears the fight ?

Were thine my vigour, this successful spear  
Should soon convince thee of so false a fear. 880

Turn then, ah turn thee to the field of fame,  
And in *Patroclus'* blood efface thy shame ;

Perhaps *Apollo* shall thy arms succeed,

And heav'n ordains him by thy lance to bleed.

So spoke th' inspiring God ; then took his flight,  
And plung'd amidst the tumult of the fight. 886

He bids *Cebrius* drive the rapid car :

The lash resounds ; the coursers rush to war.

The God the *Grecian's* sinking souls deprest,  
And pour'd swift spirits thro' each *Trojan* breast. 890

*Patroclus* lights, impatient for the fight ;

A spear his left, a stone employs his right :

With all his nerves he drives it at the foe ;

Pointed above, and rough and gross below :

The falling ruin crush'd *Cebrius'* head, 895

(The lawless offspring of King *Priam's* bed.)

His front, brows, eyes, one undistinguish'd wound,

The bursting balls dropt sightless to the ground.

The charioteer, while yet he held the rein,

Struck from the car, falls headlong on the plain. 900

To the dark shades the soul unwilling glides,

While the proud victor thus his fall derides.

Good

Good heav'ns ! what active feats yon' artist shows,  
What skilful divers are our Phrygian foes !

Mark

V. 904. *What skilful divers, &c.*] The original is literally thus: 'Tis pity he is not nearer the sea, he would furnish good quantities of excellent oysters, and the storms would not frighten him; see how he exercises and plunges from the top of his chariot into the plain! Who would think that there were such good divers at Troy? This seems to be a little too long; and if this passage be really Homer's, I could almost swear that he intended to let us know, that a good soldier may be an indifferent jester. But I very much doubt whether this passage be his: It is very likely these five last verses were added by some of the antient criticks, whose caprices Homer has frequently undergone: or perhaps some of the rhapsodists, who in reciting his verses, made additions of their own to please their auditors. And what persuades me of its being so, is, that 'tis by no means probable that *Patroclus*, who had lately blamed *Meriones* for his little railing against *Aeneas*, and told him, "that 'twas not by railing or invective that they were to repel the *Trojans*, but by dint of blows; that Council required words, but War decide;" It is by no means probable, I say, that the same *Patroclus* should forget that excellent precept, and amuse himself with railing, especially in the sight of *Hector*. I am therefore of opinion that *Patroclus* said no more than this verse, Ω νέοι, &c. *God Gods!* what an active Trojan it is, and how cleverly he divers; and that the five following are strangers, tho' very ancient. *Dacier*.

I must just take notice, that, however mean or ill-placed these railings may appear, there have not been wanting such fond lovers of *Homer* as have admired and imitated them. *Milton* himself is of this number, as may be seen from those very low jests, which he has put into the mouth of *Satan* and his angels in the sixth book. What *Aeneas* says to *Meriones* upon his dancing, is nothing so trivial as those lines; where after the diabolical enginry, angel rolling on arch-angel, they are thus derided.

—When we propounded terms  
Of composition, strait they chang'd their minds,  
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,  
As they would dance; yet for a dance they seem'd  
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps,  
For joy of offer'd peace—*&c.*  
—Terms that amus'd 'em all,

And

Mark with what ease they sink into the sand ! 905  
 Pity ! that all their practice is by land.

Then rushing sudden on his prostrate prize,  
 To spoil the carcass fierce *Patroclus* flies :  
 Swift as a lion, terrible and bold ;  
 That sweeps the fields, depopulates the fold, 910  
 Pierc'd thro' the dauntless heart, then tumbles slain,  
 And from his fatal courage finds his bane.  
 At once bold *Hector* leaping from his car,  
 Defends the body, and provokes the war.  
 Thus for some slaughter'd hind, with equal rage, 915  
 Two lordly rulers of the wood engage ;  
 Stung with fierce hunger, each the prey invades,  
 And echoing roars rebelow thro' the shades.  
 Stern *Hector* fastens on the warrior's head,  
 And by the foot *Patroclus* drags the dead, 920  
 While all around, confusion, rage, and fright  
 Mix the contending hosts in mortal fight.  
 So pent by hills, the wild winds roar aloud  
 In the deep bosom of some gloomy wood ;  
 Leaves, arms, and trees aloft in air are blown, 925  
 The broad oaks crackle, and the *Sylvans* groan ;  
 This way and that, the rattling thicket bends,  
 And the whole forest in one crash descends.  
 Not with less noise, with less tumultuous rage,  
 In dreadful shock the mingled hosts engage. 930  
 Darts show'r'd on darts, now round the carcass ring ;  
 Now flights of arrows bounding from the string ;  
 Stones follow stones ; some clatter on the fields,  
 Some hard, and heavy, shake the sounding shields.

But

- \* And stumbled many ; who receives them right
- \* Had need from head to foot well understand :
- \* Not understood this gift they have besides,
- \* They shew us when our foes walk not upright.

But where the rising whirlwind clouds the plains, 935 }  
 Sunk in soft dust the mighty chief remains,  
 And stretch'd in death, forgets the guiding reins ! }  
 And stretch'd in death, forgets the guiding reins ! }

Now flanning from the *Zenith*, *Sol* had driv'n  
 His fervid orb thro' half the vault of heav'n ;  
 While on each host with equal tempest fell 940  
 The show'ring darts, and numbers funk to hell :  
 But when his evening wheels o'erhung the main,  
 Glad conquest restd on the *Grecian* train.  
 Then from amidst the tumult and alarms,  
 They draw the conquer'd corse, and radiant arms 945  
 Then rash *Patroclus* with new fury glows,  
 And breathing slaughter, pours amid the foes.  
 Thrice on the press like *Mars* himself he flew,  
 And thrice three heroes at each onset flew.  
 There ends thy glory ! there the fates untwine 950  
 The last, black remnant of so bright a line ;  
*Apollo* dreadful stops thy middle way ;  
 Death calls, and heav'n allows no longer day !  
 For lo ! the God, in dusky clouds enshtin'd,  
 Approaching dealt a stagg'ring blow behind. 955  
 The weighty shock his neck and shoulders feel ;  
 His eyes flash sparkles, his stunn'd senses reel  
 In giddy darkness : Far to distance flung,  
 His bounding helmet on the champain rung.

*Achilles'*

V. 952. *Apollo dreadful*, &c.] If Homer is resolved to do any thing extraordinary, or arbitrary, which his readers may not very well relish, he takes care however to prepare them by degrees for receiving such innovations. He had before given us a sketch of this trick of the Gods in the thirteenth book, where *Neptune* serves *Alcatbous* much in the same manner. *Apollo* here carries it a little farther ; and both these are specimens of what we are to expect from *Minerva* at the death of *Hector* in *Il.* 22.

*Achilles' plume is stain'd with dust and gore,* 960  
 That plume, which never stoop'd to earth before,  
 Long us'd, untouched in fighting fields to shine,  
 And shade the temples of the man divine.  
*Now dooms it now on *Hector's* helm to nod;*  
 Not long—for fate pursues him and the God. 965  
 His spear in shivers falls : His ample shield  
 Drops from his arm : His baldric strows the field :  
 The corslet his astonish'd breast forsakes :  
 Loose is each joint ; each nerve with horror shakes.  
 Stupid he stares, and all-afistless stands : 970  
 Such is the force of more than mortal hands !

A *Dardan* youth there was, well known to fame,  
 From *Pantus* sprung, *Euphorbus* was his name ;  
 Fam'd for the manage of the foaming horse,  
 Skill'd in the dart, and matchless in the course : 975  
 Fall twenty knights he tumbled from the car,  
 While yet he learn'd his rudiments of war.  
 His vent'rous spear first drew the hero's gore ;  
 He struck, he wounded, but he durst no more ;  
 Nor tho' disarm'd, *Patroclus'* fury stood : 980  
 But swift withdrew the long-protended wood,  
 And turn'd him short, and herded in the crowd. }  
 Thus, by an arm divine, and mortal spear,  
 Wounded at once, *Patroclus* yields to fear,  
 Retires for succour to his social train, 985  
 And flies the fate which heav'n decreed, in vain.  
 Stern *Hector*, as the bleeding chief he views,  
 Breaks thro' the ranks, and his retreat pursues :  
 The lance arrests him with a mortal wound ;  
 He falls, earth thunders, and his arms resound. 990  
 With him all *Greece* was sunk ; that moment all  
 Her yet surviving heroes seen'd to fall.

So scorch'd with heat along the desert shore,  
 The roaring lion meets a bristly boar,  
 Fast by the spring ; they both dispute the flood, 995  
 With flaming eyes, and jaws besmeard with blood ;  
 At length the sovereign savage wins the strife,  
 And the torn boar resigns his thirst and life.  
*Patroclus* thus, so many chiefs o'erthrown,  
 So many lives effus'd, expires his own. 1000  
 As dying now at *Hector*'s feet he lies,  
 He sternly views him, and triumphing cries :

Lie there, *Patroclus* ! and with thee, the joy  
 Thy pride once promis'd, of subverting *Troy* ;  
 The fancy'd scenes of *Ion* wrapt in flames, 1005  
 And thy soft pleasures serv'd with captive dames !  
 Unthinking man ! I fought, these tow'rs to free,  
 And guard that beauteous race from Lords like thee ;  
 But thou a prey to vultures shalt be made ;  
 Thy own *Achilles* cannot lend thee aid ; 1010  
 Tho' much at parting that great chief might say,  
 And much enjoin thee, this important day,  
 " Return not, my brave friend (perhaps he said)  
 " Without the bloody arms of *Hector* dead." }  
 He spoke, *Patroclus* march'd, and thus he sped. 1015 }  
 Supine ; and wildly gazing on the skies,  
 With faint, expiring breath, the chief replies.

Vain

V. 1003. *Lie there, Patroclus ! &c.*] There is much spirit in this sarcasm of *Hector* upon *Patroclus* : Nor is *Achilles* exempt from the severity of the reflection, who (as he imagines) has persuaded his dearest friend to attempt exploits that were impracticable. He touches him also, for staying at home in security himself, and encouraging *Patroclus* to undertake this perilous adventure, and to seek after spoils which he was never like to enjoy. *Enjallius*.

Vain boaster ! cease, and know the pow'r's divine,  
*Jove's* and *Apollo's* is this deed, not thine ;  
 To heav'n is ow'd whate'er your own you call, 1020  
 And heav'n itself disarm'd me ere my fall.  
 Had twenty mortals, each thy match in might,  
 Oppos'd me fairly, they had funk in fight :  
 By Fate and *Phœbus* was I first o'erthrown,  
*Euphorbus* next ; the third mean part thy own. 1025  
 But thou, imperious ! hear my latest breath ;  
 The Gods inspire it, and it sounds thy death,  
 Insulting man ! thou shalt be soon, as I ;  
 Black fate hangs o'er thee, and thy hour draws nigh ;  
 Ev'n now on life's last verge I see thee stand, 1030  
 I see thee fall, and by *Achilles'* hand.

He faints ; the soul unwilling wings her way,  
 (The beauteous body left a load of clay)

Flits

V. 1026.—*Hear my latest breath,*  
*The Gods inspire it.—]*

It is an opinion of great antiquity, that when the soul is on the point of being delivered from the body, and makes a nearer approach to the divine nature, at such a time its views are stronger and clearer, and the mind endowed with a spirit of true prediction. So *Artemon* of *Miletum* says in his book of dreams, that when the soul has collected all its powers from every limb and part of the body, and is just ready to be severed from it, at that time it becomes prophetical. *Socrates* also in his defence to the *Abenians*, “ I am now arrived at the “ verge of life, wherein it is familiar with people to foretell what will come to pass.” *Eufanthis*.

This opinion seems alluded to in those admirable lines of *Waller*.

‘ Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,  
 ‘ Who stand upon the threshold of the new.’

V. 1032. *The death of Patroclus.*] I sometimes think I am in respect to *Homer* much like *Sancho Panca* with regard to *Don Quixote*. I believe upon the whole that no mortal ever came near him for wisdom, learning, and all good qualities. But sometimes there are certain starts which I cannot tell

WALL

Flits to the lone, uncomfortable coast ;  
A naked, wand'ring, melancholy ghost !

1035

Then

what to make of, and am forced to own that my master is a little out of the way, if not quite beside himself. The present passage of the death of *Patroclus*, attended with so many odd circumstances to overthrow this hero, (who might, for all I can see, as decently have fallen by the force of *Hector*), are what I am at a loss to excuse, and must indeed (on my own opinion) give them up to the criticks. I really think almost all those parts in *Homer* which have been objected against with most clamour and fury, are honestly defensible, and none of them (to confess my private sentiment) seem to me to be faults of any consideration, except this conduct in the death of *Patroclus*, the length of *Nestor's* discourse in *Lib. 11.* the speech of *Achilles's* horse in the 19th. the conversation of that hero with *Aeneas* in *Lib. 20.* and the manner of *Hector's* flight round the walls of *Troy*, in *Lib. 22.* I hope, after so free a confession, no reasonable modern will think me touched with the 'Opinoparia of Madam *Dacier* and others. I am sensible of the extremes which mankind run into, in extolling and depreciating authors: We are not more violent and unreasonable in attacking those who are not yet established in fame, than in defending those who are, even in every minute trifle. Fame is a debt, which when we have kept from people as long as we can, we pay with a prodigious interest, which amounts to twice the value of the principal. Thus it is with ancient works as with ancient coins, they pass for a vast deal more than they were worth at first; and the very obscurities and deformities which time has thrown upon them, are the sacred rust, which enhances their value to all true lovers of antiquity.

But as I have owned what seem my author's faults, and subscribed to the opinion of *H. race*, that *Homer* sometimes nods; I think I ought to add that of *Longinus* as to such negligence. I can no way so well conclude the notes to this book as with the translation of it.

" It may not be improper to discuss the question in general, which of the two is the more estimable, a faulty subline, or a faultless mediocrity ? and consequently, if of two works, one has the greater number of beauties, and the other attains directly to the sublime, which of these shall in equity carry the prize ? I am really persuaded that the true sublime is incapable of that purity which we find in compositions of a lower strain, and in effect that too-much accuracy

" sinks

Then *Hector* pausing, as his eyes he fed  
On the pale carcase, thus address'd the dead.

From

“ sinks the spirit of an author; whereas the case is generally, the same with the favourites of nature, and those of fortune, who with the best economy cannot in the great abundance they are blest with, attend to the minutest articles of their expence. Writers of a cool imagination are cautious in their management, and venture nothing merely to gain the character of being correct; but the sublime is bold and enterprising, notwithstanding that on every advance the danger increaseth. Here probably some will say that men take a malicious satisfaction in exposing the blemishes of an author; that his errors are never forgot, while the most exquisite beauties leave but very imperfect traces on the memory. To obviate this objection, I will solemnly declare, that in my criticisms on *Homer* and other authors, who are universally allowed to be authentic standards of the sublime, tho' I have censured their failings with as much freedom as any one, yet I have not presumed to accuse them of voluntary faults, but have gently remarked some little defects and negligence, which the mind being intent on nobler ideas, did not condescend to regard. And on these principles I will venture to lay it down for a maxim, that the sublime (purely on account of its grandeur) is preferable to all other kinds, of style, however it may fall into some inequalities. The Argonauticks of *Apollonius* are faultless in their kind; and *Theocritus* hath shewn the happiest vein imaginable for pastoral, excepting those in which he has deviated from the country: And yet if it were put to your choice, would you have your name descend to posterity with the reputation of either of those poets, rather than that of *Homer*? Nothing can be more correct than the *Erigena* of *Eratosthenes*; but is he therefore a greater poet than *Archilochus*, in whose compositions perspicuity and order are often wanting; the divine fury of his genius being too impatient for restraint, and superior to law? Again, do you prefer the odes of *Bacchis* to *Pindar*'s, or the scenes of *Ion* of *Chios* to those of *Sophocles*? Their writings are allowed to be correct, polite and delicate; whereas, on the other hand, *Pindar* and *Sophocles* sometimes hurry on with the greatest impetuosity, and like a devouring flame seize and let on fire whatever comes in their way; but on a sudden the conflagration is extinguished, and they miserably flag when no body expects it. Yet none have so little discernment as not to prefer the

From whence this boding speech, the stern decree  
 Of death denounc'd, or why denounc'd to me?  
 Why not as well *Achilles'* fate be giv'n 1040  
 To *Hector's* lance? Who knows the will of heav'n?

Pensive he said; then pressing as he lay  
 His breathless bosom, tore the lance away;  
 And upwards cast the corps: The reeking spear  
 He shakes, and charges the bold charioteer. 1045  
 But swift *Automedon* with loos'ned reins  
 Rapt in the chariot o'er the distant plains,  
 Far from his rage th' immortal coursers drove;  
 Th' immortal coursers were the gift of *Jove*.

“single *Oedipus* of *Sophocles* to all the Tragedies that *Ion* ever  
 brought on the stage.

“In our decisions therefore on the characters of these great  
 men, who have illustrated what is useful and necessary with  
 all the graces and elevation of style; we must impartially  
 confess that, with all their errors, they have more perfec-  
 tions than the nature of man can almost be conceiv'd capa-  
 ble of attaining: For it is merely human to excel in other  
 kinds of writing, but the sublime ennobles our nature, and  
 makes near approaches to divinity: He who commits no  
 faults, is barely read without censure; but a genius truly  
 great excites admiration. In short, the magnificence of a  
 single period in one of these admirable authors, is sufficient  
 to atone for all their defects: Nay, farther, if any one  
 should collect from *Homer*, *Demosthenes*, *Plato*, and other  
 celebrated heroes of antiquity, the little errors that have  
 escaped them; they would not bear the least proportion to the  
 infinite beauties to be met with in every page of their wrin-  
 tings. It is on this account that envy, through so many  
 ages, hath never been able to wrest from them the prize of  
 eloquence which their merits have so justly acquired: An  
 acquisition which they still are, and will in all probability  
 continue possessed of,

“As long as streams in silver mazes rove,

“Or spring with annual green renewes the grove.

Mr. Feston.

END OF THE SIXTEENTH BOOK.

THE

---

THE  
SEVENTEENTH BOOK  
OF THE  
ILLIAD

---

Thus, round her new-fall'n young, the heifer moves, &  
Fruit of her throes, and first-born of her loves;

And

cast on him in some parts of the Poem ; he sets him in the front of the army, exposing himself to danger in defending the body of *Patroclus*, and gives him the conquest of *Eosphorus*, who had the first hand in his death. He is represented as the foremost who appears in his defence, not only as one of a like disposition of mind with *Patroclus*, a kind and generous friend ; but as being more immediately concerned in honour to protect from injuries the body of a hero that fell in his cause. *Eustathius*. See the Note on v. 271. of the third Book.

V. 5. *Thus round her new-fall'n young, &c.*] In this comparison, as *Eustathius* has very well observed, the Poet, accommodating himself to the occasion, means only to describe the affection *Menelaus* had for *Patroclus*, and the manner in which he presented himself to defend his body : And this comparison is so much the more just and agreeable, as *Menelaus* was a Prince full of goodness and mildness. He must have little sense or knowledge in Poetry, who thinks that it ought to be suppressed. It is true, we should not use it now-a-days, by reason of the low ideas we have of the animals from which it is derived ; but those not being the ideas of Homer's time, they could not hinder him from making a proper use of such a comparison. *Dacier*.

V. id. *Thus round her new-fall'n young, &c.*] It seems to me remarkable that the several comparisons to illustrate the concern for *Patroclus* are taken from the most tender sentiments of nature. *Achilles*, in the beginning of the sixteenth book, considers him as a child, and himself as his mother. The sorrow of *Menelaus* is here described, as that of a heifer for her young one. Perhaps these are designed to intimate the excellent temper and goodness of *Patroclus*, which is expressed in that fine elegy of him in this book, v. 671. Μην γάρ ιριγά πιθυγεισιν, *He knew how to be good-natured to all men*. This gave all mankind these sentiments for him, and no doubt the same is strongly pointed at by the uncommon concern of the whole army to rescue his body.

The dissimilitude of manners between these two friends, *Achilles* and *Patroclus*, is very observable : Such friendships are not uncommon, and I have often assigned this reason for them, that it is natural for men to seek the assistance of those qualities in others which they want themselves. That is still better if applied to providence, which associates men of different

And anxious, (helpless as he lies, and bare)  
 Turns and returns her, with a mother's care,  
 Oppos'd to each that near the carcass came,  
 His broad shield glimmers, and his lances flame. 10

The son of *Panthus*, skill'd the dart to send,  
 Eyes the dead hero, and insults the friend.  
 This hand, *Atrides*, laid *Patreclus* low ;  
 Waris ! desist, nor tempt an equal blow : 15  
 To me the spoils, my prowess won, resign ;  
 Depart with life, and leave the glory mine.  
 The *Trojan* thus : the *Spartan* monarch burn'd.  
 With gen'rous anguish, and in scorn return'd :  
 Laugh'st thou not, *Joe !* from thy superior throne,  
 When mortals boast of prowess not their own ? 20  
 Not thus the lion glories in his might,  
 Nor panther braves his spotted foe in fight ;  
 Nor thus the boar (tho'st terrors of the plain)  
 Man only vaunts his force, and vaunts in vain.  
 But far the vainest of the boastful kind, 25  
 These sons of *Panthus* vent their haughty mind.

## K 4

Yet

rent and contrary qualities, in order to make a more perfect system. But, whatever is customary in nature, Homer had a good poetical reason for it ; for it affords many incidents to illustrate the manners of them both more strongly ; and is what they call a *contraste* in painting.

V. 11. *The son of Panthus.*) The conduct of Homer is admirable, in bringing *Euphorbus* and *Menelaus* together upon this occasion ; for hardly any thing, but such a signal revenge for the death of his brother, could have made *Euphorbus* stand the encounter. *Menelaus* putting him in mind of the death of his brother, gives occasion (I think) to one of the finest answery in all Homer ; in which the insolence of *Menelaus* is retorted in a way to draw pity from every reader ; and I believe there is hardly one, after such a speech, that would not wish *Euphorbus* had the better of *Menelaus* : A writer of Romances would not have failed to have given *Euphorbus* the victory. But however, it was fitter to make *Menelaus*, who had received the greatest injury, do the most revengeful actions,

Yet 'twas but late, beneath my conqu'ring steel  
 'Tis boaster's brother, *Hyperenor*, fell :  
 Against our arm, which rashly he defy'd,  
 Vain was his vigour, and as vain his pride. 30  
 These eyes beheld him on the dust expire,  
 No more to cheer his spouse, or glad his sire.  
 Presumptuous youth ! like his shall be thy doom,  
 Go, wait thy brother to the *Syrian* gloom ;  
 'Or, while thou may'st, avoid the threaten'd fate ; 35  
 Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late.

Unmov'd, *Euphorbus* thus : That action known,  
 Come, for my brother's blood repay thy own.  
 His weeping father claims thy destin'd head ;  
 And spouse, a widow in her bridal bed. 40  
 On these thy conquer'd spoils I shall bestow,  
 To sooth a consort's and a parent's woe.  
 No longer then defer the glorious strife,  
 Let heav'n decide our fortune, sapie, and life.

Swift as the word : the missile lance he flings,  
 The well aim'd weapon on the buckler rings ;  
 But blunted by the brafs innoxious falls :  
 On *Jove* the father, great *Atrides* calls.  
 Nor flies the jav'lin from his arm in vain,  
 It pierc'd his throat, and bent him to the plain ; 50  
 Wide thro' the neck appears the grizzly wound,  
 Prone sinks the warrior, and his arms resound.  
 The shining circlets of his golden hair,  
 Which ev'n the Graces might be proud to wear,  
 Instarr'd with gems and gold, bestrow the shore. 55  
 With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with gore.

As

V. 55. *Instarr'd with gems and gold.*] We have seen here a Trojan who iles gold and silver to adorn his hair : which made *Pliny* say, that he doubted whether the women were the first that

As the young olive, in some sylvan scene,  
 Crown'd by fresh fountains with eternal green,  
 Lifts the gay head, in snowy flow'rets fair,  
 And plays and dances to the gentle air ; 60  
 When lo ! a whirlwind from high-heav'n invades  
 The tender plant, and withers all its shades ;  
 It lies uprooted from its genial bed,  
 A lovely ruin now defac'd and dead.  
 Thus young, thus beautiful, *Euphorbus* lay, 65 :  
 While the fierce *Spartan* tore his arms away.  
 Proud of his deed, and glorious in the prize,  
 Affrighted *Troy* the tow'ring victor flies ;

K. 5.

Flies,

that used these ornaments. *Eft quidem apud eundem* [Home-  
 rum] *virorum crinibus aurum implexum, ideo nescio an prior usus*  
*a famis exaperit.* lib. 33. cap. 1. He might likewise  
 have strengthened his doubt by the custom of the *Athe-  
 nians*, who put into their hair grasshoppers of gold. *Dai-er.*

V. 57. *As the young olive, &c.*] This exquisite simile finely  
 illustrates the beauty and sudden fall of *Euphorbus*, in which the  
 allusion to that circumstance of his comely hair is peculiarly  
 happy. *Porphyry* and *Jambilius* acquaint us of the particular  
 affection *Pythagoras* had for these veries, which he set to the  
 harp, and used to repeat as his own *Epicedion*. Perhaps  
 it was his fondness of them which put it into his head to  
 say, that his soul transmigrated to him from this hero.  
 However it was, this conceit of *Pythagoras* is famous in  
 antiquity, and has given occasion to a dialogue in *Lucian*,  
 entitled *The Cock*, which is, I think the finest piece of that  
 author. :

V. 65. *Thus young, thus beautiful, Euphorbus lay.*] This is  
 the only *Trojan* whoe death the Poet laments, that he might  
 do the more honour to *Patroclus*, his hero's friend. The  
 comparison here used is very proper, for the olive always pre-  
 serves its beauty. But where the Poet speaks of the *Lapithæ*,  
 a hardy and warlike people, he compares them to *Oaks*, that  
 stand unmov'd in storms and tempests, and where *Hector* falls  
 by *Ajax*, he likens him to an *Oak* struck down by *Jove*'s thun-  
 der. Just after this soft comparison upon the beauty of *Eu-  
 phorbus*, he passes to another full of strength and terror, that of  
 the lion. *Eugathinius.*

Plies, as before some mountain Houn's ire -  
 The village curs, and trembling swains retire; 70.  
 When o'er the slaughter'd host they hear him roar,  
 And see his jaws distil with smoaking gore;  
 All pale with fear, at distance scatter'd round,  
 They shout incessant, and the vales resound.

Mean while *Apoll*o view'd with envious eyes, 75.  
 And urg'd great *Hector* to dispute the prize,  
 (In *Mentes*' shape, beneath whose martial care,  
 The rough *Ciconians* learn'd the trade of war.)  
 Forbear, he cry'd, with fruitless speed to chace.

*Achilles'* couriers of aethereal race; 80.  
 They stoop not, these, to mortal man's command,  
 Or stoop to none but great *Achilles'* hand;  
 Too long amus'd with a pursuit so vain,  
 Turn, and behold the brave *Euphorbus* slain!  
 By *Sparta* slain! for ever now suppress  
 The fire which burn'd in that undaunted breast! 85.

Thus having spoke, *Apoll*o wing'd his flight,  
 And mix'd with mortals in the toils of fight:  
 His words infix'd unutterable care,  
 Deep in great *Hector*'s soul: Thro' all the war 90.  
 He darts his anxious eye; and instant, view'd  
 The breathless hero in his blood imbain'd,  
 (Forth welling from the wound, as prone he lay)  
 And in the victor's hand the shining prey.  
 Sheath'd in bright armas, thro' cleaving ranks he flies,  
 And sends his voice in thunder to the skies; 95.  
 Fierce as a flood of flame by *Vulcan* sent,  
 It flew, and fir'd the nations as it went.  
*Atrides* from the voice the storm divin'd,  
 And thus explor'd his own unconquer'd mind. 100  
 Then shall I quit *Patroclus* on the plain,  
 Saith he, my cause, and for my honour slain;

Desert

Desert the arms, the relicks of my friend?  
 Or singly, *Hector* and his troops attend?  
 Sure where such partial favour heav'n bestow'd, 103  
 To brave the hero were to brave the God:  
 Forgive me, *Greece*, if once I quit the field;  
 'Tis not to *Hector*, but to heav'n I yield.  
 Yet, nor the God, nor heaven should give me fear,  
 Did but the voice of *Ajax* reach my ear: 110  
 Still would we turn; still battle on the plains,  
 And give *Achilles* all that yet remains  
 Of his and our *Patroclus*—This, no more,  
 The time allow'd: *Troy* thick'n'd on the shore,  
 A sable scene! The terrors *Hector* led: 115  
 Slow he recedes; and sighing quits the dead.  
 So from the fold th' unwilling lion parts,  
 Forc'd by loud clamours, and a storm of darts:  
 He flies indeed; but threatens as he flies,  
 With heart indignant and retorted eyes. 120  
 Now enter'd in the *Spartan* ranks, he turn'd  
 His manly breast, and with new fury burn'd;

O'er

V. 110. *Did but the voice of Ajax reach my ear.*] How observable is Homer's art of illustrating the value and glory of his heroes! *Menelaus*, who sees *Hector* and all the *Trojans* rushing upon him, would not retire if *Apollo* did not support them; and though *Apollo* does support them, he would oppose even *Apollo*, were *Ajax* but near him. This is glorious for *Menelaus*, and yet more glorious for *Ajax*, and very suitable to his character; for *Ajax* was the bravest of the *Greeks*, next to *Achilles*. *Dacier*, *Eustathius*.

V. 117. *So from the fold th' unwilling him.*] The beauty of the retreat of *Menelaus* is worthy notice. Homer is a great observer of imagery, that brings the thing represented before our view. It is indeed true, that lions, tigers, and beasts of prey are the only objects that can properly represent warriors: and therefore it is no wonder they are so often introduced. The inanimate things, as floods, fires, and storms, are the best, and only images of battles.

O'er all the black battalions sent his view,  
 And thro' the cloud the godlike *Ajax* knew ;  
 Where lab'ring on the left the warrior stood, 125  
 All grim in arms, and cover'd o'er with blood,  
 There breathing courage, where the God of Day  
 Had sunk each heart with terror and dismay.

To him the King. Oh ! *Ajax*, oh my friend !  
 Haste, and *Patroclus*' lov'd remains defend : 130  
 The body to *Achilles* to restore,  
 Demands our care ; alas ! we can no more !  
 For naked now, despoil'd of arms he lies ;  
 And *Hector* glories in the dazzling prize.  
 He said, and touch'd his heart. The raging pair 135  
 Pierc'd the thick battle, and provoke the war.  
 Already had stern *Hector* seiz'd his head,  
 And doon'd to *Trojan* dogs th' unhappy dead ;  
 But soon as *Ajax* rear'd his tow'r-like shield,  
 Sprung to his car, and measur'd back the field. 140  
 His train to *Troy* the radiant armour bear,  
 To stend a trophy of his fame in war.

Mean while great *Ajax* (his broad shield display'd)  
 Guards the dead hero with the dreadful shade ;  
 And now before, and now behind he stood. 145  
 Thus in the centre of scene gloomy wood,  
 With many a step the lionsess surrounds  
 Her tawny young beset with men and hounds ;

Elate

V. 137. *Already had stern Hector, &c.*] Homer takes care, so long before-hand, to lessen in his reader's mind the horror he may conceive from the cruelty that *Achilles* will exercise upon the body of *Hector*. That cruelty will be only the punishment of this which *Hector* here exercises upon the body of *Patroclus* ; he drags him, he designs to cut off his head, and to leave his body upon the ramparts, exposed to dogs and birds of prey. *Eustathius.*

Elate her heart, and rouzing all her pow'rs,  
Dark o'er the fiery balls each hanging eye-brow low'rs.  
Fast by his side the gen'rous *Spartan* glows 151  
With great revenge, and feeds his inward woes.

But *Glaucus*, leader of the *Lycian* aids,  
On *Hector* frowning, thus his flight upbraids.  
Where now in *Hector* shall we *Hector* find ? 155

A manly form without a manly mind.  
Is this, O chief ! a hero's boasted fame ?  
How vain, without the merit, is the name ?  
Since battle is renounc'd, thy thoughts employ

What other methods may preserve thy *Troy* : 160

'Tis time to try if *Hion*'s state can stand  
By thee alone, nor ask a foreign hand ;  
Mean, empty boast ! but shall the *Lycians* stake  
Their lives for you ? those *Lycians* you forsake ?

What from thy thankless arms can we expect ? 165  
Thy friend, *Sarpedon* proves thy base neglect :

Say, shall our daughter'd bodies guard your walls,  
While unreveng'd the great *Sarpedon* falls ?

Ev'n where he dy'd for *Troy*, you left him there,  
A feast for dogs, and all the fowls of air. 170

On my command if any *Lycian* wait,  
Hence let him march, and give up *Troy* to fate.

Did such a spirit as the Gods impart  
Impel one *Trojan* hand, or *Trojan* heart ;  
(Such, as should burn in ev'ry soul, that draws 175  
The sword for glory, and his country's cause)

Ev'n

V. 169. *You left him there, A feast for dogs.*] It was highly dishonourable in *Hector* to forsake the body of a friend and guest, and against the laws of *Jupiter Xenius*, or *hospitales*. For *Glaucus* knew nothing of *Sarpedon*'s being honoured with burial by the Gods, and sent embalmed into *Lycia*. *Eustathius.*

Ev'n yet our mutual arms we might employ,  
 And drag yon' carcass to the walls of *Frey*.  
 Oh ! were *Patroc'us* ours, we might obtain  
*Sarpedon's* arms, and honour'd corse again ! 180  
 Greece with *Achilles'* friend should be repaid,  
 And thus due honours purchas'd to his shade.  
 But words are vain—Let *Ajax* once appear,  
 And *Hector* trembles and recedes with fear ;  
 Thou dar'st not meet the terrors of his eye ; 185  
 And lo ! already thou prepar'st to fly.

The *Trojan*-chief with fix'd resentment ey'd  
 The *Lycian* leader, and sedate reply'd.

Say, is it just (my friend) that *Hector's* ear  
 From such a warrior such a speech should hear ? 190  
 I deem'd thee once the wisest of thy kind,  
 But ill this insult suits a prudent mind;  
 I shun great *Ajax*? I desert my train ?  
 'Tis mine to prove the rash assertion vain ;  
 I joy to mingle where the battle bleeds, 195  
 And hear the thunder of the sounding steeds.  
 But *Jove's* high will is ever uncontroll'd,  
 The strong he withers, and confounds the bold ;  
 Now crowns with fame the mighty man, and now  
 Strikes the fresh garland from the victor's brow ! 200  
 Come, thro' yon' squadrons let us hew the way,  
 And thou be witness, if I fear to-day ;  
 If yet a Greek the fight of *Hector* dread,  
 Or yet their hero dare defend the dead.

Then—

V. 193: *Ishun great Ajax?*] *Hector* takes no notice of the affronts that *Gleneus* had thrown upon him, as knowing he had in some respects a just cause to be angry ; but he cannot put up what he had said of his fearing *Ajax*, to which part he only replies : This is very agreeable to his heroick character. *Leftaking.*

Then turning to the martial hosts he cries, 205.  
*Ye Trojans, Dardans, Lycians, and allies!*  
 Be men (my friends) in action as in name,  
 And yet be mindful of your ancient fame.  
*Hector* in proud *Achilles'* arms shall shine,  
 Torn from his friend, by right of conquest mine. 210.

He strode along the field, as thus he said:  
 (The sable plumage nodded o'er his head)  
 Swift thro' the spacious plain he sent a look;  
 One instant saw, one instant overtook  
 The distant band, that on the sandy shore. 215;  
 The radiant spoils to sacred *Ilium* bore.

There

V. 209. *Hector in proud Achille's arms shall shine.*] The ancients have observed, that Homer causes the arms of *Achilles* to fall into *Hector*'s power, to equal in some sort those two heroes, in the battle wherein he is going to engage them. Otherwise it might be urged, that *Achilles* could not have killed *Hector*, without the advantage of having his armour made by the hand of a God, whereas *Hector*'s was only of the hand of a mortal; but since both were clad in armour made by *Vulcan*, *Achilles*'s victory will be complete, and in its full lustre. Besides this reason (which is for necessity and probability), there is also, another, for ornament; for Homer here prepares to introduce that beautiful Episode of the divine armour, which *Vulcan* makes for *Achilles*. *Eustathius*.

V. 216. *The radiant spoils to sacred Ilium bore.*] A difficulty may arise here, and the question may be asked, why *Hector* sent these arms to *Troy*? Why did he not take them at first? There are three answers, which I think are all plausible. The first, that *Hector* having killed *Patroclos*, and seeing the day very far advanced, had no need to take those arms for a fight almost at an end. The second, that he was impatient to shew to *Priam* and *Andromache* those glorious spoils. Thirdly, he perhaps at first intended to hang them up in some temple. *Glaucus*'s speech makes him change his resolution, he runs after those arms to fight against *Ajax*, and to win *Patroclos*'s body from him. *Dacier*.

Homer (says *Eustathius*) does not suffer the arms to be carried into *Troy* for these reasons. That *Hector* by wearing them

There his own mail unbrac'd the field bestrow'd ;  
 His train to *Troy* convey'd the massy load.  
 Now blazing in th' immortal arms he stands,  
 The work and present of celestial hands ; 220  
 By aged *Peleus* to *Achilles* giv'n,  
 As first to *Peleus* by the court of heav'n :  
 His father's arms not long *Achilles* wears,  
 Ferbid by fate to reach his father's years.  
 Him proud in triumph, glitt'ring from afar, 225  
 The God, whose thunder rends the troubled air,  
 Beheld with pity ; as apart he sat,  
 And conscious, look'd thro' all the scene of fate.  
 He shook the sacred honours of his head ;  
*Olympus* trembled, and the Godhead said : 230  
 Ah wretched man ! unmindful of thy end !  
 A moment's glory ! and what fates attend ?

In

them might the more encourage the *Trojans*, and be the more formidable to the *Greeks* ; That *Achilles* may recover them again when he kills *Hector* : And that he may conquer him, even when he is strengthened with that divine armour.

V. 231. Jupiter's speech to *Hector*.] The Poet prepares us for the death of *Hector*, perhaps to please the *Greek* readers, who might be troubled to see him shining in their hero's arms. Therefore *Jupiter* expresses his sorrow at the approaching fate of this unfortunate Prince, promises to repay his loss of life with glory, and nods, to give a certain confirmation to his words. He says, *Achilles* is the bravest *Greek*, as *Glaucus* had just said before ; the Poet thus giving him the greatest commendation, by putting his praise in the mouth of a God, and of an enemy, who were neither of them like to be prejudiced in his favour. *Eustathius*.

How beautiful is that sentiment upon the miserable state of mankind, introduced here so artfully, and so strongly enforced, by being put into the mouth of the supreme being ! And how pathetic the denunciation of *Hector's* death, by that circumstance of *Andromache's* disappointment, when she shall no more receive her hero glorious from the battle, in the armour of his conquered enemy !

In heav'ly Panoply divinely bright  
 'T thou stand'st, and armies tremble at thy sight,  
 As at *Achilles'* self ! beneath thy dart  
 Lies slain the great *Achilles'* dearer part : 235  
 Thou from the mighty dead those arms hast torn,  
 Which once the greatest of mankind had worn.  
 Yet live ! I give thee one illustrious day,  
 A blaze of glory ere thou sad'st away. 240  
 For ah ! no more *Andromache* shall come,  
 With joyful tears to welcome *Hector* home,  
 No more officious, with endearing charms,  
 From thy tir'd limbs unbrace *Pelides'* arms !

Then with his fable brow he gave the nod, 245  
 That seals his word, the sanction of the God.  
 The stubborn arms (by *Jove*'s command dispos'd)  
 Conform'd spontaneous, and around him clos'd ;  
 Fill'd with the God, enlarg'd his members grew,  
 Thro' all his veins a sudden vigour flew ; 250  
 The blood in-brisker tides began to roll,  
 And Mars himself came rushing on his soul.  
 Exhorting loud thro' all the field he strode,  
 And look'd, and mov'd, *Achilles*, or a God.  
 Now *Messibis*, *Glaucus*, *Medon* he inspires, 255  
 Now *Pbocrys*, *Chromius*, and *Hippoteus* fires ;  
 The great *Therphilochus* like fury found,  
 Afterbæus kindled at the sound,  
 And *Eunomus*, in augury renown'd.

Hear,

'V. 247. The stubborn arms, &amp;c.] The words are,

"H, καλ κυριόντιν' ὅπιστινος Κρούλης,

"Εποιει δ' ὅπιστος ταύχη τινὶ χρόι.

If we give *ὅπιστος* a passive signification, it will be, the arms fitted *Hector*; but if an active (as those take it who would put a greater difference between *Hector* and *Achilles*) then it belongs to *Jupiter*, and the sense will be, *Jupiter* made the arms fit for him, which were too large before; I have chosen the last as the more poetical sense.

Hear, all ye hosts, and hear, unnumber'd bands 260  
 Of neighb'ring nations, or of distant lands !  
 'Twas not for state we summon'd you so far,  
 To boast our numbers, and the pomp of war,  
 Ye came to fight ; a valiant foe to chase,  
 To save our present, and our future race. 265  
 For this, our wealth, our products you enjoy,  
 And glean the relicks of exhausted *Troy*.  
 Now then to conquer or to die prepare,  
 To die or conquer, are the terms of war.  
 Whatever hand shall win *Patroclus* slain, 270  
 Whoe'er shall drag him to the *Trojan* train,  
 With *Hector*'s self shall equal honours claim ;  
 With *Hector* part the spoil, and share the fame.

Fir'd by these words, the troops dismiss their fears ;  
 They join, they thicken, they pretend their spears ; 275  
 Full on the Greeks they drive in firm array,  
 And each from *Ajax* hopes the glorious prey :  
 Vain hope ! what numbers shall the field o'erspread,  
 What victims perish round the mighty dead !

Great *Ajax* mark'd the growing storm from far, 280  
 And thus bespoke his brother of the war.

Our

V. 260. *Unnumber'd bands Of neighb'ring nations.*] *Eustathius* has very well explained the artifice of this speech of *Hector*, who indirectly answers all *Glaucus*'s invectives, and humbles his vanity. *Glaucus* had just spoken as if the *Lycians* were the only allies of *Troy* ; and *Hector* here speaks of the numerous troops of different nations, which he expressly designs by calling them borderers upon his kingdom, thereby in some manner to exclude the *Lycians*, who were of a country more remote ; as if he did not vouchsafe to reckon them. He afterwards confutes what *Glaucus* said, " that if the *Lycians* " would take his advice, they would return home ; " for he gives them to understand, that being hired troops, they are obliged to perform their bargain, and to fight till the war is at an end. *Dacier*.

Our fatal day, alas ! is come (my friend).  
 And all our waxes and glories at an end !  
 'Tis not this corse alone we guard in vain,  
 Condemn'd to vultures on the *Trojan* plain ; 285  
 We too must yield ; the same sad fate must fall  
 On thee, on me, perhaps (my friend) on all.  
 See what a tempestt direful *Hector* spreads,  
 And lo ! it bursts, it thunders on our heads !  
 Call on our Greeks, if any hear the call, 290  
 The bravest Greeks : This hour demands them all.  
 The warrior rais'd his voice, and wide around  
 The field re-echo'd the distressful sound.  
 Oh chiefs ! or princes ! to whose hand is giv'n  
 The rule of men ; whose glory is from heav'n ! 295  
 Whom with due honours both *Atrides* grace :  
 Ye guides and guardians of the *Argive* race !  
 All, whom this well-known voice shall reach from far,  
 All, whom I see not thro' this cloud of war,  
 Come all ! let gen'rous rage your arms employ, 300  
 And save *Patroclus* from the dogs of *Troy*.  
 Oilean Ajax first the voice obey'd,  
 Swift was his pace, and ready was his aid ;  
 Next him *Idomeneus*, more slow with age,  
 And *Merion*, burning with a hero's rage. 305  
 The

V. 290. *Call on our Greeks.*] *Eustathius* gives three reasons why *Ajax* bids *Menelaus* call the *Greeks* to their assistance, instead of calling them himself. He might be ashamed to do it, lest it should look like fear, and turn to his dishonour : Or the chiefs were more likely to obey *Menelaus* : Or he had too much business of the war upon his hands, and wanted leisure more than the other.

V. 302. Oilean Ajax first.] *Ajax Oileus* (says *Eustathius*) is the first that comes, being brought by his love to the other *Ajax*, as it is natural, for one friend to fly to the assistance of another : To which we may add he might very probably come first, because he was the swiftest of all the heroes.

The long succeeding numbers who can name ?  
 But all were Greeks, and eager all for fame.  
 Fierce to the charge great *Hector* led the throng :  
 Whole Troy, embodied, rush'd with shouts along.  
 Thus, when a mountain bellow foams and raves, 310  
 Where some swoln river disengages his waves,  
 Full in the mouth is roll'd the rushing tide,  
 The boiling ocean works from side to side,  
 The river trembles to his utmost shore,  
 And distant rocks rebe low to the roar. 315

Nor less resolv'd, the firm *Achaian* band  
 With brazen shields in horrid circle stand :  
*Jove*, pouring darkness o'er the mingled fight,  
 Conceals the warriors' shining helms in night :  
 To him, the chief, for whom the hosts contend, 320  
 He liv'd not hateful, for he liv'd a friend :  
 Dead, he protects him with superior care,  
 Nor dooms his carcass to the birds of air.

The first attack the Grecians scarce sustain.  
 Repuls'd, they yield ; the Trojans seize the slain : 325  
 Then fierce they rally, to revenge led on  
 By the swift rage of *Ajax Telamon*.  
*(Ajax, to Peleus' son the second name,*  
*In graceful stature next, and next in fame.)*  
 With headlong force the foremost ranks he tore ; 330  
 So thro' the thicket bursts the mountain-boar,  
 And rudely scatters, far to distance round,  
 The frightened hunter, and the baying hound.

The

V. 318. *Jove, pouring darkness.*] Homer, who in all his former descriptions of battles is so fond of mentioning the lustre of the arms, here shades them in darkness ; perhaps alluding to the clouds of dust that were raised ; or to the throng of combatants ; or else to denote the lois of Greece, in *Patroclus* ; or lastly, that as the heavens had mourned *Sarpedon* in showers of blood, so they might *Patroclus* in clouds of darkness. *Eustathius.*

The son of *Leitus*, 'brave *Pelargus*' heir,  
*Hippothous*, dragg'd the carcass thro' the war ; 335  
 The sinewy ankles bor'd, the feet he bound  
 With thongs, inserted thro' the double wound :  
 Inevitable fate o'ertakes the deed ;  
 Doom'd by great *Ajax*' vengeful lance to bleed ;  
 It cleft the helmet's brazen cheeks in twain ; 340  
 The shatter'd crest, and horse-hair strow the plain :  
 With nerves relax'd he tumbles to the ground,  
 The brain comes gushing thro' the ghastly wound ;  
 He drops *Patreclus*' foot, and o'er him spread  
 Now lies, a sad companion of the dead : 345  
 Far from *Larissa* lies, his native air,  
 And ill requites his parent's tender care.  
 Lamented youth ! in life's first bloom he fell,  
 Sent by great *Ajax* to the shades of hell.  
 Once more at *Ajax*, *Hector*'s jav'lin flies ; 350  
 The Grecian, marking as it cut the skies,  
 Shunn'd the descending death ; which hissing on,  
 Stretch'd in the dust the great *Iphytus*' son,  
*Schedius* the brave, of all the *Phocian* kind  
 The boldest warrior, and the noblest mind : 355  
 In little *Panope* for strength renown'd,  
 He held his seat, and rul'd the realms around.  
 Plung'd

V. 356. *Panope* renown'd.] *Panope* was a small town twenty stadia from *Charonea*, on the side of mount *Parosaurus*, and it is hard to know why Homer gives it the epithet of *renown'd*, and makes it the residence of *Schedius*, King of the *Phocians*; when it was but nine hundred paces in circuit, and had no palace, nor gymnasium, nor theatre, nor market, nor fountain; nothing in short that ought to have been in a town which is the residence of a King. *Pausanias* (in *Phocic.*) gives the reason of it; he says, that as *Phocis* was exposed on that side to the inroads of the *Bastians*, *Schedius* made use of *Panope* as a fort of citadel, or place of arms. *Dacier.*

Plung'd in his throat, the weapon drank his blood,  
And deep transpiercing thro' the shoulder stood ;  
In clang ing anus the hero fell, and all 360  
The fields resounded with the weighty fall.  
*Phorcy, as slain Hippothous he defends,*  
*The Telamonian lance his belly rends ;*  
*The hollow armour burst before the stroke,*  
And thro' the wound the rushing entrails broke. 365  
In strong convulsions panting on the sands  
He lies, and grasps the dust with dying hands.

Struck at the fight, recede the Trojan train :  
The shouting *Argives* strip the heroes slain.  
And now had *Troy*, by *Greece* compell'd to yield, 370  
Fled to her ramparts, and resign'd the field ;  
*Greece*, in her native fortitude elate,  
With *Jove* averse, had turn'd the scale of fate :  
But *Phœbus*' urg'd *Aeneas* to the fight ;  
He seem'd like aged *Periphas* to fight ; 375  
(A herald in *Archiles'* love grown old,  
Rever'd for prudence, and with prudence bold.).

Thus he—what methods yet, oh chief ! remain,  
To save our *Troy*, tho' heav'n its fall ordain ?  
There have been heroes, who by virtuous care, 380  
By valour, numbers, and by arts of war,  
Have forc'd the pow'rs to spare a sinking state,  
And gain'd at length the glorious odds of fate.  
But you, when fortune smiles, when *Jove* declares  
His partial favour, and assists your wars, 385  
Your shameful efforts 'gainst yourselves employ,  
And force th' unwilling God to ruin *Troy*.

*Aeneas*

V. 375. *He seem'd like aged Periphas.*] The speech of *Periphas* to *Aeneas* hints at the double fate, and the necessity of means. It is much like that of St. Paul, after he was promised that no body should perish ; he says, *except these abide, ye cannot be saved.*

*Aeneas* thro' the form assu'm'd defries  
 The pow'r conceal'd, and thus to *Hector* cries :  
 Oh lasting shame ! to our own fears a prey, 390,  
 We seek our ramparts, and desert the day.  
 A God (nor is he less) my bosom warms,  
 And tells me, *Jove* asserts the *Trojan* arms.

He spoke, and foremost to the combat flew ;  
 The bold example all his hosts pursue. 395  
 Then first, *Leocritus* beneath him bled,  
 In vain belov'd by valiant *Lycomedes* ;  
 Who view'd his fall, and grieving at the chance,  
 Swift to revenge it, sent his angry lance :  
 The whirling lance, with vig'rous force address, 400  
 Descends, and pants in *Apisaon*'s breast :  
 From rich *Peonia*'s vales the warrior came ;  
 Next thee, *Asteropeus* ! in place and fame.  
*Asteropeus* with grief beheld the slain,  
 And rush'd to combat, but he rush'd in vain : 405  
 Indissolubly firm, around the dead,  
 Rank within rank, on buckler buckler spread,  
 And hemm'd with bristled spears, the *Grecians* stood ;  
 A brazen bulwark, and an iron wood.  
 Great *Ajax* eyes them with incessant care, 410  
 And in an orb contracts the crowded war,  
 Close in their ranks commands to fight or fall,  
 And stands the centre and the soul of all :  
 Fixt on the spot they war, and wounded, wound ;  
 A sanguine torrent steepes the reeking ground ; 415  
 On heaps the *Grecians*, on heaps the *Trojans* bled,  
 And thick'ning round 'em, rise the hills of dead.

*Greace*, in close order, and collected night,  
 Yet suffers least, and sways the wav'ring fight ;

Fierce

Fierce as conflicting fr-s, the combat bures, 420  
 And now it rises, now it sinks, by turns.  
 In one thick darkness all the fight was lost ;  
 The sun, the moon, and all th' ethereal host  
 Seen'd as extint : day ravish'd from their eyes,  
 And all heav'n's splendors blotted from the skies. 425  
 Such o'er *Patroclus'* body hung the night,  
 The rest in sunshine fought, and open light :  
 Unclouded there, th' aerial azure spread,  
 No vapour rested on the mountain's head,  
 The golden sun pour'd forth a stronger ray, 430  
 And all the broad expansion flan'd with day,  
 Dispers'd around the plain, by fits they fight,  
 And here and there, their scatter'd arrows light :  
 But death and darkness o'er the carcals spread,  
 'There burn'd the war, and there the mighty bled. 435

Mean while the sons of *Nestor*, in the rear,  
 ('I heir fellows routed) tofs the dittant spear,  
 And skirmish wide : So *Nestor* gave command,  
 When from the ships he sent the *Pylian* band.  
 The youthful brothers thus for fame contend, 440  
 Nor knew the fortune of *Achilles'* friend ;

In

V. 422. *In one thick darkness, &c.*] The darkness spread over the body of *Patroclus* is artful upon several accounts. First, a fine image of Poetry. Next, a token of *Jupiter*'s love to a righteous man : But the chief design is to protract the action ; which, if the *Trojans* had seen the spot, must have been decided one way or other in a very short time. Besides, the *Trojans* having the better in the action, must have seized the body, contrary to the intention of the author : There are innumerable instances of these little niceties and particularities of conduct in *Homer*.

V. 436. *Mean while the sons of Nestor, in the rear, &c.*] It is not without reason *Homer* in this place makes particular mention of the sons of *Nestor*. It is to prepare us against he sends one of them to *Achilles*, to tell him the death of his friend.

In thought they view'd him still, with martial joy,  
Glorious in arms, and dealing deaths to *Troy*.

But, round the corse, the heroes pant for breath,  
And thick and heavy grows the work of death : 445  
O'erlabour'd now, with dust, and sweat, and gore,  
Their knees, their legs, their feet are cover'd o'er ;  
Drops follow drops, the clouds on clouds arise,  
And carnage clogs their hands, and darkness fills their  
eyes.

As when a slaughter'd bull's yet reeking hide, 450  
Strain'd with full force, and tugg'd from side to side,  
The brawny curriers stretch ; and labour o'er  
Th' extended surface, drunk with fat and gore ;  
So tugging round the corps both armies stood ;  
The mangled body bath'd in sweat and blood : 455  
While Greeks and *Ilians* equal strength employ,  
Now to the ships to force it, now to *Troy*.  
Not *Pallas*' self, her breast when fury warms,  
Nor he, whose anger sets the world in arms,  
Could blame this scene ; such rage, such horror  
reign'd ; 460  
Such, *Jove* to honour the great dead ordain'd.

V. 450. *As when a slaughter'd bull's yet reeking hide.*] Homer gives us a most lively description of their drawing the body on all sides, and instructs us in the ancient manner of stretching hides, being first made soft and supple with oil. And though this comparison be one of those mean and humble ones which some have objected to, yet it has also its admirers for being so expressive, and for representing to the imagination the most strong and exact idea of the subject in hand. *Eustathius.*

V. 458. *Not Pallas' self.*] Homer says in the original, *Minerva* could not have found fault, tho' she " were angry." Upon which *Eustathius* ingeniously observes how common and natural it is for persons in anger to turn criticks, and find faults where there are none.

*Achilles* in his ships at distance lay,  
 Nor knew the fatal fortune of the day ;  
 He yet unconscious of *Patroclus*' fall,  
 In dust extended under *Ilion*'s wall, 465  
 Expects him glorious from the conquer'd plain,  
 And for his wish'd return prepares in vain ;  
 Tho' well he knew, to make proud *Ilion* bend,  
 Was more than heav'n had destin'd to his friend,  
 Perhaps to him : This *Tbetic* had reveal'd ; 470  
 The rest, in pity to her son, conceal'd.  
 Still rag'd the conflict round the hero dead,  
 And heaps on heaps, by mutual wounds, they bled.  
 Curs'd

V. 468. *To make proud Ilion bend,*  
*Was more than heav'n had destin'd to his friend,*  
*Perhaps to him.]* In these words the Poet artfully  
 hints at *Achilles*'s death ; he makes him not absolutely to flat-  
 ter himself with the hopes of ever taking *Troy* in his own per-  
 son ; however he does not say this expressly, but passes it over  
 as an ungrateful subject. *Eustathius.*

V. 471. *The rest, in pity to her son, conceal'd.]* Here (says  
 the same author) we have two rules laid down for common  
 use. One, not to tell our friends all their mischances at once,  
 it being often necessary to hide part of them, as *Tbetic* does  
 from *Achilles* : The other, not to push men of courage upon  
 all that is possible for them to do. Thus *Achilles*, tho' he  
 thought *Patroclus* able to drive the *Trojans* back to their gates,  
 yet he does not order him to do so much ; but only to save the  
 ships, and beat them back into the field.

Homer's admonishing the reader that *Achilles*'s mother had  
 concealed the circumstances of the death of his friend when  
 she instructed him in his fate ; and that all he knew, was only  
 that *Troy* could not be taken at that time ; this is a great in-  
 stance of his care of the probability, and of his having the whole  
 plan of the Poem at once in his head. For upon the supposi-  
 tion that *Achilles* was instructed in his fate, it was a natural ob-  
 jection, how came he to hazard his friend ? If he was ignorant  
 on the other hand of the impossibility of *Troy*'s being taken at  
 that time, he might, for all he knew, be robbed by his friend  
 (of whose valour he had so good an opinion) of that glory,  
 which he was unwilling to part with.

Curs'd be the man (ev'n private Greeks would say)  
Who dares desert this well disputed day ! 475

First may the cleaving earth before our eyes  
Gape wide, and drink our blood for sacrifice !  
First perish all, ere haughty *Troy* shall boast  
We lost *Patroclus*, and our glory lost.

Thus they. While with one voice the *Trojans* said,  
Grant this day, *Jove*! or heap us on the dead! 481

Then clash their sounding arms ; the clangors rise,  
And shake the brazen concave of the skies.

Mean time, at distance from the scene of blood,  
The pensive steeds of great Achilles stood; 485

## L 2 Their

V. 484. *At distance from the scene of blood.*] If the horses had not gone aside out of the war, Homer could not have introduced so well what he designed to their honour. So he makes them weeping in secret (as their master *Achilles* used to do) and afterwards coming into the battle, where they are taken notice of and purified by *Hector*. *Eustathius.*

V. 485. *The pensive steeds of great Achilles, &c.*] It adds a great beauty to a poem when inanimate things act like animate. Thus the heavens tremble at *Jupiter's* nod, the sea parts itself to receive *Neptune*, the groves of *Ida* shake beneath *Juno's* feet, &c. As also to find animate or brute creatures ad-drest to, as if rational: So *Hector* encourages his horses; and one of *Achilles's* is endued not only with speech, but with fore-knowledge of future events. Here thou weep for *Patroclus*, and stand fixed and immovable with grief: Thus is this hero universally mourned, and every thing concurs to lament his loss. *Eufatibus.*

As to the particular fiction of the horses weeping, it is countenanced both by naturalists and historians. *Aristotle*, and *Pliny* write, that these animals often deplore their masters lost in battle, and even shed tears for them. So *Solinus*, c. 47. *Aelian* relates the like of elephants, when they are carried from their native country, *De animali*, lib. 10. c. 17. *Sustenius*, in the life of *Caesar* tells us, that several horses which at the passage of the *Rubicon* had been consecrated to *Mars*, and turned loose on the banks, were observed some days after to abatian from feeding, and to weep abundantly. *Proximis diebus, equorum gressus quo in trajicendo Rubicone flumine Marti consecratus, ac fine* *extinde*

Their godlike master slain before their eyes,  
They wept and shar'd in human miseries.  
In vain *Automedon* now shakes the rein,  
Now plies the lash, and sooths and threats in vain ;  
Nor to the fight, or *Hellespont* they go ; 490  
Restive they stood, and obstinate in woe :  
Still as a tomb-stone, never to be mov'd,  
On some good man, or woman unreprov'd,  
Lays its eternal weight ; or fix'd as stands  
A marble courser by the sculptor's hands, 495  
Plac'd on the Hero's grave. Along their face,  
The big round drops cours'd down with silent pace,  
Conglobing on the dust. Their manes, that late  
Circled their arched necks, and wav'd in state,

Trail'd

*custode rages dimiserat, comperit pabul pertinacissime abstinere,*  
*ubertimque sterc. cap. 81.*

Virgil could not forbear copying this beautiful circumstance,  
in these fine lines on the horse of *Pallas*.

*Pestibulat equus, pystis insignibus, Eth: n.*  
*It lacrymans, guttisque humectat grandibus ora.*

V. 494. *Or fix'd as stands A marble courser, &c.*] Homer alludes to the custom in those days of placing columns upon tombs, on which columns there were frequently chariots with two or more horses. This furnished Homer with this beautiful image, as if these horses meant to remain there, to serve for an immortal monument to *Patreclus*. *Dacier*.

I believe M. Dacier refines too much in this note. Homer says, — *πεπονικός*, and seems to turn the thought only on the firmness of the column, and not on the imagery of it : Which would give it an air a little too modern ; like that of *Shakspear, She sat like Patience on a monument, smiling at Grief*.—Be it as it will, this conjecture is ingenious ; and the whole comparison is as beautiful as just. The horses standing still to mourn for their master, could not be more finely represented than by the dumb sorrow of images standing over a tomb. Perhaps the very posture in which these horses are described, their heads bowed down, and their manes falling in the dust, has an allusion to the attitude in which those statues on monuments were usually represented : There are *Bais-Reliefs* that favour this conjecture.

Trail'd on the dust beneath the yoke were spread, 500  
 And prone to earth was hung their languid head :  
 Nor *Jove* disdain'd to cast a pitying look,  
 While thus relenting to the steeds he spoke.

Unhappy coursers of immortal strain !  
 Exempt from age, and deathless now in vain ; 505  
 Did we your race on mortal man bestow,  
 Only alas ! to share in mortal woe ?  
 For ah ! what is there, of inferior birth,  
 That breathes or creeps upon the dust of earth ;  
 What wretched creature of what wretched kind, 510  
 Than man more weak, calamitous, and blind ?  
 A miserable race ! but cease to mourn :  
 For not by you shall *Priam*'s son be borne  
 High on the splendid car : One glorious prize  
 He rashly boasts ; the rest our will denies. 515  
 Ourself will swiftness to your nerves impart,  
 Ourself with rising spirits swell your heart,  
*Automedon* your rapid flight shall bear  
 Safe to the navy thro' the storm of war.  
 For yet 'tis giv'n to *Troy*, to ravage o'er 520  
 The field, and spread her slaughter to the shore ;  
 The sun shall see her conquer, till his fall  
 With sacred darkness shades the face of all.

L 3

He

V. 522. *The sun shall see Troy conquer.*] It is worth observing with what art and economy Homer conducts his fable to bring on the catastrophe. *Achilles* must hear *Patreclus*'s death ; *Hector* must fall by his hand : This cannot happen if the armies continue fighting about the body of *Patreclus* under the walls of *Troy*. Therefore, to change the face of affairs, *Jupiter* is going to raise the courage of the *Trojans*, and make them repulse and chase the *Greeks* again as far as their fleet ; this obliges *Achilles* to go forth, tho' without arms, and thereby every thing comes to an issue. *Dacier.*

He said ; and breathing in th' immortal horse  
 Excessive spirit, urg'd 'em to the course ; 525  
 From their high manes they shake the dust, and bear  
 The kirdling chariot thro' the parted war.  
 So flies a vulture thro' the clam'rous train  
 Of geese, that scream, and scatter round the plain.  
 From danger now with swiftest speed they flew, 530  
 And now to conquest with like speed pursue ;  
 Sole in the seat the charioteer remains,  
 Now plies the jav'lin, now directs the reins :  
 Him brave *Alcimedon* beheld distract,  
 Approach'd the chariot, and the chief address'd. 535

What God provokes thee, rashly thus to dare,  
 Alone, unaided, in the thick'ft war ?  
 Alas ! thy friend is slain, and *Hector* wields  
*Achilles'* arms triumphant in the fields.

In happy time (the charioteer replies) 540  
 'The bold *Alcimedon* now greets my eyes ;  
 No Greek like him the heav'ly steeds restrains,  
 Or holds their fury in suspended reins :  
*Patroclus*, while he liv'd, their rage could tame,  
 But now *Patroclus* is an empty name ! 545  
 To thee I yield the seat, to thee resign  
 The ruling charge : the task of fight be mine.

He said. *Alcimedon*, with active heat,  
 Snatches the reins, and vaults into the seat.  
 His friend descends. The chief of *Troy* descri'd, 550  
 And call'd *Aeneas* fighting near his side.  
 Lo ! to my sight beyond our hope restor'd,  
*Achilles'* car, deserted of its Lord !  
 The glorious steeds our ready arms invite,  
 Scarce their weak drivers guide them thro' the fight :

Can

V. 555. *Scarce their weak drivers.* [ There was but one driver, since *Alcimedon* was alone upon the chariot ; and *Aeneas* medon

Can such opponents stand when we assail ? 556  
 Unite thy force, my friend, and we prevail.

The son of *Venus* to the counsel yields :  
 Then o'er their backs they spread their solid shields :  
 With brass resplendent the broad surface shin'd, 560  
 And thick bull hides the spacious concave lin'd.  
 Them *Chromius* follows, *Aretus* succeeds,  
 Each hopes the conquest of the lofty steeds ;  
 In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn,  
 In vain advance ! not fated to return. 565

L 4. Unmov'd,

*medan* was got down to fight. But in poetry, as well as in painting, there is often but one moment to be taken hold on. *Hector* sees *Alcimedon* mount the chariot, before *Automedon* was descended from it ; and thereupon judging of their intention, and seeing them both as yet upon the chariot, he calls to *Aeneas*. He terms them both drivers in mockery, because he saw them take the reins one after the other ; as if he said, that chariot had two drivers, but never a fighter. 'Tis one single moment that makes this image. In reading the Poets one often falls into great perplexities, for want of rightly distinguishing the point of time in which they speak. *Dacier*.

The art of *Homer*, in this whole passage concerning *Automedon*, is very remarkable ; in finding out the only proper occasion, for so renowned a person as the charioteer of *Achilles* to signalize his valour.

V. 564. *In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn,  
 In vain advance ! not fated to return.*]

These beautiful anticipations are frequent in the Poets, who affect to speak in the character of prophets, and men inspired with the knowledge of futurity. Thus *Virgil* to *Turnus*.

*Nescia mens hominum fati.—Turnus tempus erit, &c.*

So *Tasso*, Cant. 12. when *Argante* had vowed the destruction of *Tancred*.

*O vani giuramenti ! Ecco contrari  
 Seguir t'sto gli effetti a l' a ta speme :  
 E cader questi in teneon pari, sinto  
 Sotto colui, ch' ei jà già prefo, e vinto.*

And *Milton* makes the like apostrophe to *Eve* at her leaving *Adam* before she met the serpent.

Unmov'd, *Automedon* attends the fight,  
 Implores th' Eternal, and collects his might.  
 Then turning to his friend, with dauntless mind :  
 Oh keep the foaming coursers close behind !  
 Full on my shoulders let their nostrils blow, 570  
 For hard the fight, determin'd is the foe ;  
 'Tis *Hector* comes ; and when he seeks the prize,  
 War knows no mean : he wins it, or he dies.

Then thro' the field he sends his voice aloud,  
 And calls th' *Ajaces* from the warring crowd, 575  
 With great *Atrides*. Hither turn (he said)  
 Turn where distress demands immediate aid ;  
 The dead, encircled by his friends, forego,  
 And save the living from a fiercer foe.  
 Unhelp'd we stand, unequal to engage 580  
 The force of *Hector*, and *Aeneas'* rage :  
 Yet mighty as they are, my force to prove,  
 Is only mine : th' event belongs to *Jove*.

He spoke, and high the sounding jav'lin flung,  
 Which pafs'd the shield of *Aretus* the young ; 585  
 It pierc'd his belt, emboss'd with curious art ;  
 Then in the lower belly stuck the dart.  
 As when the pond'rous axe, descending full,  
 Cleaves the broad forehead of some brawny bull ;  
 Struck 'twixt the horns, he springs with many a bound,  
 Then tumbling rolls enormous on the ground : 590  
 Thus fell the youth ; the air his soul receiv'd,  
 And the spear trembled as his entrails heav'd.

Now

— *She to him engag'd*  
*To be return'd by noon amid the boro'r,*  
*And all things in best order to invite*  
*Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose.*  
*O much deceiv'd, much failing, baples! Eve!*  
*Thou never from that hour, in Paradise,*  
*Found'st either sweet repast, or sound repose.*

Now at *Automedon* the *Trojan* foe  
 Discharg'd his lance ; the meditated blow,  
 Stoops he shunn'd ; the jav'lin idly fled,  
 And his'd innoxious o'er the hero's head :  
 Deep rooted in the ground, the forceful spear  
 In long vibrations spent its fury there.  
 With clashing faulchions now the chiefs had clos'd, 600  
 But each brave *Ajax* heard, and interpos'd ;  
 Nor longer *Hector* with his *Trojans* stood,  
 But left their slain companion in his blood :  
 His arms *Automedon* divests, and cries,  
 Accept, *Patreclus*, this mean sacrifice. 605  
 Thus have I sooth'd my griefs, and thus have paid,  
 Poor as it is, some off'ring to thy shade.  
 So looks the lion o'er a mangled boar,  
 All grim with rage, and horrible with gore :  
 High on the chariot at one bound he sprung, 610  
 And o'er his seat the bloody trophies hung.  
 And now *Minerva*, from the realms of air,  
 Descends impetuous, and renews the war ;  
 For, pleas'd at length the *Grecian* arms to aid,  
 The Lord of Thunders sent the blue-ey'd maid. 615  
 As when high *Jove* denouncing future woe,  
 O'er the dark clouds extends his purple bow,  
 (In sign of tempests from the troubled air,  
 Or, from the rage of man, destructive war)  
 The drooping cattle dread th' impending skies, 620  
 And from his half-till'd field the lab'rer flies.  
 In such a form the Goddess round her drew  
 A livid cloud, and to the battle flew.  
 Assuming *Phœnix'* shape, on earth she falls,  
 And in his well-known voice to *Sparta* calls. 625

And lies *Achilles'* friend, belov'd by all,  
 A prey to dogs beneath the *Trojan* wall?  
 What shane to *Greece* for future times to tell,  
 To thee the greatest, in whose cause he fell!

O chief, oh father! (*Atreus'* son replies). 630  
 O full of days! by long experience wise!  
 What more defires my soul, than here, unmov'd,  
 To guard the body of the man I lov'd?  
 Ah would *Minerva* send me strength to rear  
 This weary'd arm, and ward the storm of war! 635  
 But *Hector*, like the rage of fire, we dread,  
 And *Jove*'s own glories blaze around his head.

Pleas'd to be first of all the pow'rs addrest,  
 She breathes new vigour in her hero's breast,  
 And fills with keen revenge, with fell despight, 640  
 Desire of blood, and rage, and lust of fight.  
 So burns the vengeful hornet (soul all o'er)  
 Repuls'd in vain, and thirsty still of gore;  
 (Bold son of air and heat) on angry wings  
 Untam'd, untir'd, he turns, attacks, and stings: 645  
 Fir'd with like ardour fierce *Atrides* flew,  
 And sent his soul with ev'ry lance he threw.

There stood a *Trojan*, not unknown to fame,  
*Eetion*'s son, and *Podes* was his name;

With

V. 642. *So burns the vengeful hornet, &c.*] It is literally in the Greek, *She inspired the hero with the boldness of a fly.* There is no impropriety in the comparison, this animal being of all others the most persevering in its attacks and the most difficult to be beaten off: The occasion also of the comparison being the resolute persistance of *Menelaus* about the dead body, renders it still more just. But our present idea of the fly is indeed very low, as taken from the littleness and insignificance of this creature. However, since there is really no meanness in it, there ought to be none in expressing it; and I have done my best in the translation to keep up the dignity of my author.

With riches honour'd, and with courage blest; 650  
 By *Hector* lov'd, his comrade, and his guest:  
 Thro' his broad belt the spear a passage found,  
 And pond'rous as he falls, his arms resound.  
 Sudden at *Hector*'s side *Apollo* stood,  
 Like *Phœnops*, *Ajus*' son, appear'd the God; 655  
 (*Ajus* the great, who held his wealthy reign  
 In fair *Abydos*, by the rolling main.)

Oh Prince (he cry'd) oh foremost once in fame!  
 What *Grecian* now shall tremble at thy name?  
 Dost thou at length to *Menelaus* yield; 660  
 A chief, once thought no terror of the field;  
 Yet singly, now, the long-disputed prize  
 He bears victorious, while our army flies.  
 By the same arm illustrious *Podes* bled,  
 The friend of *Hector*, unreveng'd is dead! 665  
 This heard, o'er *Hector* spreads a cloud of woe,  
 Rage lifts his lance, and drives him on the foe.

But now th' Eternal shook his fable shield,  
 That shaded *Ide*, and all the subject field  
 Beneath its ample verge. A rolling cloud 670  
 Involv'd the mount, the thunder roar'd aloud:  
 Th' affrighted hills from their foundations nod,  
 And blaze beneath the lightnings of the God:  
 At one regard of his all-seeing eye,  
 The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors fly, 675

Then trembled *Greece*: The flight *Peneus* led;  
 For as the brave *Bœotian* turn'd his head  
 To face the foe, *Polydamas* drew near,  
 And raz'd his shoulder with a shorten'd spear:

By

V. 651. *By Hector lov'd, his comrade, and his guest.*] *Podes*, the favourite and companion of *Hector*, being killed on this occasion, seems a parallel circumstance to the death of *Achilles*'s favourite and companion; and was probably put in here on purpose to engage *Hector* on a like occasion with *Achilles*.

By *Hector* wounded, *Leitus* quits the plain, 680 }  
 Pierc'd thro' the wrist ; and raging with the pain,  
 Grasps his once formidable lance in vain.

As *Hector* follow'd, *Idomen* addrest  
 The flaming jav'lin to his manly breast ;  
 The brittle point before his coifet yields ; 685  
 Exulting *Troy* with clamour fills the fields :  
 High on his chariot as the *Cretan* stood,  
 The son of *Priam* whirl'd the missive wood :  
 But erring from its aim, th' impetuous spear  
 Strook to the dust the 'squire and charioteer 690  
 Of martial *Merion* : *Cæranus* his name,  
 Who left fair *Lucius* for the fields of fame.  
 On foot bold *Merion* fought ; and now laid low,  
 Had grac'd the triumphs of his *Trojan* foe ;  
 But the brave 'squire the ready coursers brought, 695  
 And with his life his master's safety bought.  
 Between his cheek and ear the weapon went,  
 The teeth it shatter'd, and the tongue it rent.  
 Prone from the seat he tumbles to the plain ;  
 His dying hand forgets the falling rein : 700  
 This *Merion* reaches, bending from the car,  
 And urges to desert the hopeless war ;  
*Idomeneus* consents ; the lash applies ;  
 And the swift chariot to the navy flies.

Nor *Ajax* less the will of heav'n descry'd, 705  
 And conquest shifting to the *Trojan* side,  
 Turn'd by the hand of *Jove*. Then thus began,  
 To *Atreus'* feed, the godlike *Telamon*.

Alas ! who sees not *Jove*'s almighty hand  
 Transfers the glory to the *Trojan* band ? 710  
 Whether the weak or strong discharge the dart,  
 He guides each arrow to a *Grecian* heart :

Not

Not so our spears: incessant tho' they rain,  
He suffers ev'ry lance to fall in vain.  
Deserted of the Gods, yet let us try 715  
What human strength and prudence can supply;  
If yet this honour'd corse, in triumph borne,  
May glad the fleets that hope not our return,  
Who tremble yet, scarce rescued from their fates,  
And still hear *Hector* thund'ring at their gates. 720  
Some hero too must be dispatch'd to bear  
The mournful message to *Pelides'* ear;  
For sure he knows not, distant from the shore,  
His friend, his lov'd *Patroclus*, is no more.  
But such a chief I spy not thro' the host: 725  
The men, the steeds, the armies, all are lost  
In gen'ral darkness—Lord of Earth and Air!  
Oh King! oh father! hear my humble pray'r:  
Dispel this cloud, the light of heav'n restore;  
Give me to see, and *Ajax* asks no more: 730  
If Greece must perish, we thy will obey;  
But let us perish in the face of day!

With

V. 721. *Some hero too must be dispatch'd, &c.*] It seems odd that they did not sooner send this message to *Achilles*; but there is some apology for it from the darkness, and the difficulty of finding a proper person. It was not every body that was proper to send, but one who was a particular friend to *Achilles*, who might condole with him. Such was *Antilochus* who is sent afterwards, and who, besides, had that necessary qualification of being πόδας ὥντος. *Eustathius*.

V. 731. *If Greece must perish, we thy will obey;*  
*But let us perish in the face of day!]*

This thought has been looked upon as one of the sublimest in Homer: *Longinus* represents it in this manner: "The thickest darkness had on a sudden covered the Grecian army, and hindered them from fighting: When, *Ajax*, not knowing what course to take, cries out, *Oh Jove! disperse this darkness which covers the Greeks, and, if we must perish, let us perish in the light!* This is a sentiment truly worthy of *Ajax*: " he

How skill'd he was in each obliging art ; 755  
 The mildest manners, and the gentlest heart :  
 He was, alas ! but fate decreed his end ;  
 In death a hero, as in life a friend !

So parts the chief ; from rank to rank he flew,  
 And round on all sides fent his piercing view. 760  
 As the bold bird, endu'd with sharpest eye  
 Of all that wing the mid aerial sky,  
 The sacred eagle, from his walks above  
 Looks down, and sees the distant thicket move ;  
 Then stoops, and swoing on the quiv'ring hare, 765  
 Snatches his life amid the clouds of air.  
 Nor with less quickness, his exerted sight  
 Pass'd this, and that way, thro' the ranks of fight :  
 'Till on the left the chief he sought, he found ;  
 Clearing his men, and spreading deaths around. 770

To him the King. Belov'd of *Jove* ! draw near,  
 For sadder tidings never touch'd thy ear.  
 Thy eyes have witness'd what a fatal turn !  
 How *Hion* triumphs, and th' *Achaeans* mourn.  
 This is not all : *Patroclus*, on the shore 775  
 Now pale and dead, shall succour *Greece* no more.  
 Fly to the fleet, this instant fly, and tell  
 The sad *Achilles* how his lov'd one fell :  
 He too may haste the naked corps to gain ;  
 The arms are *Hector*'s, who despoil'd the slain. 780

The

V. 756. *The mildest manners, and the gentlest heart.*] This is a fine eulogium of *Patroclus*: Homer dwells upon it on purpose, lest *Achilles*'s character should be mistaken; and shews by the praises he bestows here upon goodness, that *Achilles*'s character is not commendable for morality. *Achilles*'s manners, entirely opposite to those of *Patroclus*, are not morally good; they are only poetically so, that is to say, they are well marked; and discover before-hand what resolutions that hero will take: As hath been at large explained upon *Aristotele's Poeticks*, *Dacier*.

The youthful warrior heard with silent woe,  
 From his fair eyes the tears began to flow ;  
 Big with the mighty grief, he strove to say  
 What sorrow dictates, but no word found way.  
 To brave *Laodocus* his arms he flung, 785  
 Who, near him wheeling, drove his steeds along ;  
 Then ran, the mournful message to impart,  
 With tearful eyes, and with dejected heart.

Swift fled the youth : nor *Menelaus* stands,  
 (Tho' sore distrest) to aid the *Pylian* bands ; 790  
 But bids bold *Thrasymede* those troops sustain ;  
 Himself returns to his *Patroclus* slain.  
 Gone is *Antilochus* (the hero said)  
 But hope not, warriors, for *Achilles'* aid :  
 Tho' fierce his rage, unbounded be his woe, 795  
 Unarm'd, he fights not with the *Trojan* foe.  
 'Tis in our hands alone our hopes remain,  
 'Tis our own vigour must the dead regain ;  
 And save ourselves, while with impetuous hate  
*Troy* pours along, and this way rolls our fate. 800  
 'Tis

V. 781. *The youthful warrior heard with silent woe.*] Homer ever represents an excess of grief by a deep horror, silence, weeping, and not enquiring into the manner of his friend's death : Nor could *Antilochus* have expressed his sorrow in any manner so moving as silence. *Eustathius.*

V. 785. *To brave Laodocus his arms be flung.*] *Antilochus* leaves his armour, not only that he might make the more haste, but (as the ancients conjecture) that he might not be thought to be absent by the enemies : and that seeing his armour on some other person, they might think him still in the fight. *Eustathius.*

V. 794. *But hope not, warriors, for Achilles' aid !*  
*Unarm'd--]* This is an ingenious way of making the valour of *Achilles* appear the greater ; who, though without arms, goes forth, in the next book, contrary to the expectation of *Ajax* and *Menelaus*. *Dacier.*

'Tis well, (said *Ajax*) be it then thy care,  
 With *Merion*'s aid, the weighty corse to rear ;  
 Myself, and my bold brother will sustain  
 The shock of *Hector* and his charging train :  
 Nor fear we armies, fighting side by side ;      805  
 What *Troy* can dare, we have already try'd,  
 Have try'd it, and have stood. The hero said.  
 High from the ground the warriors heave the dead.  
 A gen'ral clamour rises at the sight :  
 Loud shout the *Trojans*, and renew the fight :      810  
 Not fiercer rush along the gloomy wood,  
 With rage insatiate and with thirst of blood,  
 Voracious hounds, that many a length before  
 Their furious hunters, drive the wounded boar ;  
 But if the savage turns his glaring eye,      815  
 They howl aloof, and round the forest fly.  
 Thus on retreating *Greece* the *Trojans* pour,  
 Wave their thick faulchions, and their jav'ljins show'r :  
 But *Ajax* turning, to their fears they yield,  
 All pale they tremble, and forsake the field.      820  
 While thus aloft the hero's corse they bear,  
 Behind them rages all the storm of war ;  
 Confusion, tumult, horror, o'er the throng  
 Of men, steeds, chariots, urg'd the rout along :  
 Less fierce the winds with rising flames conspire,      825  
 To whel'm four e city under waves of fire ;

Now

V. 825, &c.] The heap of images which *Homer* throws together at the end of this book, makes the same action appear with a very beautiful variety. The description of the burning city is short but very lively. That of *Ajax* alone bringing up the rear guard, and shielding those that bore the body of *Patroclus* from the whole *Trojan* host, gives a prodigious idea of *Ajax*, and, as *Homer* has often hinted, makes him just second to *Achilles*. The image of the beam paints the great stature

Now sink in gloomy clouds the proud abodes;  
Now crack the blazing temples of the Gods;  
The rumbling torrent thro' the ruin rolls,  
And sheets of smoke mount heavy to the poles. 830  
The heroes sweat beneath their honour'd load;  
As when two mules, along the rugged road,  
From the steep mountain with exerted strength  
Drag some vast beam, or mast's unwieldy length;  
Inly they groan, big drops of sweat distill. 835  
Th' enormous timber lumb'ring down the hill:  
So these—Behind, the bulk of *Ajax* stands,  
And breaks the torrent of the rushing bands.  
Thus when a river swell'd with sudden rains  
Spreads his broad waters o'er the level plains, 840  
Some interposing hill the stream divides,  
And breaks its force, and turns the winding tides.  
Still close they follow, close the rear engage;  
*Aeneas* storms, and *Hector* foams with rage:  
While *Greece* a heavy, thick retreat maintains, 845  
Wedg'd in one body, like a flight of cranes,  
That shriek incessant, while the falcon, hung  
High on poi'd pinions, threatens their callow young.  
So from the *Trojan* chiefs, the *Grecian* fly,  
Such the wild terror, and the mingled cry: 850

Within

ture of *Patreclus*: That of the hill dividing the stream is noble and natural.

He compares the *Ajaces* to a boar, for their fierceness and boldness; to a long bank that keeps off the course of the waters, for their standing firm and immovable in the battle: Those that carry the dead body, to mules dragging a vast beam for their laboriousness: The body carried to a beam, for being heavy and inanimate: The *Trojans* to dogs for their boldness; and to water, for their agility in moving backwards and forwards: The *Greeks* to a flight of starlings and jays, for their timorousness and swiftness. *Eustathius*.

Within, without the trench, and all the way,  
Strow'd in bright heaps, their arms and armour lay;  
Such horror *Yew* imprest! Yet still proceeds  
The work of death, and still the battle bleeds.

T H E

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T H E

E I G H T E E N T H B O O K

O F T H E

I L I A D.

---

Within, without the trench, and all the way,  
Strow'd in bright heaps, their arms and armour lay,  
Such horror *Foe's* imprest ! Yet still proceeds  
The work of death, and still the battle bleeds.

T H E

---

T H E

E I G H T E E N T H   B O O K

O F T H E

I        L        I        A        D.

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## The A R G U M E N T.

The grief of *Achilles*, and new armour made him by *Vulcan*.

**T**HE news of the death of Patroclus is brought to Achilles by Antilochus. Thetis bearing his lamentations, comes with all her sea nymphs to comfort him. The speeches of the mother and son on this occasion. Iris appears to Achilles by the command of Juno, and orders him to bethew himself at the head of the intrenchments. The fight of him turns the fortune of the day, and the body of Patroclus is carried off by the Greeks. The Trojans call a council, where Hector and Polydamas disagree in their opinions; but the advice of the former prevails, to remain encamped in the field: The grief of Achilles over the body of Patroclus.

Thetis goes to the Palace of Vulcan, to obtain new arms for her son. The description of the wonderful works of Vulcan; and lastly, that noble one of the shield of Achilles.

The latter part of the nine and twentieth day, and the night ensuing, take up this book. The scene is at Achilles's tent on the seashore, from whence it changes to the palace of Vulcan.

T H E

THE  
EIGHTEENTH BOOK  
OF THE  
LIA

**T**HUS like the rage of fire the combat burns,  
And now it rises, now it sinks by turns.  
Meanwhile, where *Helespont*'s broad waters flow,  
Stood *Nestor*'s son, the messenger of woe :  
There fate *Achilles*, shaded by his sails,  
On hoisted yards extended to the gales ;

## Penfrye

V. 1. *Thus like the rage of fire, &c.*] This phrase is usual in our author, to signify a sharp battle fought with heat and fury on both parts; such an engagement, like a flame, preying upon all sides, and dying the sooner, the fiercer it burns. *En-  
flatus.*

V. 6. *On hoisted yards.*] The epithet ἐποκρασίαν in this place has a more than ordinary signification. It implies that the sail-yards were hoisted up, and *Achilles's* ships on the point to set sail. This shews that it was purely in compliance to his friend that he permitted him to succour the *Greeks*; he meant to leave them as soon as *Patreclus* returned; he still remembered what he told the ambassadors in the ninth book; V. 363. *To-morrow you shall see my fleet set sail.* Accordingly this is the day appointed, and he is fixed to his resolution: This circumstance wonderfully strengthens his implacable character.

Cast on the ground, with furious hand he spread  
 The scorching ashes o'er his graceful head ;  
 His purple garments and his golden hairs,  
 Those he deforms with dust, and these he tears : 30  
 On the hard soil his groaning' breast he threw,  
 And roll'd and grovell'd, as to earth he grew.  
 The virgin captives, with disorder'd charms,  
 (Won by his own, or by *Patroclus'* arms) 34  
 Rush'd from the tents with cries ; and gath'ring round,  
 Beat their white breasts, and fainted on the ground :  
 While *Nestor*'s son sustains a manlier part,  
 And mourns the warrior with a warrior's heart ;  
 Hangs on his arms, amidst his frantick woe,  
 And oft prevents the meditated blow. 40

Far

*Agamemnon* in the beginning of the Poem) and knowing, besides, that he was to perish there, required some very pressing motives to engage him to persist in it, after such disgusts and insults as he had received. It was this which made it necessary for these two great Poets to treat a subject, so much in its own nature alike, in a manner so different. But as *Virgil* found it admirable in *Homer*, he was willing to approach it, as near as the economy of his work would permit.

V. 27. *Cast on the ground, &c.*] This is a fine picture of the grief of *Achilles*: we see on the one hand, the posture in which the hero receives the news of his friend's death; he falls upon the ground, he rends his hair, he snatches the ashes and casts them on his head, according to the manner of those times; (but what much enlivens it in this place, is his sprinkling embers, instead of ashes, in the violence of his passion.) On the other side, the captives are running from their tents, ranging themselves about him, and answering to his groans: Beside him stands *Antilochus*, fetching deep sighs, and hanging on the arms of the hero, for fear his despair and rage should cause some desperate attempt upon his own life: There is no painter but will be touched at this image.

V. 33. *The virgin captives.*] The captive maids lamented either in pity for their Lord, or in gratitude to the memory of *Patroclus*, who was remarkable for his goodness and affability; or under these pretences mourned for their own misfortunes in slavery. *Eustathius.*

Far in the deep abysses of the main,  
 With hoary *Nereus*, and the wat'ry train,  
 The Mother Goddess from her crystal throne  
 Heard his loud cries, and answer'd groan for groan.  
 The circling *Nereids* with their mistress weep, 45  
 And all the sea-green sisters of the deep.

*Thalia, Glauce* (ev'ry wat'ry name)  
*Nesaea* mild, and silver *Spio* came :  
*Cymothoe* and *Cymodocē* were nigh,

And the blue languish of soft *Alia*'s eye. 50  
 Their locks *Athaea* and *Limnoria* rear,

Then *Proto, Doris, Panope* appear,  
*Thoa, Pherusa, Doto, Melita* ;

*Agave* gentle, and *Amphitboe* gay :  
 Next *Callianira, Callianassa* show 55

Their sister looks ; *Dexamene* the slow,  
 And swift *Dynamene*, now cut the tides :

*Iara* now the verdant wave divides :  
*Nemertes* with *Apseudes* lifts th' head,

Bright *Galatea* quits her pearly bed ; 60  
 These *Orythia, Clymene*, attend,

*Mera, Amphinome*, the train extend,  
 And black *Janira*, and *Jarassa* fair,

And *Amathea* with her amber hair.

All these, and all that deep in ocean held 65  
 Their sacred seats, the glistening grotto fill'd ;

Each beat her iv'ry breast with silent woe,  
 Till *Thetis*' sorrows thus began to flow.

Hear me, and judge, ye sisters of the main !  
 How just a cause has *Thetis* to complain ? 70

How wretched, were I mortal, were my fate !  
 How more than wretched in th' immortal state !

Sprung from my bed a god-like hero came,  
 The bravest far that ever bore the name ;

Like some fair olive, by my careful hand  
 'He grew, he flourish'd, and adorn'd the land. 75  
 To *Troy* I sent him ; but the fates ordain  
 He never, never must return again.  
 So short a space the light of heav'n to view,  
 So short, alas ! and fill'd with anguish too. 80  
 Hear how his sorrows echo thro' the shore !  
 I cannot ease them, but I must deplore ;  
 I go at least to bear a tender part,  
 And mourn my lov'd one with a mother's heart.

She said, and left the caverns of the main. 85  
 All bath'd in tears, the melancholy train  
 Attend her way. Wide opening part the tides,  
 While the long pomp the silver waves divides.  
 Approaching now, they touch'd the *Trojan* land ;  
 Then, two by two, ascended up the strand. 90  
 Th' immortal mother, standing close beside  
 Her mournful offspring, to his sighs reply'd ;  
 Along the coast their mingled clamours ran,  
 And thus the silver-footed dame began.

Why mourns my son ? thy late preferr'd request 95  
 The God has granted, and the *Greeks* distract :  
 Why mourns my son ? thy anguish let me share,  
 Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care.

He, deeply groaning — To this cureless grief  
 Not ev'n the Thund'rer's favour brings relief. 100  
*Patroclus* — Ah ! — say, Goddess, can I boast  
 A pleasure now ? revenge itself is lost ;  
*Patroclus*, lov'd of all my martial train,  
 Beyond mankind, beyond myself, is slain !

Lost

V. 75. *Like some fair olive, by my careful hand.*] This passage, where the mother compares her son to a tender plant, raised and preserved with care, has a most remarkable resemblance to that in the *Psalms*. *They children like branches of olive-trees round thy table*, Psal. 128.

Lost are those arms the Gods themselves bestow'd 105.  
 On *Peleus* ; *Hector* bears the glorious load.  
 Curs'd be that day, when all the pow'rs above  
 Thy charms submitted to a mortal love :  
 Oh hadst thou still, a sister of the main,  
 Pursu'd the pleasures of the wat'ry reign ; 110  
 And happier *Peleus*, less ambitious, led  
 A mortal beauty to his equal bed !  
 Ere the sad fruit of thy unhappy womb  
 Had caus'd such sorrows past, and woes to come :  
 For soon, alas ! that wretched offspring slain, 115  
 New woes, new sorrows shall create again.  
 'Tis not in fate th<sup>t</sup> alternate now to give ;  
*Patroclus* dead, *Achilles* hates to live.  
 Let me revenge it on proud *Hector*'s heart.  
 Let his last spirit smoak upon my dart ; 120  
 On these conditions will I breathe : Till then,  
 I blush to walk among the race of men.  
 A flood of tears, at this, the Goddess shed,  
 Ah then, I see thee dying, see thee dead !

M. 3

When

V. 100, 125. (*The two speeches of Achilles to Thetis.*) It is not possible to imagine more lively and beautiful strokes of nature and passion, than those which our author ascribes to *Achilles* throughout these admirable speeches. They contain all, that the truest friend, the most tender son, and the most generous hero, could think or express in this delicate and affecting circumstance. He shews his excell's of love to his mother, by wishing he had never been born or known to the world, rather than she should have endured so many sufferings on his account : He shews no less love for his friend, in revolving to revenge his death upon *Hector*, t' o' his own would immediately follow. We see him here ready to meet his fate for the sake of his friend, and in the *Odyssy* we find him wishing to live again, only to maintain his father's honour against his enemies. Thus he values neither life nor death, but as they conduce to the good of his friends and parents, or the encrease of his glory.

After

When *Hector* falls, thou dy't it.—Let *Hector* die, 125  
 And let me fall! (*Achilles* made reply)  
 Far lies *Patroclus* from his native plain!  
 He fell, and falling, wish'd my aid in vain.  
 Ah then, since from this miserable day  
 I cast all hope of my return away, 130  
 Since unreveng'd, a hundred ghosts demand  
 The fate of *Hector* from *Achilles'* hand;  
 Since here, for brutal courage far renown'd,  
 I live an idle burthen to the ground,  
 (Others in council fam'd for nobler skill, 135  
 More useful to preserve than I to kill)  
 Let me—But oh! ye gracious powers above!  
 Wrath and Revenge from men and Gods remove:  
 Far,

After having calmly considered the present state of his life, he deliberately embraces his approaching fate; and comforts himself under it, by reflection on those great men, whom neither their illustrious actions, nor their affinity to heaven, could save from the general doom. A thought very natural to him, whose business it was in peace to sing their praises, and in war to imitate their actions. *Achilles*, like a man passionate of glory, takes none but the finest models; he thinks of *Hercules*, who was the son of *Jupiter*, and who had filled the universe with the noise of his immortal actions. These are the sentiments of a real hero. *Eustathius*.

V. 137. *Let me—But oh! ye gracious pow'rs, &c.*] *Achilles*'s words are these; "Now since I am never to return home, and since I lie here an useless person, losing my best friend, and exposing the *Greeks* to so many dangers by my own folly; I who am superior to them in battle"—Here he breaks off, and says,—May contention perish everlastingly, &c. *Achilles* leaves the sentence thus suspended, either because in his heat he had forgot what he was speaking of, or because he did not know how to end it, for he should have said,—"Since I have done all this, I will perish to revenge him." Nothing can be finer than this sudden execration against discord and revenge, which breaks from the hero in the deep sense of the miseries those passions had occasioned.

*Achilles* could not be ignorant that he was superior to others in

Ear, far too dear to ev'ry mortal breast,  
 Sweet to the soul, as honey to the taste, 149  
 Gath'ring like vapours of a noxious kind  
 From fiery blood, and dark'ning all the mind.  
 Me *Agamemnon* urg'd to deadly hate ;  
 'Tis past — I quell it ; I resign to fate.  
 Yes — I will meet the murd'rer of my friend, 145  
 Or (if the Gods ordain it) meet my end.  
 The stroke of fate the bravest cannot shun :  
 The great *Alcides*, *Jove's* unequall'd son,  
 To *Juno's* hate at length resign'd his breath,  
 And funk the victim of all conqu'ring Death. 150  
 So shall *Achilles* fall ! stretch'd pale and dead,  
 No more the *Grecian* hope, or *Trojan* dread !  
 Let me, this instant, rush into the fields,  
 And reap what glory life's short harvest yields.  
 Shall I not force some widow'd dame to tear, 155  
 With frantic hands, her long dishevell'd hair ?  
 Shall I not force her breast to heave with sighs,  
 And the soft tears to trickle from her eyes !  
 Yes, I shall give the Fair those mournful charms —  
 In vain you hold me — Hence ! my arms, my arms ! 160  
 Soon shall the sanguine torrent spread so wide,  
 That all shall know, *Achilles* swells the tide.

## M 4.

My

in battle, and it was therefore no fault in him to say so. But  
 he is so ingenuous as to give himself no farther commendation  
 than what he undoubtedly merited ; confessing at the same  
 time, that many exceeded him in speaking : Unless one may  
 take this as said in contempt of oratory, not unlike that of  
*Virgil*

*Orabant causas melius. — &c.*

V. 153. *Let me this instant.*] I shall have time enough for  
 inglorious rest when I am in the grave, but now I must act  
 like a living hero : I shall indeed lie down in death, but at the  
 same time rise higher in glory. *Eustathius.*

V. 162. *That all shall know, Achilles.*] There is a  
 great

My son (*Carulean Thetis* made reply,  
 To fate submitting with a secret sigh)  
 The host to succour, and thy friends to save, 165  
 Is worthy thee: the duty of the brave.  
 But canst thou, naked, issue to the plains?  
 Thy radiant arms the *Trojan* foe detains.  
 Insulting *Hector* bears the spoils on high,  
 But vainly glories, for his fate is nigh. 170  
 Yet, yet awhile, thy gen'rous ardour stay;  
 Assur'd, I meet thee at the dawn of day,  
 Charg'd with resplendent arms (a glorious load)  
*Vulcanian* arms, the labour of a God.

Then turning to the daughters of the main, 175  
 The Goddess thus dismiss'd her azure train.

Ye sister *Nereids*! to your deeps descend,  
 Haste, and our father's sacred seat attend,  
 I go to find the architect divine,  
 Where vast *Olympus*' starry summits shine: 180  
 So tell our hoary fire—This charge she gave:  
 The sea-green sisters plunge beneath the wave:  
*Thetis* once more ascends the blest abodes,  
 And treads the brazen threshold of the Gods.

And

great stress on *δηρὸν* and *ιγών*. They soon shall find that their victories have been owing to the *long absence* of a hero, and that hero *Achilles*. Upon which the ancients have observed, that since *Achilles*'s anger there passed in reality but a few days: To which it may be replied, that so short a time as this might well seem long to *Achilles*, who thought all unactive hours tedious and insupportable; and if the poet himself had said that *Achilles* was long absent, he had not said it because a great many days had past, but because so great variety of incidents had happened in that time. *Eustathius*.

V. 171. ——This promise of *Thetis* to present her son with a suit of armour, was the most artful method of hindering him from putting immediately in practice his resolutions of fighting, which, according to his violent manners, he must have done: therefore the interposition of *Thetis* here was absolutely necessary; it was *dignus vindice natus*.

And now the Greeks, from furious *Hector's* force,  
 Urge to broad *Hellespont* their headlong course: 186  
 Nor yet their Chiefs *Patroclus'* body bore  
 Safe thro' the tempest, to the tented shore.  
 The horse, the foot, with equal fury join'd,  
 Pour'd on the rear, and thunder'd close behind; 190  
 And like a flame thro' fields of ripen'd corn,  
 The rage of *Hector* o'er the ranks was borne.  
 Thrice the slain hero by the foot he drew;  
 Thrice to the skies the *Trojan* clamours flew:  
 As oft' th' *Ajaces* his assault sustain; 195  
 But check'd, he turns; repuls'd attacks again.  
 With fiercer shouts his ling'ring troops he fires,  
 Nor yields a step, nor from his post retires:  
 So watchful shepherds strive to force, in vain,  
 The hungry lion from a carcase slain. 200  
 Ev'n yet, *Patroclus* had he borne away,  
 And all the glories of th' extended day;  
 Had not high *Juno*, from the realms of air,  
 Secret dispatch'd her trusty messenger.  
 The various Goddess of the show'ry bow, 205  
 Shot in a whirl-wind to the shores below;  
 To great *Achilles* at his ships she came,  
 And thus began the many-colour'd dame.  
 Rise, son of *Peleus*! rise divinely brave!  
 Assist the combat, and *Patroclus* save; 210  
 For him the slaughter to the fleet they spread,  
 And fall with mutual wounds around the dead.  
 To drag him back to *Troy* the foe contends;  
 Nor with his death the rage of *Hector* ends:  
 A prey to dogs he dooms the corse to lie, 215  
 And marks the place to fix his head on high.

Rise, and prevent, (if yet thou think of fame)  
 Thy friend's disgrace ; thy own eternal shame !  
 Who sends thee, Goddess ! from th' æthereal skies ?  
*Achilles* thus. And *Iris* thus replies : 220  
 I come, *Pelides* ! from the Queen of *Jove*,  
 Th' immortal empress of the realms above ;  
 Unknown to him who sits remote on high,  
 Unknown to all the synod of the sky.  
 Thou com'st in vain, he cries (with fury warm'd) 225  
 Arms I have none, and can I fight unarm'd ?  
 Unwilling as I am, of force I stay,  
 Till *Tbetis* bring me at the dawn of day  
*Vulcanian* arms : What other can I wield ?  
 Except the mighty *Telamonian* shield ? 230

That,

V. 219. *Who sends thee, Goddess, &c.*] *Achilles* is amazed, that the moment after the Goddess his mother had forbade him fighting, he should receive a contrary order from the Gods : Therefore he asks what God had sent her ? *Dacier*.

V. 226. *Arms I have none.*] It is here objected against *Homer*, that since *Patroclus* took *Achilles*' armour, *Achilles* could not want arms while he had those of *Patroclus* ; but (besides that *Patroclus* might have given his armour to his squire *Automedon*, the better to deceive the *Trojans* by making them take *Automedon* for *Patroclus*, as they took *Patroclus* for *Achilles*) this objection may be very solidly answered, by saying that *Homer* had prevented it, since he made *Achilles*'s armour fit *Patroclus*'s body not without a miracle, which the Gods wrought in his favour. Furthermore, it does not follow that, because the armour of a large man fits one that is smaller, the armour of a little man should fit one that is larger. *Eustathius*.

V. 230. *Except the mighty Telamonian shield.*] *Achilles* seems not to have been of so large a stature as *Ajax* : Yet his shield it is likely might be fit enough for him, because his strength was sufficient to wield it. This passage, I think, might have been made use of by the defenders of the shield of *Achilles* against the criticks, to shew that *Homer* intended the buckler of his hero for a very large one : And one would think he put into this place, just a little before the description of that shield, on purpose to obviate that objection.

That, in my friend's defence, has *Ajax* spread,  
While his strong lance around him heaps the dead:  
The gallant chief defends *Menœtius*' son,  
And does, what his *Ach* lies should have done.

Thy want of arms (said *Iris*) well we know, 235  
But tho' unarm'd, yet clad in terrors, go! .  
Let but *Achilles* o'er yon' trench appear,  
Proud *Troy* shall tremble, and consent to fear ;  
Greece from one glance of that tremendous eye  
Shall take new courage, and disdain to fly. 242

She spoke, and pass'd in air. The hero rose :  
Her *Aegis Pallas* o'er his shoulders throws :  
Around his brows a golden cloud she spread ;  
A stream of glory flam'd above his head.

As

V. 236. *Bùt tho' unarm'd.*] A héros so violent and so  
outrageous as *Achilles*, and who had just lost the man he loved  
best in the world, is not likely to refuse shewing himself to the  
enemy, for the single reason of having no armour. Grief and  
despair in a great soul are not so prudent and reserved ; but  
then on the other side, he is not to throw himself into the  
midst of so many enemies armed and flush'd with victory.  
*Homer* gets out of this nice circumstance with great dexterity,  
and gives to *Achilles*'s character every thing he ought to give to  
it without offending against probability. He judiciously  
feigns that *Juno* sent this order to *Achilles*, for *Juno* is the  
Goddes of royalty, who has the care of princes and kings ; and  
who inspires them with the sense of what they owe to their  
dignity and character. *Dacier*.

V. 237. *Let but Achilles o'er yon' trench appear.*] There  
cannot be a greater instance, how constantly *Homer* carried his  
whole design in his head, as well as with what admirable art  
he raises one great idea upon another to the highest sublime,  
than this passage of *Achilles*'s appearance to the army, and the  
preparations by which we are led to it. In the thirteenth  
book, when the *Trojans* have the victory, they check their  
pursuit of it in the mere thought that *Achilles* sees them : In  
the sixteenth they are put into the utmost consternation at the  
sight of his armour : In the present book, beyond all expecta-  
tion he does but show himself unarmed, and the sight of him  
gave the victory to *Greece* ! How extremely noble is this gra-  
dation !

As when from some beleaguer'd town arise 245  
 The smokes, high curling to the shaded skies ;  
 (Seen from some island, o'er the main afar,  
 When men distrest hang out the sign of war)  
 Soon as the sun in ocean hides his rays,  
 Thick on the hills, the flaming beacons blaze ; 250  
 With long-projected beams the seas are bright,  
 And heav'n's high arch reflects the ruddy light :  
 So from Achilles' head the splendors rise,  
 Reflecting blaze on blaze, against the skies. . . .  
 Forth march'd the chief, and distant from the crowd,  
 High on the rampart, rais'd his voice aloud ; 256  
 With her own shout Minerva swells the sound ;  
 Troy starts astonish'd, and the shores rebound.  
 As the loud trumpet's brazen mouth from far  
 With shrilling clangor sounds th' alarm of war, 260  
 Struck

V. 246. *The smokes, high-curling.*] For fires in the day appear nothing but smoak, and in the night flames are visible because of the darkness. And thus it is said in *Exodus*, That God led his people in the day with a pillar of smoak, and in the night with a pillar of fire. *Per diem in columnâ nubis, & per noctem in columnâ ignis.* Dacier.

V. 247. *Seen from some island.*] Homer makes a choice of a town placed in an island, because such a place being besieged has no other means of making its distress known than by signals of fire ; whereas a town upon the continent has other means to make known to its neighbours the necessity it is in. Dacier.

V. 259. *As the loud trumpet's, &c.*] I have already observed, that when the poet speaks as from himself, he may be allowed to take his comparison from the trumpet, as he has elsewhere done from saddle horses, tho' neither the one nor the other were used in *Greece*, at the time of the *Trojan* war. *Virgil* was less exact in this respect, for he describes the trumpet as used in the sacking of *Troy*.

*Exoritur clamorque virûm clangorque tubarum.*

And celebrates *Misenus* as the trumpeter of *Aeneas*. But as *Virgil* wrote at a time more remote from those heroic ages, perhaps

Struck from the walls, the echoes float on high,  
 And the round bulwarks and thick tow'r's reply ;  
 So high his brazen voice the hero rear'd :  
 Hosts drop their arms, and trembled as they heard ;  
 And back the chariots roll, and coursers bound, 265  
 And steeds and men, lie mingled on the ground.  
 Aghast they see the living light'nings play,  
 And turn their eye-balls from the flashing ray.  
 Thrice from the trench his dreadful voice he rais'd ;  
 And thrice they fled, confounded and amaz'd, 270  
 Twelve in the tumult wedg'd, untimely rush'd  
 On their own spears, by their own chariots crush'd :  
 While shielded from the darts, the Greeks obtain  
 The long-contended carcase of the slain.

A lofty bier the breathleſs warrior bears : 275  
 Around his sad companions melt in tears.  
 But chief Achil'les, bending down his head,  
 Pours unavailing sorrows o'er the dead,  
 Whom late triumphant with his steeds and car,  
 He sent resurgent to the field of war, 280  
 (Unhappy change !) now senseleſs, pale, he found,  
 Stretch'd forth and gash'd, with many a gaping wound.

Mean time unweary'd with his heav'nly way,  
 In Ocean's waves th' unwilling light of day  
 Quench'd his red orb, at Juno's high command, 285  
 And from their labours ceas'd the Achaian band.

The

perhaps this liberty may be excused. But a poet had better confine himself to customs and manners, like a painter; and it is equally a fault in either of them to ascribe to times and nations any thing with which they are unacquainted.

One may add an observation to this note of M. Dacier, that the trumpet's not being in use at that time, makes very much for Homer's purpose in this place. The terror raised by the voice of this hero, is much the more strongly imaged by a sound that was unusual and capable of striking more from its very novelty.

The frightened *Trojans* (panting from the war,  
 Their steeds unharness'd from the weary car)  
 A sudden council call'd : Each chief appear'd  
 In haste, and standing ; for to sit they fear'd. 290  
 'Twas now no season for prolong'd debate ;  
 They saw *Achilles*, and in him their fate.  
 Silent they stood : *Polydamas* at last,  
 Skill'd to discern the future by the past,  
 The son of *Pantus*, thus express'd his fears ; 295  
 (The friend of *Hector*, and of equal years :  
 The self same night to both a being gave,  
 One wise in counsel, one in action brave.)

In free debate, my friends, your sentence speak ;  
 For me, I move, before the morning break 300  
 To raise our camp : Too dang'rous here our post,  
 Far from *Troy*'s walls, and on a naked coast.  
 I deem'd not *Greece* so dreadful, while engag'd  
 In mutual feuds, her King and Hero rag'd ;  
 Then, while we hop'd our armies might prevail, 305  
 We boldly camp'd beside a thousand sail.  
 I dread *Pelides* now : his rage of mind  
 Not long continues to the slires confin'd,  
 Nor to the fields, where long in equal fray  
 Contending nations won and lost the day ; 310  
 For *Troy*, for *Troy*, shall henceforth be the strife,  
 And the hard conquest, not for fame, but life.  
 Haste then to *Ilion*, while the fav'ring night  
 Detains those terrors, keeps that arm from fight ;  
 If but the morrow's sun beholds us here, 315  
 That arm, those terrors, we shall feel, not fear ;

And

V. 315. *If but the morrow's sun, &c.*] *Polydamas* says in the original, "If *Achilles* comes to-morrow in his arm'd." There seems to lie an objection against this passage, for *Polydamas*

And hearts that now disdain, shall leap with joy  
 If heav'n permits them then to enter *Troy*.  
 Let not my fatal prophecy be true,  
 Nor what I tremble but to think, ensue. 320  
 Whatever be our fate, yet let us try  
 What force of thought and reason can supply :  
 Let us on counsel for our guard depend ;  
 The town, her gates and bulwarks shall defend.  
 When morning dawns, our well-appointed pow'rs, 325  
 Array'd in arms, shall line the lofty tow'rs.  
 Let the fierce hero then, when fury calls,  
 Vent his mad vengeance on our rocky walls,  
 Or fetch a thousand circles round the plain,  
 'Till his spent coursers seek the fleet again : 330  
 So may his rage be tir'd, and labour'd down ;  
 And dogs shall tear him ere he sack the town.  
 Return ? (said *Hector*, fir'd with stern disdain)  
 What coop whole armies in our walls again ?

Was't

*Was* knew that *Achilles*'s armour was won by *Hector*, he must also know that no other man's armour would fit him ; how then could he know that new arms were made for him that very night ? Those who are resolved to defend *Homer*, may answer, it was by his skill in prophecy : but to me this seems to be a slip of our author's memory, and one of those little nods which *Horace* speaks of.

V. 333. *The speech of Hector*] *Hector*, in this severe answer to *Polydamas*, takes up several of his words and turns them another way.

*Polydamas* had said Πρωΐ δ' ὥπ' ἡσοὶ σὺν τεύχεσι θωρηθέντες σπούδει ἀντίρρησε. “ To-morrow by break of day let us put “ on our arms, and defend the castles and city walls.” to which *Hector* replies, Πρωΐ δ' ὥπ' ἡσοὶ σὺν τεύχεσι θωρηθέντες Νοσοῖς ἐπὶ γλαυροῖς ἴγειρομενοῖς “ Apa, “ To-morrow by “ break of day let us put on our arms, not to defend our- “ selves at home, but to fight the Greeks before their own “ ships.”

*Polydamas* speaking of *Achilles*, had said τῷ δὲ αὐτῷ αἰώνιον, &c. “ If he comes after we are within the walls of “ our

Was't not enough, ye valiant warriors say, 335  
 Nine years imprison'd in those tow'rs ye lay ?  
 Wide o'er the world was *Hion* fam'd of old  
 For brass exhaustless, and for mines of gold.  
 But while inglorious in her walls we stay'd,  
 Sunk were her treasures, and her stores decay'd ; 340  
 The *Pbygians* now her scatter'd spoils enjoy,  
 And proud *Mæonia* wastes the fruits of *Troy*.  
 Great *Jove* at length my arms to conquest calls,  
 And shuts the *Grecians* in their wooden walls :  
 Dar'it thou dispirit whom the Gods incite ? - 345  
 Flies any *Trojan* ? I shall stop his flight.  
 To better counsel then attention lend ;  
 Take due refreshment, and the watch attend,  
 If there be one whose riches cost him care,  
 Forth let him bring them for the troops to share ; 350  
 'Tis

" our city, it will be worse for him, for he may drive round  
 " the city long enough before he can hurt us." To which  
*Hector* answers, If *Achilles* shou'd come "Αλγίον, αὐτὸν ἐθλεῖσθαι  
 τοι εἰστατὸν οὐ μηδέποτε φεύγονται εἰς πολέμου, &c. " "Twill be  
 " worse for him as you say, because I'll fight him :" οὐ μηδέποτε  
 φεύγονται, says *Hector*, in reply to *Polydamas*'s saying, οὐ τε  
 φύγειν. But *Hector* is not so far gone in passion or pride, as to  
 forget himself; and accordingly in the next lines he most-  
 surely puts it in doubt, which of them shall conquer. *Eustathius*  
*says*.

V. 340. *Sunk were her treasures, and her stores decay'd.*] As well by reason of the convoys, which were necessarily to be sent for with ready money ; as by reason of the great allowances which were to be given to the auxiliary troops, who came from *Pbygia* and *Mæonia*. *Hector*'s meaning is, that since all the riches of *Troy* are exhausted, it is no longer necessary to spare themselves, or shut themselves up within their walls. *Dacier*.

V. 349. *If there be one, &c.*] This noble and generous proposal is worthy of *Hector*, and at the same time very artful to ingratiate himself with the soldiers. *Eustathius* farther observes that it is said with an eye to *Polydamas*, as accusing him of being rich, and of not opening the advice he had given, *for any*

"Tis better gen'rously bestow'd on those,  
Than left the plunder of our country's foes.  
Soon as the morn the purple Orient warms,  
Fierce on yon' navy will we pour our arms.

If great *Achilles* rise in all his might,  
His be the danger: I shall stand the fight.

Honour, ye Gods! or let me gain, or give;  
And live he glorious, whosoe'er shall live!  
*Mars* is our common Lord, alike to all;  
And oft' the victor triumphs, but to fall:

353

354

The shouting host in loud applauses join'd;  
So *Pa'las* robb'd the many of their mind,  
To their own sense condemn'd! and left to chuse  
The worst advice, the better to refuse.

While the long night extends her sable reign, 365  
Around *Patroclus* mourn'd the Grecian train.

Stern in superior grief *Pelides* stood;  
Those slaught'ring arms, so us'd to bathe in blood,  
Now clasp his clay-cold limbs: then gushing, start  
The tears, and sighs burst from his swelling heart. 370

The lion thus, with dreadful anguish stung,  
Roars thro' the desert and demands his young;  
When the grim savage, to his rifled den  
Too late returning, snuffs the track of men,

And o'er the vales and o'er the forests bounds; 375  
His clam'rous grief the bellowing wood resounds.

So grieves *Achilles*; and impetuous vents,  
To all his *Myrmidons*, his loud laments.

In

any other end than to preserve his great wealth; for riches commonly make men cowards, and the desire of saving them has often occasioned men to give advice very contrary to the public welfare.

In what vain promise, Gods ! did I engage ?  
 When to console *Menelaus'* feeble age. 380  
 I vow'd his much-icv'd offspring to restore,  
 Charg'd with rich spoils to fair *Opuntia's* shore !  
 But mighty *Troj* cuts short with just disdain,  
 The long, long views of poor designing man !  
 One fate the warrior and the friend shall strike, 385  
 And *Troy*'s black sands must drink our blood alike :  
 Me too, a wretched mother shall deplore,  
 An aged father never see me more !  
 Yet, my *Patroclus* ! yet a space I stay,  
 Then swift pursue thee on the darksome way. 390  
 Ere thy dear relicks in the grave are laid,  
 Shall *Hector*'s head be offer'd to thy shade ;  
 That, with his arms, shall hang before thy shrine ;  
 And twelve the noblest of the *Trojan* line,  
 Sacred to vengeance, by this hand expire ; 395  
 Their lives effus'd around the flaming pyre.  
 Thus let me lie till then ! thus closely prest,  
 Bathe thy cold face, and sob upon thy breast !  
 While *Trojan* captives here thy mourners stay,  
 Weep all the night, and murmur all the day, 400  
 Spoils of my arms, and thine ; when, wasting wide,  
 Our swords kept time, and conquer'd side by side.

He

V. 379. *In what vain promise.*] The lamentation of *Achilles* over the body of *Patroclus* is exquisitely touched : It is sorrow in the extreme, but the sorrow of *Achilles*. It is nobly ushered in by that simile of the grief of the Lion : An idea which is fully answered in the savage and bloody conclusion of this speech. One would think by the beginning of it, that *Achilles* did not know his fate, till after his departure from *Opuntium* ; and yet how does that agree with what is said of his choice of the short and active life, rather than the long and inglorious one ? Or did not he flatter himself sometimes, that his fate might be changed ? This may be conjectured from several other passages, and is indeed the most natural solution.

He spoke, and bid the sad attendants round  
 Cleanse the pale corse, and wash each honour'd wound:  
 A massy cauldron of stupendous frame 405  
 They brought, and plac'd it o'er the rising flame:  
 Then heap the lighted wood; the flame divides  
 Beneath the vase, and climbs around the sides.  
 In its wide womb they pour the rushing stream;  
 The boiling water bubbles to the brim. 410  
 The body then they bathe with pious toil,  
 Embalm the wounds, anoint the limbs with oil;  
 High on a bed of state extended laid,  
 And decent cover'd with a linen shade;  
 Last o'er the dead the milk-white veil they threw; 415  
 That done, their sorrows and their sighs renew.

Mean while to *Juno*, in the realms above,  
 (His wife and sister) spoke almighty *Jove*.  
 At last thy will prevails: Great *Peleus'* son  
 Rises in arms: such grace thy *Greeks* have won. 420  
 Say (for I know not) is their race divine,  
 And thou the mother of that martial line?

What words are these (th' imperial dame replies,  
 While anger flash'd from her majetick eyes)  
 Succour like this a mortal arm might lend, 425  
 And such success mere human wit attend:

And

V. 404. *Cleanse the pale corse*, &c. This custom of washing the dead, is continued among the *Greeks* to this day; and it is a pious duty performed by the dearest friend or relation, to see it washed and anointed with a perfume; after which they cover it with linen, exactly in the manner here related.

V. 417. *Jupiter and Juno.*] Virgil has copied the speech of *Juno* to *Jupiter*. *Ahi ego qua divam incedo regina*, &c. But it is exceedingly remarkable, that Homer should upon every occasion make marriage and discord inseparable: 'Tis an unalterable rule with him, to introduce the husband and wife in a quarrel.

And shall not I, the second pow'r above,  
 Heav'n's Queen, and consort of the thund'ring *Jove*,  
 Say, shall not I one nation's fate command,  
 Nor wreak my vengeance on one guilty land ? 430

So they. Mean while the silver-footed dame  
 Reach'd the *Vulcanian* dome, eternal frame !  
 High eminent amid the works divine,  
 Where heav'n's far-beaming brazen mansions shine.  
 There the lame architect the Goddess found, 435  
 Obscure in smoak, his forges flaming round,  
 While bath'd in sweat from fire to fire he flew,  
 And puffing loud, the roaring bellows blew.  
 That day no common task his labour claim'd :  
 Full twenty Tripods for his hall he fram'd, 440

That

V. 440. *Full twenty tripods.*] Tripods were vessels supported on three feet, with handles on the sides; they were of several kinds and for several uses; some were consecrated to sacrifices, some used as tables, some as seats, others hung as ornaments on walls of houses or temples; these of *Vulcan* have an addition of wheels, which was not usual, which intimates them to be made with clock-work. Mons. *Dacier* has commented very well on this passage. If *Vulcan* (says he) had made ordinary tripods, they had not answered the greatness, power and skill of a God. It was therefore necessary that this work should be above that of men: To effect this the tripods were animated, and in this *Homer* doth not deviate from the probability; for every one is fully persuaded, that a God can do things more difficult than these, and that all matter will obey him. What has not been said of *Dædalus*? *Plato* writes, that they walked alone, and if they had not taken care to tie them, they would have got loose, and run from their Master. If a writer in prose can speak hyperbolically of a man, may not *Homer* do it much more of a God? Nay, this circumstance with which *Homer* has embellished his poem, would have had nothing too surprizing, though these tripods had been made by a man; for what may not be done in clock-work, by an exact management of springs? This criticism is then ill grounded, and *Homer* does not deserve the ridicule they would cast on him.

The same author applies to this passage of *Homer* that rule of *Aristotle*.

That plac'd on living wheels of massy gold,  
(Wond'rous to tell) instinct with spirit roll'd  
From place to place, around the blest abodes,  
Self-mov'd, obedient to the beck of Gods:  
For their fair handles now, o'er-wrought with flow'rs,  
In molds prepar'd, the glowing ore he pours. 446  
Just as responsive to his thought the frame  
Stood prompt to move, the azure Goddess came:  
*Charis*, his spouse, a grace divinely fair,  
(With purple fillets round her braided hair) 450  
Observ'd her ent'ring; her soft hand she pres'd,  
And smiling, thus the wat'ry Queen address'd.  
What, Goddess! this unusual favour draws?  
All hail, and welcome! whatsoe'er the cause:  
Till now a stranger, in a happy hour 455  
Approach, and taste the dainties of the bow'r.

High

*Aristotle, Poetic. Ch. 26.* which deserves to be alledged at large on this occasion.

"When a Poet is accused of saying any thing that is impossible; we must examine that impossibility, either with respect to poetry, with respect to that which is best, or with respect to common fame. First, with regard to poetry, The probable impossible ought to be preferred to the possible which hath no veri similitude, and which would not be believed; and 'tis thus that *Zeuxis* painted his pieces. Secondly, with respect to that which is best, we see that a thing is more excellent and more wonderful this way, and that the originals ought always to surprise. Lastly, in respect to fame, it is proved that the poet need only follow common opinion. All that appears absurd may be also justified by one of these three ways; or else by the maxim we have already laid down, that it is probable, that a great many things may happen against probability."

A late critick has taken notice of the conformity of this passage of Homer with that in the first chapter of *Ezekiel*, *The spirit of the living creature was in the wheels; when these went, these went; and when these stood, these stood; and when these were lifted up, the wheels were lifted up over against them; for the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels.*

High on a throne, with stars of silver grac'd,  
And various artifice, the Queen she plac'd ;  
A footstool at her feet : then calling said,  
*Vulcan draw near, 'tis Thetis alks your aid.* 460  
*Thetis (reply'd the God) our pow'rs may claim,*  
*An ever dear, and ever honour'd name !*

When

V. 459. *A footstool at her feet.*] It is at this day the usual honour paid among the Greeks, to visitors of superior quality to set them higher than the rest of the company, and put a footstool under their feet. See note on V. 179. book 14. This with innumerable other customs, are still preserved in the eastern nations.

V. 460. *Vulcan, draw near, 'tis Thetis alks your aid.*] The story the ancients tell of *Plato's* application of this verse is worth observing. That great philosopher had in his youth a strong inclination to poetry, and not being satisfied to compose little pieces of gallantry and amour, he tried his force in tragedy and epic poetry ; but the success was not answerable to his hopes : He compared his performance with that of *Homer*, and was very sensible of the difference. He therefore abandoned a sort of writing wherein he at best could only be the second, and turned his views to another, wherein he despaired not to become the first. His anger transported him so far, as to throw all his veries into the fire. But while he was burning them he could not help citing a verie of the very poet who had caused his chagrin. It was the present line, which *Homer* has put into the mouth of *Charis*, when *Thetis* demands arms for *Achilles*.

"Ηρακλε, πηγμον' ἀδε, Θέτις νο το σενο κατίσει,

*Plato* only inserted his own name instead of that of *Thetis*.

*Vulcan, draw near, 'tis Plato alks your aid.*

if we credit the ancients, it was the discontentment his own poetry gave him, that raised in him all the indignation he afterwards expressed against the art itself. In which (say they) he behaved like those lovers, who speak ill of the beauties whom they cannot prevail upon. *Fraguer, Parall. de Hom. Et de Platon.*

V. 461. *Thetis (reply'd the God) our pow'rs may claim, &c.*] *Vulcan* throws by his work to perform *Thetis's* request, who had laid former obligations upon him ; the poet in this example

When my proud mother hurl'd me from the sky,  
(My awkward form, it seems, displeas'd her eye)  
She and *Eurynome*, my griefs redrest, 465  
And soft receiv'd me on their silver breast.  
E'en then, these arts employ'd my infant thought ;  
Chains, bracelets, pendants, all their toys I wrought.  
Nine years kept secret in the dark abode,  
Secure I lay, conceal'd from Man and God : 470  
Deep in a cavern'd rock my days were led ;  
The rushing ocean murmur'd o'er my head.

Now

ple giving us an excellent precept, that gratitude should take place of all other concerns.

The motives which should engage a God in a new work, in the night-time, upon a suit of armour for a mortal, ought to be strong ; and therefore artfully enough put upon the foot of gratitude : Besides, they afford at the same time a noble occasion for *Homer* to retail his theology, which he is always very fond of.

The allegory of *Vulcan*, or fire, (according to *Hesychides*) is this. His father is *Jupiter*, or the *Aether*, his mother *Juno*, or the *Air*, from whence he fell to us, whether by lightning or otherwise. He is said to be lame, that is to want support, because he cannot subsist without the continual substance of fuel. The æthereal fire *Homer* call *Sel* or *Jupiter*, the inferior *Vulcan* ; the one wants nothing of perfection, the other is subject to decay, and is restored by accession of materials. *Vulcan* is said to fall from heaven, because at first, when the opportunity of obtaining fire was not so frequent, men prepared instruments of bras, by which they collected the beams of the sun ; or else they gained it from accidental lightning, that set fire to some combustible matter. *Vulcan* had perished when he fell from heaven, unless *Thetis* and *Eurynome* had received him ; that is, unless he had been preserved from falling into some convenient receptacle, or subterranean place ; and so was afterwards distributed for the common necessities of mankind. To understand these strange explications, it must be known, that *Thetis* is derived from *θέτειν* to lay up, and *Eurynome* from *ιώπει* and *νομή*, a wide distribution. They are all called daughters of the ocean, because the vapours and exhalations of the sea forming themselves into clouds find nourishment for lightnings.

Now since her presence glads our mansions, say,  
For such desert what service can I pay?

Vouchsafe, 'O *Thetis*! at our board to share 475  
The genial rites, and hospitable fare;  
While I the labours of the forge forego,  
And bid the roaring bellows cease to blow.

Then from his anvil the lame artist rose;  
Wide with distorted legs oblique he goes, 480  
And stills the bellows, and (in order laid)  
Locks in their chest his instruments of trade:  
Then with a sponge the sooty workman drest  
His brawny arms imbrown'd, and hairy breast.  
With his huge scepter grac'd, and red attire, 485  
Came halting forth the Sov'reign of the fire;  
The monarch's steps two female forms uphold,  
That mov'd, and breath'd, in animated gold;  
To whom was voice, and sense, and science giv'n  
Of works divine (such wonders are in heav'n) 490  
On these supported, with unequal gait  
He reach'd the throne where pensive *Thetis* sat;  
There plac'd beside her on the shining frame,  
He thus address'd the silver-footed dame:  
Thee, welcome Goddess! what occasion calls 495  
(So long a stranger) to these honour'd walls?

'Tis

V. 487. *Two female forms,*

*That mov'd and breath'd in animated gold.*]

It is very probable that Homer took the idea of these from the statues of *Dædalus*, which might be extant in his time. The ancients tell us, that they were made to imitate life, in rolling their eyes, and in all other motions. From whence indeed it should seem, that the excellency of *Dædalus* consisted in what we call clock-work, or the management of moving figures by springs, rather than in sculpture or imagery: And accordingly, the fable of his fitting wings to himself and his son, is formed entirely upon the foundation of the former.

'Tis thine, fair *Thetis*, the command to lay,  
And *Vulcan's* joy and duty to obey.

To whom the mournful mother thus replies,  
(The crystal drops stood trembling in her eyes) 500  
Oh *Vulcan!* say, was ever breast divine  
So pierc'd with sorrow, so o'erwhelm'd as mine?  
Of all the Goddesses, did *Jove* prepare  
For *Thetis* only such a weight of care?  
I, only I, of all the wat'ry race, 505  
By force subjected to a man's embrace,  
Who, sinking now with age and sorrow, pays  
The mighty fine impos'd on length of days.  
Sprung from my bed, a god-like hero came,  
The bravest sure that ever bore the name; 510  
Like some fair plant, beneath my careful hand,  
He grew, he flourish'd! and he grac'd the land:  
To *Troy* I sent him! but his native shore  
Never, ah never, shall receive him more!  
(Ev'n while he lives, he wastes with secret woe) 515  
Nor I, a Goddess, can retard the blow,  
Robb'd of the prize the *Grecian* suffrage gave,  
The King of nations forc'd his royal slave:  
For this he griev'd; and, till the *Greeks* opprest  
Requir'd his arms, he sorrow'd unredrest.

V. 517. *Robb'd of the prize, &c.*] *Thetis*, to compass her design, recounts every thing to the advantage of her son; she therefore suppresses the episode of the embassy, the prayers that had been made use of to move him, all that the *Greeks* had suffered after the return of the ambassadors; and artfully puts together two very distant things, as if they had followed each other in the same moment. He declined, says she, to succour the *Greeks*, but he sent *Patroclus*. Now between his refusing to help the *Greeks*, and his sending *Patroclus*, terrible things had fallen out: but she suppresses them, for fear of offending *Vulcan*, with the recital of *Achilles's* inflexible obduracy, and thereby create in that God an aversion to her son.

*Luftathius.*

Large gifts they promise, and their elders send ;  
 In vain—He arms not, but permits his friend.  
 His arms, his steeds, his forces to employ ;  
 He marches, combats, almost conquers *Troy* :  
 Then slain by *Phœbus* (*Hector* had the name) 525  
 At once resigns his armour, life, and fame.  
 But thou, in pity, by my pray'ry be won ;  
 Grace with immortal arms this short-liv'd son,  
 And to the field in martial pomp restore,  
 To shine with glory, 'till he shines no more ! 530

To her the Artist-God. Thy griefs resign,  
 Secure, what *Vulcan* can, is ever thine.  
 O could I hide him from the fates as well,  
 Or with these hands the cruel stroke repel,  
 As I shall forge most envied arms, the gaze 535  
 Of wond'ring ages, and the world's amaze !

Thus having said, the father of the fires  
 To the black labours of his forge retires.

Soon

V. 525. *Then slain by Phœbus* (*Hector* had the name.) It is a passage worth taking notice of, that *Brutus* is said to have consulted the *Sortes Homericæ*, and to have drawn one of these lines, wherein the death of *Patroclus* is ascribed to *Apollo*; after which, unthinkingly, he gave the name of that God, for the word of battle. This is remarked as an unfortunate omen by some of the ancients, tho' I forget where I met with it.

V. 537. *The father of the fires, &c.*] The ancients (says *Eustathius*) have largely celebrated the philosophical mysteries which they imagine to be shadowed under these descriptions, especially *Dana* (supposed the daughter of *Pythagoras*) whose explication is as follows. *Thetis* who receives the arms, means the apt order and disposition of all things in the creation. By the fire and the wind raised by the bellows, are meant *air* and *fire*, the most active of all the elements. The emanations of the fire are those *golden maid*s, that waited on *Vulcan*. The circular shield is the *world*, being of a spherical figure. The gold, the brass, the silver, and the tin are the elements. Gold is fire, the firm brass is earth, the silver is air

Soon as he bade them blow, the bellows turn'd  
Their iron mouths; and where the furnace burn'd, 540

N 2 Resounding

air, and the soft tin, water. And thus far (say they) Homer speaks a little obscurely, but afterwards he names them expressly, *iv μὲν γαῖαν ἵππον*, *iv δὲ ἥπαν*, *iv δὲ θύλακαν*, to which for the fourth element you must add *Vulcan*, who makes the shield. The extreme circle that runs round the shield, which he calls *splendid* and *threelfld*, is the *Zodiack*; threefold in its breadth, within which all the planets move; splendid, because the sun passes always thro' the midst of it. The silver handle, by which the shield is fastened at both extremities, is the *Axis* of the world, imagined to pass thro' it, and upon which it turns. The five folds are those parallel circles that divide the world, the *Polar*, the *Tropicks*, and the *Æquator*.

*Heraclitus Ponticus* thus pursues the allegory. Homer (says he) makes the working of his shield, that is the world, to be begun by *night*, as indeed all matter lay undistinguished in an original and universal *night*, which is called *Chaos* by the Poets.

To bring the matter of the shield to separation and form, *Vulcan* presides over the work, or as we may say, an *essential warmth*: *All things*, says *Heraclitus*, *being made by the operation of fire*.

And because the *Architect* is at this time to give a form and ornament to the world he is making, it is not rashly that he is said to be married to one of the *Graces*.

*On the broad shield the maker's hand engraves,  
The earth and sea beneath, the pole above,  
The sun unwearied, and the circled moon.*

Thus in the beginning of the world, he first lays the earth as a foundation of a building, whose vacancies are filled up with the flowings of the sea. Then he spreads out the sky for a kind of divine roof over it, and lights the elements, now separated from their former confusion, with the sun, the moon,

*And all these stars that crown the skies with fire:*

Where, by the word *crown*, which gives the idea of roundness, he again hints at the figure of the world; and tho' he could not particularly name the stars like *Aratus* (who professed to write upon them) yet he has not omitted to mention the principal. From hence he passes to represent two *allegorical* cities, one of *peace* the other of *war*; *Empedocles* seems to have

Resounding breath : At once the blast expires,  
 And twenty forges catch at once the fires ;  
 Just as the God directs, now loud, now low,  
 They raise a tempest, or they gently blow.  
 In hissing flames huge silver bars are rolled, 545  
 And stubborn brass, and tin, and solid gold :  
 Before, deep fix'd, th' eternal anvils stand ;  
 The pond'rous hammer loads his better hand,  
 His left with tongs turns the vex'd metal round ; 549  
 And thick, strong strokes, the doubling vaults rebound.

Then first he form'd th' immense and solid *shield* ;  
 Rich, various artifice emblaz'd the field ;  
 Its utmost verge a three-fold circle bound ;  
 A silver chain suspends the massy round :  
 Five ample plates the broad expanse compose, 555  
 And god-like labours on the surface rose.  
 There shone the image of the master Mind :  
 There earth, there heav'n, there ocean he design'd ;  
 Th' unwear'y'd sun, the moon compleatly round ;  
 The starry lights that heav'n's high convex crown'd ;  
 The *Pleiads*, *Hyads*, with the northern team ; 561  
 And great *Orion*'s more resplendent beam ;  
 To which, around the axle of the sky,  
 The *Bear* revolving points his golden eye ;  
 Still shines exalted on th' æthereal plain, 565  
 Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.

## Two

have taken from Homer his assertion, that all things had their original from *strife* and *friendship*.

All these refinements, (not to call them absolute whimsies) I leave, just as I found them, to the reader's judgment or mercy. They call it *Learning* to have read them, but I fear 'tis *Folly* to quote them.

V. 566. *Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main*] The Critics make use of this passage to prove that Homer was ignorant of astronomy : since he believed, that the *Bear* was the only

Two cities radiant on the shield appear,  
The image one of peace, and one of war,

Here

only constellation which never bathed itself in the ocean, that is to say, that did not set, and was always visible; for, say they, this is common to other constellations of the arctick circle, as the lesser Bear, the Dragon, the greatest part of *Cæsus*, &c. To save *Homer*, *Aristotele* answers, that he call'd it the only one, to shew that it is the only one of those constellations he had spoken of, or that he has put the *only* for the *principal* or the *most known*. *Strabo* justifies this after another manner, in the beginning of his first book; "Under the name " of the *Bear* and the *Chariot*, *Homer* comprehends all the " arctick circle; for there being several other stars in that " circle which never set, he could not say, that the *Bear* was " the only one which did not bathe itself in the ocean; where- " fore those are deceived, who accuse the poet of ignorance, " as if he knew one *Bear* only when there are two; for the " lesser was not distinguished in his time. The *Phænicians* " were the first who observed it, and made use of it in their " navigation; and the figure of that sign passed from them to " the *Greeks*: The same thing happened in regard to the " constellation of *Berenice's hair*, and that of *Cassput*, " which received those names very lately; and, as *Aratus* " says well, there are several other stars which have no names. " *Craates* was then in the wrong to endeavour to correct " this passage, in putting *οὐσ* for *οὐν*, for he tries to avoid " that which there is no occasion to avoid. *Heraclitus* did " better, who put the *Bear* for the arctick circle, as *Homer* has " done. The *Bear* (says he) is the limit of the rising and set- " ting of the stars." Now it is the arctick circle, and not the *bear*, which is that limit. " 'Tis therefore evident, that by " the word *bear*, which he call'd the *waggon*, and which he " says observes *Orios*, he understands the arctick circle; that " by the ocean he means the horizon where the stars rise and " set; and by those words, which turns in the same place, and " doth not bathe itself in the ocean, he shews that the arctick " circle is the most northern part of the horizon, &c." Da- cier on *Arist.*

Mon. *Teraffa* combats this passage with great warmth. But it will be a sufficient vindication of our author to say, that some other constellations, which are likewise perpetually above the horizon in the latitude where *Homer* writ, were not at that time discovered; and that whether *Homer* knew that the *bear's* not setting was occasioned by the latitude, and that in

Here sacred pomp, and genial feast delight,  
And solemn dance, and *Hymen*-rite ; 570  
Along the street the new-made brides are led,  
With torches flaming, to the nuptial bed :  
The youthful dancers in a circle bound  
To the soft flute, and cittern's silver sound :  
Thro' the fair streets, the matrons, in a row, 575  
Stand in their porches, and enjoy the show.

There, in the *Forum* swarm a numerous train ;  
The subject of debate, a townsmen slain :  
One pleads the fine discharg'd, which one deny'd,  
And bade the publick and the laws decide : 580  
The witness is produc'd on either hand ;  
For this, or that, the partial people stand :

Th'

in a smaller latitude it would set, is of no consequence ; for if he had known it, it was still more poetical not to take notice of it.

V. 567. *Two cities, &c.*] In one of these are represented all the advantages of *peace* : And it was impossible to have chosen two better emblems of *peace*, than *Marriages* and *Justice*. 'Tis said this city was *Athens*, for marriages were first instituted there by *Cecrops* ; and judgment upon murder was first founded there. The ancient state of *Attica* seems represented in the neighbouring fields, where the ploughers and reapers are at work, and a king is overlooking them : for *Triptolemus*, who reigned there, was the first who sowed corn : This was the imagination of *Agalius Corcyrus*, as we find him cited by *Ennius*.

V. 579. *The fine discharg'd*] Murder was not always punished with death, or so much as banishment ; but when some fine was paid, the criminal was suffered to remain in the city. So *Iliad* 9.

— *Kai μὲν τίς τε κατεύνετο φύεσος*  
Παντὸς, ἡ δὲ παιδος ἐδέξατο τεθύνετος.  
*Kai δὲ μὲν ἐν δίμοι μέντος αὐτῷ πόλλ' ἀπολίσας*  
— *If a brother bleed,*  
*On just atonement we remit the deed;*  
*A fine the slaughter of his son forgives,*  
*The price of blood discharg'd, the mard'rer lives.*

Th' appointed heralds still the noisy bands,  
And form a ring with scepters in their hands ;  
On seats of stone, within the sacred place, 585  
The rev'rend elders nodded o'er the case ;  
Alternate, each th' attesting scepter took,  
And rising solemn, each his sentence spoke.  
Two golden tablets lay amidst, in sight,  
The prize of him who best adjudg'd the right. 590

Another part (a prospect diff'ring far).

Glow'd with resplendent arms, and horrid war.  
Two mighty hosts a-leaguer'd town embrace,  
And one would pillage, one would burn the place.  
Meantime the townsmen, arm'd with silent care, 595  
A secret ambush on the see prepare :  
Their wives, their children, and the watchful band  
Of trembling parents on the turrets stand.

The

V. 590. *The prize of him who best adjudg'd the right,* <sup>3</sup> *Exstathius* informs us, that it was anciently the custom to have a reward given to that judge who pronounced the best sentence. *M. Dacier* opposes this authority, and will have it, that this reward was given to the person who upon the decision of the suit appeared to have the justest cause. The difference between these two customs, in the reason of the thing, is very great: For the one must have been an encouragement to justice, the other a provocation to dissention. It were to be wanting in a due reverence to the wisdom of the ancients, and of *Homer* in particular, not to chuse the former sense: And I have the honour to be confirmed in this opinion, by the ablest judge, as well as the best practiser, of equity, my Lord *Hart-court*, at whose seat I translated this Book.

V. 591. *Another part (a prospect diff'ring far) &c.]* The same *Agallias*, cited above, would have this city in war to be meant of *Elissina*, but upon very slight reasons. What is wonderful, is, that all the accidents and events of war are set before our eyes in this short compass. The several scenes are excellently disposed to represent the whole affair. Here it is in the space of thirty lines, a siege, a sally, an ambush, 'the surprise of a covey, and a battle; with scarce a single circumstance, proper to any of these, omitted.

They march, by *Pallas* and by *Mars* made bold ;  
 Gold were the Gods, their radiant garments gold, 600  
 And gold their armour : These the squadrons led,  
 August, divine, superior by the head !  
 A place, for ambush fit, they found, and stood  
 Cover'd with shields, beside a silver flood.  
 Two spies at distance lurk, and watchful seem 605  
 If sheep or oxen seek the winding stream.  
 Soon the white flocks proceeded o'er the plains,  
 And steers slow-moving, and two shepherd swains ;  
 Behind them, piping on their reeds, they go,  
 Nor fear an ambush, nor suspect a foe. 610  
 In arms the glitt'ring squadron rising round,  
 Rush sudden ; hills of slaughter heap the ground,  
 Whole flocks and herds lie bleeding on the plains,  
 And all amicest them, dead, the shepherd swains !  
 The bellowing oxen the besiegers hear ; 615  
 They rise, take horse, approach, and meet the war ;  
 They fight, they fall, beside the silver flood ;  
 The waving silver seem'd to blush with blood.  
 There tumult, there contention stood confess'd ;  
 One rear'd a dagger at a captive's breast, 620  
 One held a living foe, that freshly bled  
 With new-made wounds ; another dragg'd a dead ;  
 Now here, now there, the carcasses they tore :  
 Fate stalk'd amidst them, grim with human gore.  
 And the whole war came out, and met the eye ; 625  
 And each bold figure seem'd to live, or die.

A field.

V. 619. *There tumult, &c.*] This is the first place in the whole description of the buckler, where *Homer* rises in his style, and uses the allegorical ornaments of Poetry ; so natural it was for his imagination (now heated with the fighting scene in the *Iliad*) to take fire when the image of a battle was presented to it.

A field deep-furrow'd, next the God design'd,  
The third time labour'd by the sweating hind ;

The

V. 627. *A field deep furrow'd, &c.*] Here begin the descriptions of rural life, in which Homer appears as great a master as in the great and terrible parts of poetry. One would think, he did this on purpose to rival his contemporary *Hesiod*, on those very subjects to which his genius was particularly bent. Upon this occasion, I must take notice of that Greek poem, which is commonly ascribed to *Hesiod*, under the title of Ἀρτίκ Ἡπαλός. Some of the antients mention such a work as *Hesiod's*, but that amounts to no proof that this is the same : Which indeed is not an express poem upon the shield of *Hercules*, but a fragment of the story of that hero. What regards the shield is a manifest copy from this of *Achilles* ; and consequently it is not of *Hesiod*. For if he was not more ancient, he was at least contemporary with *Homer* : And neither of them could be supposed to borrow so shamelessly from the other, not only the plan of entire descriptions, (as those of the marriage, the harvest, the vineyard, the ocean round the margin, &c.) but also whole verses together : Those of *Parca*, in the battle, are repeated word for word. .

— εἰ δὲ ὁλοὶ Κῆρ,

“Ἄλλοι ζῶντες τεύχα τεύχαλον ἄλλοι ἀμίνυ,

“Ἄλλοι τεθνεῶτα κατα μόθον ἐπεικε ποδοῖν.

Εἴτε δὲ ἔχει μέρις δαρφύεσσον αἰματὶ φαλῶν.

And indeed half the poem is but a sort of *Canto* composed out of *Homer's* verses: The reader need only cast an eye on these two descriptions, to see the vast difference of the original and the copy ; and I dare say he will readily agree with the sentiment of *Monsieur Dacier*, in applying to them that famous verse of *Sannazarius*,

*Illum boninem dicer, hunc posuisse Deum.*

V. Id.] I ought not to forget the many apparent allusions to the descriptions on this shield, which are to be found in those pictures of peace and war, the city and country, in the eleventh book of *Milton*: Who was doubtless fond of any occasion to shew, how much he was charmed with the beauty of all these lively images. He makes his angel paint those objects which he shews to *Adam*, in the colours, and almost the very strokes of *Homer*. Such is that passage of the harvest field,

His.

The shining shares full many ploughmen guide,  
And turn their crooked yokes on ev'y side. 630  
Still as at either end they wheel around,  
The master meets 'em with his goblet crown'd ;  
The hearty draught rewards, renew's their toil ;  
Then back the turning plow-shares cleave the soil,  
Behind, the rising earth in ridges roll'd. 635  
And sable look'd, tho' form'd of motten gold.

Another field rose high with waving grain ;  
With bended sickles stand the reaper-train.

Here

- His eye he open'd, and beheld a field
- Part arable and tilth, whereon were sheaves
- New reap'd ; the other part sheep walk and folds.
- In midst an altar, as the land-mark, stood,
- Ruslick, of grassy lord, &c.

That of the marriage,

- They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke
- Hymen (then first to marriage rites invok'd)
- With feasts and musick all their tents resound.

But more particularly the following lines are in a manner a translation of our author.

- One way a band select from forage drives
- A herd of beevves, fair oxen and fair kine.
- From a fat meadow ground ; or fleecy flock,
- Ewes and their bleating lambs, across the plain,
- Their booty : Scarce with life the shepherds fly,
- But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray,
- With cruel tournaments the squadrons join
- Where cattle pastur'd late, now scatter'd lies.
- With carcasses and arms th' enlanguin'd field
- Deserted.—Others to a city strong
- Lay seige, encan p'd ; ybattery, sciale, and mine
- Assaulting : others from the wall defend
- With dart and jav'lin, stones, and sulph'rous fire :
- On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.
- In other part the cepter'd heralds call
- To council in the city gates : anon
- Grey headed men and grave, with warriors mixt,
- Assemble, and barangues are heard—

Here stretch'd in ranks the level'd swarths are found  
 Sheaves heap'd on sheaves, here thicken on the ground  
 With sweeping stroke the mowers frow the lands ; 644  
 The gath'ers follow, and collect in bands ;  
 And last the children, in whose arms are borne  
 (Too short to gripe them) the brown sheaves of corn.  
 The rustic monarch of the field descries, 645  
 With silent glee, the heaps around him rise.  
 A ready banquet on the turf is laid,  
 Beneath an ample oak's expanded shade.  
 The victim or the sturdy youth prepare ;  
 The reaper's due repast, the women's care. 650

Next ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard shines,  
 Bent with the pond'rous harvest of its vines ;  
 A deeper dye the dangling clusters show,  
 And, curl'd on silver props, in order glow.  
 A darker metal mixt intrench'd the place ; 655  
 And pales of glitt'ring tin th' enclosure grace.  
 To this, one path-way gently-winding leads,  
 Where march a train with baskets on their heads,  
 (Fair maids and blooming youth) that smiling bear  
 The purple product of th' autumnal year. 660  
 To these a youth awakes the warbling strings,  
 Whose tender lay the fate of *Linus* sings ;

In :

V. 645. *The rustic monarch of the field.*] *Dacier* takes this to be a piece of ground given to a hero in reward of his services. It was in no respect unworthy such a person in those days, to see his harvest got in, and to overlook his reapers : It is very conformable to the manners of the ancient patriarchs, such as they are described to us in the holy scriptures.

V. 662. *The fate of Linus.*] There are two interpretations of this verse in the original : That which I have chosen is confirmed by the testimony of *Herodotus*, lib. 2. and *Pausanias*, *Bæoticis*. *Linus* was the most ancient name in poetry, the first upon record who invented verse and measure among the *Grecians* : he passed for the son of *Apollo* or *Mercury*, and was preceptor

measur'd dance behind him move the train,  
Tune soft the voice, and answer to the strain.

Here, herds of oxen march, erect and bold, 665  
Rear high their horns, and seem to lowe in gold,  
And speed to meadows, on whose sounding shores  
A rapid torrent thro' the rushes roars :  
Four golden herdsmen as their guardians stand,  
And nine four dogs compleat the rustic band. 670  
Two lions rushing from the wood appear'd ;  
And seiz'd a bull, the master of the herd ;  
He roar'd : in vain the dogs, the men withstood,  
They tore his flesh, and drank the sable blood.  
The dogs (oft' chear'd in vain) desert the prey, 675  
Dread the grim terrors, and at distance bay.

Next this, the eye the art of *Uukan* leads  
Deep thro' fair forests, and a length of meads ;  
And stalls, and folds, and scatter'd cotts between ;  
And fleecy flocks, that whiten all the scene. 680

A figur'd

preceptor to *Hercules*, *Thamyris* and *Orpheus*. There was a solemn custom among the Greeks of bewailing annually the death of their first poet: *Pausanias* informs us, that before the yearly sacrifice to the muses on mount *Helicon*, the obsequies of *Linus* were performed, who had a statue and altar erected to him, in that place. *Homer* alludes to that custom in this passage, and was doubtless fond of paying this respect to the old father of poetry. *Virgil* has done the same, in that fine celebration of him, *Eleg. 6.*

*Tum canit errantem Permessi ad flamina Gallum,  
Uique viro Phœbi chorus affurrexit omnis ;  
Ut Linus hæc illi, divino carmine, pastor  
(Floribus atque apio crinas ornatus amaro)  
Dixerit-----sec.*

And again in the fourth *Eleg. 6.* ;

*Non me carminibus vincet nec Thracius Orpheus,  
Nec Linus ; hisc mater, quamvis, atque huic pater adsit,  
Orpheo Calliopea, Lino formæsus Apollo.*

A figur'd dance succeeds : Such once was seen  
 In lofty *Gnossus*, for the *Cretan Queen*,  
 Form'd by *Dædalian* art. A comely band  
 Of youths and maidens, bounding hard in hand ;  
 The maids in soft cymars of linen drest ; 685  
 The youths all graceful in the glossy vest ;  
 Of those the locks with flow'ry wreaths inroll'd,  
 Of these the sides adorn'd with swords of gold,  
 That glitt'ring gay, from silver belts depend.  
 Now all at once they rise, at once descend, 690.  
 With well-taught feet : Now shape, in oblique ways,  
 Confus'dly regular; the moving maze :  
 Now forth at once, too swift for sight they spring,  
 And undistinguish'd blend the flying ring :  
 So whirls a wheel, in giddy circle tost, 695.  
 And rapid as it runs, the single spokes are lost.  
 The gazing multitudes admire around ;  
 Two active tumblers in the centre bound ;  
 Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend,  
 And gen'ral songs the sprightly revel end. 700.

Thus.

V. 681. *A figur'd. dance.*] There were two sorts of dances, the pyrrhick, and the common dance : Homer has joined both in his description. We see the pyrrhick, or military, is performed by the youths who have swords on, the other by the virgins crowned with garlands.

Here the ancient scholiasts say, that whereas before it was the custom for men and women to dance separately, the contrary practice was brought in by seven youths and as many virgins, who were saved by *Theseus* from the labyrinth, and that this dance was taught them by *Dædalus* : To which *Hemes* here alludes. See *Dion. Halic. Hist.* 1. 7. c. 68.

It is worth observing that the *Grecian* dance is still performed in this manner in the *oriental* nations : The youths and maidens dance in a ring, beginning slowly ; by degrees the music plays a quicker time, till at last they dance with the utmost swiftness ; And towards the conclusion, they sing (as it is said here) in a general chorus.

Thus the broad shield complete the artist crown'd  
With his last hand, and pour'd the ocean round:  
In living silver seen'd the waves to roll,  
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.

This done, whate'er a warrior's use requires 705.  
He forg'd: the cuirass that out-shone the fires,  
The greaves of duotile tin, the helm imprest  
With various sculpture, and the golden crest.  
At *Tbetus'* feet the finish'd labour lay;  
She, as a falcon cuts th' aerial way, 710  
Swift from *Olympus'* snowy summit flies,  
And bears the blazing present through the skies.

V. 702. *And pour'd the ocean round.]* *Vulcan* was the God of Fire, and *Homer* passes over this part of the description negligently; for which reason *Virgil* (to take a different walk), makes half his description of *Aeneas'* buckler consist in a sea-fight. For the same reason he has laboured the sea-piece, among his games, more than any other, because *Homer* had described nothing of this kind at the funeral of *Patr. clus.*

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## O B S E R V A T I O N S

ON THE

### " SHIELD of ACHILLES."

THE Poet intending to shew, in its full lustre, his genius for description, makes choice of this interval from action and the leisure of the night, to display that talent at large in the famous buckler of *Achilles*. His intention was no less than to draw the picture of the whole world in the compass of this shield. We see first the universe in general; the heavens are spread, the stars are hung up, the earth is stretched forth, the seas are poured round: We next see the world in a nearer and more particular view; the cities, delightful in peace, or formidable in war; the labours of the country, and the fruit of those labours, in the harvests and the vintages: the pastoral life in its pleasures and its dangers: In a word, all the occupations, all the ambitions, and all the diversions of mankind: This noble and comprehensive design he has executed in a manner that challenged the admiration of all the ancients: And how right an idea they had of this grand design, may be judged from that verse of *Ovid, Met. 13.* where he calls it,

— *Clypeus valti cælatus imagine mundi.*

It is indeed astonishing, how, after this, the arrogance of some moderns could unfortunately chuse the noblest part of the noblest poet for the object of their blind censures. Their criticisms, however just enough upon other parts, yet, when employed on this buckler, are to the utmost weak and impotent.

— *postquam arma Dei ad Vulcania ventum est*  
*Mortalis mucro, glacies seu futilis, ista*  
*Difficit.* —

I design

I design to give the reader the sum of what has been said on this subject. First, a reply to the loose and scattered objections of the criticks, by M. *Dacier*: Then the regular plan and distribution of the shield, by Mons. *Boivin*: And lastly, I shall attempt, what has not yet been done, to consider it as a work of painting, and prove it in all respects conformable to the most just ideas and established rules of that art.

I. It is the fate (says M. *Dacier*) of the arms of *Abil-les*, to be still the occasion of quarrels and disputes. *Julius Scaliger* was the first who appeared against this part, and was followed by a whole herd. These object in the first place, that it is impossible to represent the movement of the figures; and in condemning the manner, they take the liberty to condemn also the subject; which they say is trivial, and not well understood. It is certain that *Homer* speaks of the figures on this buckler, as if they were alive: And some of the ancients, taking his expressions to the strictness of the letter, did really believe that they had all sorts of motion. *Eustathius* shewed the absurdity of that sentiment by a passage of *Homer* himself; "That poet," says he, to shew that his figures are not animated, "as some have pretended by an excessive affection for the prodigious, took care to say that they *moved* and *fought*, as if they were living men." The ancients certainly founded this ridiculous opinion on a rule of *Aristotle*: For they thought the poet could not make his description more admirable and marvellous, than in making his figures animated, since (as *Aristotle* says) the *original should always excel the copy*. That shield is the work of a God: It is the original, of which the engraving and painting of men is but an imperfect copy; and there is nothing impossible to the Gods. But they did not perceive, that by this *Homer* would have fallen into an extravagant admirable which would not have been probable. Therefore it is without any necessity *Eustathius* adds, "That it is possible all those figures did not stick close to the shield.

" shield, but that they were detached from it, and  
 " moved by springs, in such a manner that they ap-  
 " peared to have motion ; as *Aeschylus* has feigned  
 " something like it, in his *seven captains against Thebes*." But without having recourse to that conjecture, we can shew that there is nothing more simple and natural than the description of that shield, and there is not one word which *Homer* might not have said of it, if it had been the work of a man ; for there is a great deal of difference between the work itself, and the description of it.

Let us examine the particulars for which they blame *Homer*. They say he describes two towns on his shield which *speak different languages*. It is the *Latin* translation, and not *Homer*, that says so ; the word *μηπίνων*, is a common epithet of men, and which signifies only, that they have *an articulate voice*. These towns could not speak different languages, since, as the ancients have remarked, they were *Athens* and *Eleusina*, both which spake the same language. But though that epithet should signify, *which speak different languages*, there would be nothing very surprising, for *Virgil* said what *Homer* it seems must not :

*Victæ longo ordine gentes,  
 Quam varie linguis.* — — — — — *En.* 8.

If a painter should put into a picture one town of *France* and another of *Flanders*, might not one say there were two towns which speak different languages ?

*Homer* (they tell us) says in another place, that *we bear the barangues of two pleaders*. This is an unfair exaggeration : He only says, *two men pleaded*, that is, were represented pleading. Was not the same said by *Pliny* of *Nicomachus*, that he had painted two *Greeks*, which spake one after another ? Can we express ourselves otherwise of these two arts, which, though they are mute, yet have a language ? Or in explaining a painting of *Raphael* or *Poussin*, can we prevent an inimitating the figures, in making them speak conformably to the

the design of the painter? But how could the engraver represent those young shepherds and virgins that dance first in a ring, and then in sets? Or those troops which were in ambuscade? This would be difficult indeed, if the workman had not the liberty to make his person appear in different circumstances. All the objections against the young man who sings at the same time that he plays on the harp, the bull that roars whilst he is devoured by a lion, and against the musical consorts, are childish; for we can never speak of painting if we banish those expressions. *Pliny* says of *Apelles*, that he painted *Clytus* on horseback going to battle, and demanding his helmet of his squire: Of *Arades*, that he drew a beggar whom he could almost understand, *pene cum vace*: Of *Cresilochus*, that he had painted *Jupiter* bringing forth *Bacchus*, and crying out like a woman, *Et muliebriter ingemiscerent*: And of *Nicearchus*, that he had drawn a piece, in which *Hercules* was seen very melancholy on reflection of his madness, *Hercu'lem tristem, infan'ia pænitus nitid*. No one sure will condemn those ways of expression which are so common. The same author has said much more of *Apelles*; he tells us he painted those things which could not be painted, as thunder; *pinxit quæ pingi non possunt*: And of *Timanthus*, that in all his works there was something more understood than was seen; and tho' there was all the art imaginable, yet still there was more ingenuity than art: *Atque in omnibus ejus operibus, intelligitur plus semper quam pingitur*: *Et cum ars summa sit, ingenium tamen ultra artem est*. If we take the pains to compare these expressions with those of *Homer*, we shall find him altogether excusable in his manner of describing the buckler.

We come now to the matter. If this shield (says a modern Critick) had been made in a wiser age, it would have been more correct and less charged with objects. There are two things which cause the censurers to fall into this false criticism: The first is, that they think the shield was no broader than the brims of a hat;

a hat, whereas it was large enough to cover a whole man. The other is, that they did not know the design of the poet, and imagined this description was only the whimsy of an irregular wit, who did it by chance, and not following nature ; for they never so much as entered into the intention of the Poet, nor knew the shield was designed as a representation of the universe.

It is happy that *Virgil* has made a buckler for *Aeneas*, as well as *Homer* for *Achilles*. The *Latin* poet, who imitated the *Greek* one, always took care to accommodate those things which time had changed, so as to render them agreeable to the palate of his readers ; yet he hath not only charged his shield with a great deal more work, since he paints all the actions of the *Romans* from *Aesculapius* to *Augustus* ; but has not avoided any of those manners of expression which offend the criticks. We see there the wolf of *Romulus* and *Ramulus*, who gives them her dugs *one after another*, *mulcere a'enos, & corpora fingere lingua* : The rape of the *Sabines* ; and the war which followed it, *subitoque novum confusore bellum* : *Metius* torn by four horses, and *Tullus* who draws his entrails thro' the forest : *Porfernia* commanding the *Romans* to receive *Tarquin*, and besieging *Rome* : The geese flying to the porches of the capitol, and giving notice by their *cries* of the attack of the *Gauls*.

*Atque hic auratis volitans argenteus anser,  
Porticibus, Gallos in limine adesse canebat.*

We see the *Salian* dance, hell, and the pains of the damned ; and farther off, the place of the blessed, where *Cato* presides : We see the famous battle of *Astium*, where we may distinguish the captains : *Agrippa* with the Gods, and the winds favourable ; and *Antony* leading on all the forces of the *East*, *Egypt*, and the *Bactrians* : The fight begins, the sea is red with blood, *Cleopatra* gives the signal for a retreat, and calls her troops with a *Syrum*. *Patrio vocat agmina-  
systre.*

*Systra.* The Gods, or rather the monsters of *Egypt*, fight against *Neptune*, *Venus*, *Minerva*, *Mars*, and *Apollo*: We see *Antony's* fleet beaten, and the *Nile* sorrowfully opening his bosom to receive the conquered: *Cleopatra* looks pale and almost dead at the thought of that death she had already determined; nay, we see the very wind *Iapis* which hastens her flight: We see the three triumphs of *Augustus*; that prince consecrates three hundred temples, the altars are filled with ladies offering up sacrifices. *Augustus*, sitting at the entrance of *Apollo's* temple, receives presents and hangs them on the pillars of the temple; while all the conquered nations pass by, who speak different languages, and are differently equipped and armed.

— *Incudum vicer longo ordine gentes,*  
*Quam variae linguis babitu tum uestis & armis.*

Nothing can better justify *Homer*, or shew the wisdom and judgement of *Virgil*: He was charmed with *Achilles's* shield, and therefore would give the same ornament to his poem. But as *Homer* had painted the universe, he was sensible that nothing remained for him to do; he had no other way to take than that of prophecy, and shew what the descendant of his hero should perform; and he was not afraid to go beyond *Homer*, because there is nothing improbable in the hands of a God. If the criticks say, that this is justifying one fault by another, I desire they would agree among themselves: *Scaliger*, who was the first that condemned *Homer's* shield, admires *Virgil's*. But suppose they should agree, it would be foolish to endeavour to persuade us, that what *Homer* and *Virgil* have done, by the approbation of all ages, is not good; and to make us think, that their particular taste should prevail over that of all other men. Nothing is more ridiculous than to trouble one's self to answer men who shew so little reason in their criticisms, that we can do them no greater favour, than to ascribe it to their ignorance.

Thus.

Thus far the objections are answered by Mons. *Dacier*. Since when, some others have been started, as that the objects represented on the buckler, have no reference to the poem, no agreement with *Thetis* who procured it, *Vulcan*, who made it, or *Achilles* for whom it was made.

To this it is replied, that the representation of the sea was agreeable enough to *Thetis*; that the spheres and celestial fires were so to *Vulcan*; (tho' the truth is, any piece of workmanship was equally fit to come from the hands of this God) and that the images of a town besieged, a battle, and an ambuscade, were objects sufficiently proper for *Achilles*. But after all, where was the necessity that they should be so? They had at least been as fit for one hero as for another; and *Aeneas*, as *Virgil* tells us, knew not what to make of the figures on his shield.

*Rerumque ignarus, imagine gaudet.*

It is But still the main objection, and that in which the vanity of the moderns has triumphed most, is that the shield is crowded with such a multiplicity of figures, as could not possibly be represented in the compass of it. The late Dissertation of Mons. *Boivin* has put an end to this cavil, and the reader will have the pleasure to be convinced of it by ocular demonstration, in the print annexed.

The author supposes the buckler to have been perfectly round: He divides the convex surface into four concentrick circles.

The circle next the centre contains the globe of the earth and the sea in miniature: he gives this circle the dimension of three inches.

The second circle is allotted for the heavens and the stars: he allows the space of ten inches between this and the former circle.

The third shall be eight inches distant from the second. The space between those two circles shall be divided into twelve compartments, each of which makes a picture of ten or eleven inches deep.

The

The fourth circle makes the margin of the buckler: And the interval between this and the former, being of three inches, is sufficient to represent the waves and currents of the ocean.

All these together make but four feet in the whole in diameter. The print of these circles and divisions will serve to prove, that the figures will neither be crowded nor confused, if disposed in the proper place and order.

As to the size and figure of the shield, it is evident from the poets, that in the time of the *Trojan war* there were shields of an extraordinary magnitude. The buckler of *Ajax* is often compared by *Homer* to a tower, and in the sixth *Iliad* that of *Hector* is described to cover him from the shoulder to the ankles.

Ἄριψ' δὲ οἱ σφυρὶς τοῖσι καὶ ἀνέχειν δέρμα κελαῖται  
Ἄνιψ' οὐ ποιάται θίεν δοκίδος ἐμφαλοτοσσός. V. 117.

In the second verse of the description of this buckler of *Achilles*, it is said that *Vulcan* cast around it a radiant circle.

Περὶ δὲ ἀνιψία βάλλε φαστήν. V. 479.

Which proves the figure to have been round. But if it be alledged that ἀνιψία as well signifies *oval* as *circular*, it may be answered, that the circular figure better agrees to the spheres represented in the centre, and to the course of the ocean at the circumference.

We may very well allow four foot diameter to this buckler: as one may suppose a larger size would have been too unwieldy, so a less would not have been sufficient to cover the breast and arm of a man of a stature so large as *Achilles*.

In allowing four foot diameter to the whole, each of the twelve compartments may be of ten or eleven inches in depth, which will be enough to contain, without any confusion, all the objects, which *Homer* mentions. Indeed in this plan, each compartment being but one inch, the principal figures only are represented;

presented ; but the reader may easily imagine the advantage of nine or ten inches more. However, if the criticks are not yet satisfied, there is room enough, it is but taking in the literal sense the words πάνος διαδέλνει, with which *Homer* begins his description, and the buckler may be supposed engraven on both sides, which supposition will double the size of each piece : The one side may serve for the general description of heaven and earth, and the other for all the particulars.

III. It having been now shewn, that the shield of *Homer* is blameless as to its design and disposition, and that the subject (so extensive as it is) may be contracted within the due limits ; not being one vast unappropriated heap of figures, but divided into twelve regular compartments : What remains, is to consider this piece as a complete *idea of painting*, and a sketch for what one may call an *universal picture*. This is certainly the light in which it is chiefly to be admired, and in which alone the criticks have neglected to place it.

There is reason to believe that *Homer* did in this as he had done in other arts, (even in mechanicks) that is, comprehend whatever was known of it in his time ; if not (as is highly probable) from thence extend its ideas yet further, and give more enlarged notion of it. Accordingly, it is very observable, that there is scarce a species or branch of this art which is not here to be found, whether history, battle-painting, landscape, architecture, fruits, flowers, animals, &c.

I think it possible that painting was arrived to a greater degree of perfection, even at that early period, than is generally supposed by those who have written upon it. *Pliny* expressly says, that it was not known in the time of the *Trojan* war. The same author, and others, represent it in a very imperfect state in *Greece*, in, or near the days of *Homer*. They tell us of one painter, that he was the first who began to shadow ; and of another that he filled his outline only with

with a single colour, and that laid on every where alike: But we may have a higher notion of the art, from those descriptions of statues, carvings, tapestries, sculptures upon armour, and ornaments of all kinds, which every where occur in our author; as well as from what he says of their beauty, the relieveo, and their emulation of life itself. If we consider how much it is his constant practice to confine himself to the customs of the times whereof he writ, it will be hard to doubt but that painting and sculpture must have been then in great practice and repute.

The shield is not only described as a piece of sculpture but of painting, the outlines may be supposed engraved, and the rest enamelled, or inlaid with various coloured metals. The variety of colours is plainly distinguished by Homer, where he speaks of the blackness of the new opened earth, of the several colours of the grapes and vines; and in other places. The different metals that *Vulcan* is feigned to cast in the furnace, were sufficient to afford all the necessary colours: But if to those which are natural to the metals, we add also those which they are capable of receiving from the operation of fire, we shall find, that *Vulcan* had as great a variety of colours to make use of as any modern painter. That enamelling, or fixing colours by fire, was practised very anciently, may be conjectured from what *Diodorus* reports of one of the walls of *Babylon* built by *Semiramis*, that *the bricks of it were painted before they were burned, so as to represent all sorts of animals*, lib. 2. chap. 4. Now it is but natural to infer, that men had made use of ordinary colours for the representation of objects, before they learned to represent them by such as are given by the operation of fire; one being much more easy and obvious than the other, and that sort of painting by means of fire being but an imitation of the painting with a pencil and colours. The same inference may be farther enforced from the works of tapestry, which the women of those times interwoveaved with many colours;

lours ; as appears from the description of that veil which *Hecuba* offers to *Minerva* in the sixth Iliad, and from a passage in the twenty second, where *Andromache* is represented working flowers in a piece of this kind. They must certainly have known the use of colours themselves for painting, before they could think of dying threads with those colours, and weaving those threads close to one another, in order only to a more laborious imitation of a thing so much more easily performed by a pencil. This observation I owe to the *Abbé Fragier*.

It may indeed be thought, that a genius so vast and comprehensive as that of *Homer*, might carry his views beyond the rest of mankind, and that in this buckler of *Achilles* he rather designed to give a scheme of what might be performed, than a description of what really was so : And since he made a God the artist, he might excuse himself from a strict confinement to what was known and practised in the time of the *Trojan* war. Let this be as it will, it is certain that he had, whether by learning, or by strength of genius, (tho' the latter be more glorious for *Homer*) a full and exact idea of painting in all its parts ; that is to say, in the *invention*, the *composition*, the *expression*, &c.

The *invention* is shewn in finding and introducing, in every subject, the *greatest*, the *most significant*, and *most suitable* objects. Accordingly, in every single picture of the shield, *Homer* constantly finds out either those objects which are naturally the principal, those which most conduce to shew the subject, or those which set it in the liveliest and most agreeable light : These he never fails to dispose in the most advantageous manners, situations, and oppositions.

Next, we find all his figures differently *characterized*, in their expressions and attitudes, according to their several natures : The Gods (for instance) are distinguished in air, habit, and proportion, from men, in the fourth picture ; masters from servants, in the eighth ; and so of the rest.

Nothing is more wonderful than his exact observation of the *contrast*, not only between figure and figure, but between subject and subject. The city in peace is a contrast to the city in war : Between the siege in the fourth picture, and the battle in the fifth, a piece of paisage is introduced, and rural scenes follow after. The country too is represented in war in the fifth, as well as in peace in the seventh, eighth, and ninth. The very animals are shewn in these two different states, in the tenth and the eleventh. Where the subjects appear the same, he contraries them some other way : Thus the first picture of the town in peace having a predominant air of gaiety, in the dances and pomps of the marriage ; the second has a character of earnestness and solicitude, in the dispute and pleadings. In the pieces of rural life, that of the ploughing is of a different character from the harvest, and that of the harvest from the vintage. In each of these there is a contrast of the *labour* and *mirth* of the country people : In the first, some are ploughing, others taking a cup of good liquor, in the next we see the reapers working in one part, and the banquet prepared in another ; in the last, the labour of the vineyard is relieved with musick and a dance. The persons are no less varied, old and young, men and women : There being women in two pictures together, namely the eighth and ninth, it is remarkable that those in the latter are of a different character from the former ; they who dress the supper being ordinary women, the others, who carry baskets in the vineyard, young and beautiful virgins : And these again are of an inferior character to those in the twelfth piece, who are distinguished as people of condition by a more elegant dress. There are three dances in the buckler ; and these too are varied : That at the wedding is in a circular figure, that of the vineyard in a row, that in the last picture, a mingled one. Lastly, there is a manifest contrast in the colours ; nay, even in the backgrounds of the several pieces : For example, that of the

the ploughing is of a dark tint, that of the harvest yellow, that of the pasture green, and the rest in like manner.

That he was not a stranger to aëreal perspective, appears in his expressly marking the distance of objects from object: He tells, for instance that the two spies lay a little remote from the other figures; and that the oak, under which was spread the banquet of the reapers, stood *apart*. What he says of the valley sprinkled all over with cottages and flocks, appears to be a description of a large country in perspective. And indeed a general argument for this may be drawn from the number of figures on the shield; which could not be all expressed in their full magnitude: and this is therefore a sort of proof that the art of lessening them according to perspective was known at that time.

What the criticks call the *three unities*, ought in reason as much to be observed in a picture as in a play; each should have only *one principal action*, *one instant of time*, and *one point of view*. In this method of examination also the shield of Homer will bear the test: He has been more exact than the greatest painters, who have often deviated from one or other of these rules; whereas (when we examine the detail of each compartment) it will appear.

First, that there is but one principal action in each picture, and that no supernumerary figures or actions are introduced. This will answer all that has been said of the confusion and croud of figures on the shield, by those who never comprehended the plan of it.

Secondly, that no action is represented in one piece, which could not happen in the same instant of time. This will overthrow the objection against so many different actions appearing in one shield; which in this case, is much as absurd, as to object against so many of *Raphael's Cartons* appearing in one gallery.

Thirdly, It will be manifest that there are no objects in any one picture which could not be seen in one point:

of view. Heretby the *Abbe Terroux*'s whole criticism will fall to the ground, which amounts but to this, that the general objects of the heavens, stars and sea, with the particular prospects of towns, fields, &c. could never be seen all at once. *Homer* was incapable of so absurd a thought, nor could these heavenly bodies (had he intended them for a picture) have ever been seen together from one point; for the constellations and the full moon, for example, could never be seen at once with the sun. But the celestial bodies were placed on the boss, as the ocean at the margin of the shield: These were no parts of the painting, but the former was only an ornament to the projection in the middle, and the latter a frame round about it: In the same manner as the divisions, projections, or angles of a roof are left to be ornamented at the discretion of the painter, with foliage, architecture, grotesque, or what he pleases: However, his judgment will be still more commendable, if he contrives to make even these extricical parts to bear some allusion to the main design: It is this which *Homer* has done, in placing a sort of sphere in the middle, and the ocean at the border, of a work, which was expressly intended to represent the universe.

I proceed now to the detail of the shield; in which the words of *Homer* being first translated, an attempt will be made to shew with what exact order all that he describes may enter into the composition, according to the rules of painting.

## T H E

### SHIELD OF ACHILLES.

Divided into its several parts.

#### *The Boss of the Shield.*

VERSE. 483. [Επὶ μὲν γαῖαν, &c.] 'Here *Vul-*  
can represented the earth, the heaven, the sea,  
the indefatigable course of the sun, the moon in her  
full, all the celestial signs that crown *Olympus*, the  
*Pleiades*, the *Hyades*, the great *Orion*, and the *Bear*,  
commonly called the *Wain*, the only constellation  
which, never bathing itself in the ocean, turns about  
the pole, and observes the course of *Orion*.

The sculpture of these resembled somewhat of our  
terrestrial and celestial Globes, and took up the centre  
of the shield: It is plain by the hubble in which *Hom-*  
*er* expresses this, that he did not describe it as a pic-  
ture for a point of sight.

The circumference is divided into twelve compa-  
riment, each being a separate picture: as follow:

#### First Compartment. *A Town in Peace.*

[Ἐπὶ δὲ δύο πόλεσσιν σίτει, &c.] 'He engraved two  
cities; in one of them were represented nuptials and  
festivals. The spouses from their bridal chambers  
were conducted through the town by the light of  
torches. Every mouth sung the *hymeneal song*:  
The youths turned rapidly about in a circular dance:  
The flute and the lyre resounded: The women,

every one in the street, standing in the porches, beheld, and admired.

In this picture, the brides preceded by torch-bearers are on the fore-ground. The dance in circles, and musicians behind them: The street in perspective on either side, the women and spectators in the porches, &c. dispersed through all the architecture.

Second Compartment. *An Assembly of People.*

Ἄνδρες δὲ ἀγορῇ, &c.] ' There was seen a Number of people in the market-place, and two men disputing warmly: The occasion was the payment of a fine for a murder, which one affirmed before the people he had paid, the other denied to have received; both demanded that the affair should be determined by the judgment of an arbiter: The acclamations of the multitude favoured sometimes the one party, sometimes the other.

Here is a fine plan for a master-piece of *expression*; any judge of painting will see our author has chosen that *cause*, which, of all others, would give occasion to the greatest variety of expression: The father, the murderer, the witnesses, and the different passions of the assembly, would afford an ample field for this talent even to *Raphael* himself.

Third Compartment. *The Senate.*

Χίρουκες δὲ ἀπειλαῖοι ἐρήτων, &c.] ' The heralds ranged the people in order: The reverend elders were seated on seats of polished stone, in the sacred circle; they rose up and declared their judgment, each in his turn, with the sceptre in his hand: Two talents of gold were laid in the middle of the circle, to be given to him who should pronounce the most equitable judgment.

The judges are seated in the centre of the picture; one (who is the principal figure) standing up as speaking, another in an action of rising, as in order to speak;

The

The ground about them a prospect of the *Forum* filled with auditors and spectators.

Fourth Compartment. *A Town in War.*

*Τὸν δὲ ἵππον πόλην, &c.]* ‘The other city was besieged by two glittering armies: They were not agreed, whether to sack the town, or to divide all the booty of it into equal parts, to be shared between them: Mean time the besieged secretly armed themselves for an ambuscade. Their wives, children and old men were posted to defend their walls: The warriors marched from the town with *Pallas* and *Mars* at their head: The deities were of gold, and had golden armours, by the glory of which they were distinguished above the men, as well as by their superior stature, and more elegant proportions.

This subject may be thus disposed: The town pretty near the eye, across the whole picture, with the old men on the walls: The chiefs of each army on the fore ground: Their different opinions for putting the town to the sword, or sparing it on account of the booty, may be expressed by some having their hands on their swords, and looking up to the city, others stopping them, or in an action of persuading them against it. Behind, in prospect, the townsmen may be seen going out from the backgates, with the two deities at their head.

Homer here gives a clear instance of what the ancients always practised; the distinguishing the Gods and Goddesses by characters of majesty or beauty somewhat superior to nature; we constantly find this in their Statues, and to this the modern masters owe the grand taste in the perfection of their figures.

Fifth Compartment. *An Ambuscade.*

*οἱ δὲ ἵπποι πάνον, &c.]* ‘Being arrived at the river where they designed their ambush (the place where the cattle were watered) they disposed themselves

- selves along the bank covered with their arms :
- Two spies lay at a distance from them, observing
- when the oxen and sheep should come to drink.
- They came immediately, followed by two shepherds,
- who were playing on their pipes, without any apprehension of their danger.

This quiet picture is a kind of *Repose* between the last, and the following active pieces. Here is a scene of a river and trees, under which lie the soldiers, next the eye of the spectator ; on the farther bank are placed the two spies on one hand, and the flock and shepherds appear coming at a greater distance on the other.

Sixth Compartment. *The Battle.*

Οι μὲν τὰ προδότες, &c.] ‘ The people of the town rushed upon them, carried off the oxen and sheep, and killed the shepherds. The besiegers sitting before the town, heard the outcry, and mounting their horses, arrived at the bank of the river ; where they stopped, and encountered each other with their spears. Discord, tumult, and fate, raged in the midst of them. There might you see cruel *Destiny* dragging a dead soldier thro’ the battle ; two others she seized alive ; one of which was mortally wounded ; the other not yet hurt. The garment on her shoulders was stained with human blood : The figures appeared as if they lived, moved, and fought, you would think they really dragged off their dead.

The sheep and two shepherds lying dead upon the fore-ground. A battle-piece fills the picture. The allegorical figure of the *Parea* or *Destiny* is the principal. This had been a noble occasion for such a painter as *Rubens*, who has, with most happiness and learning, imitated the ancients in these fictitious and symbolical persons.

Seventh Compartment. *Tillage.*

[*Ἐ, δὲ τίτανος μάλαντον.*] ' The next piece represented a large field, a deep and fruitful soil, which seemed to have been three times plowed ; the labourers appeared turning their plows on every side. As soon as they came to a land's end, a man presented them a bowl of wine ; cheered with this, they turned, and worked down a new furrow, desirous to hasten to the next land's end. The field was of gold, but looked black behind the plows, as if it had really been turned up ; the surprising effect of the art of *Vulcan*.

The plow-men must be represented on the fore-ground, in the action of turning at the end of the furrow. The invention of *Homer* is not content with barely putting down the figures, but enlivens them prodigiously with some remarkable circumstance : The giving a cup of wine to the plowmen must occasion a fine expression of the faces.

Eighth Compartment. *The harvest.*

[*Ἐ, δὲ τίτανος τίπυνε, οὐτε.*] ' Next he represented a field of corn, in which the reapers worked with sharp sickles in their hands ; the corn fell thick along the furrows in equal rows : Three binders were employed in making up the sheaves : The boys attending them, gathered up the loose swarths, and carried them in their arms to be bound : The lord of the field standing in the midst of the heaps, with a sceptre in his hand, rejoices in silence : His officers at a distance, prepare a feast under the shade of an oak, and hold an ox ready to be sacrificed ; while the women mix the flour of wheat for the reapers supper.

The reapers on the fore-ground, with their faces towards the spectators ; the gatherers behind, and the children on the farther ground. The master of the field, who is the chief figure, may be set in the middle of the picture with a strong light upon him, in the action.

tion of direction and pointing with his sceptre : The oak, with the servants under it, the sacrifice, &c. on a distant ground, would altogether make a beautiful groupe of great variety.

Ninth Compartment. *The Vintage.*

[*Ἐν τῷ ἀνθετῷ τοῦ οἴνου, &c.*] He then engraved a vine-yard loaded with its grapes : The vineyard was gold, but the grapes black, and the stems of them silver. A trench of a dark metal, and a palisade of tin, compassed the whole vineyard. There was one path in it, by which the labourers in the vineyard passed : Young men and maids carried the fruit in woven baskets : In the middle of them a youth played on the lyre, and charmed them with his tender voice, as he sung to the strings (or as he sung to the song of Linus :) The rest striking the ground with their feet in exact time, followed him in a dance, and accompanied his voice with their own.

The vintage scene needs to be painted in any colours but Homer's. The youths and maids towards the eye; as coming out of the vineyard : The enclosure, pales, gate, &c. on the fore-ground. There is something inexpressibly *riant* in this piece, above all the rest.

Tenth Compartment. *Animals.*

[*Ἐν τῷ ἀγρῷ τοῖς βοῦσσι, &c.*] He graved a herd of oxen, marching with their heads erected ; these oxen (inlaid with gold and tin) seemed to bellow as they quitted their stall, and run in haste to the meadows, through which a rapid river rolled with resounding streams amongst the rushes : Four herdsmen of gold attended them, followed by nine large dogs. Two terrible lions seized a bull by the throat who roared as they dragged him along ; the dogs and the herdsmen ran to his rescue, but the lions, having torn the bull, devoured his entrails, and drank his blood. The herdsmen came up with their dogs, and heartened them in vain, they durst not attack the

the lions, but standing at some distance, barked at them, and shunned them.

We have next a fine piece of animals, tame and savage: but what is remarkable is, that these animals are not coldly brought in to be gazed upon: The herds, dogs, and lions are put into action, enough to exercise the warmth and spirit of *Rubens*, or the great taste of *Julio Romano*.

The lions may be next the eye, one holding the bull by the throat, the other tearing out his entrails: A herdsman or two heartening the dogs; All these on the fore-ground. On the second ground another groupe of oxen, that seem to have been gone before, tossing their heads and running; other herdsmen and dogs after 'em: And beyond them a prospect of the river.

#### Eleventh Compartment. Sheep.

[*Ἐν δὲ νοτίῳ, &c.*] ‘The divine artist then engraved <sup>a</sup> a large flock of white sheep, feeding along a beautiful valley. Innumerable folds, cottages, and enclosed shelters, were scattered thro’ the prospect.

This is an entire landscape without human figures, an image of nature solitary and undisturbed: The deepest repose and tranquillity is that which distinguishes it from others.

#### Twelfth Compartment. The Dance.

[*Ἐν δὲ χορῷ, &c.*] ‘The skilful *Vulcan* then designed the figure and various motions of a dance, like that which *Dædalus* of old contrived in *Gnossus* for the fair *Ariadne*. There the young men and maidens danced hand in hand; the maids were dressed in linen garments, the men in rich and shining stuffs: The maids had flow’ry crowns on their heads; the men had swords of gold hanging from their sides in belts of silver. Here they seem to run in a ring with active feet as swiftly as a wheel runs round when tried by the hand of the potter. There, they appeared to move in many figures, and sometimes to meet, sometimes to wind from each other. A multitude of spectators stood round, delighted with the dance.

“ dance. In the middle two nimble tumblers exercised themselves in feats of activity, while the song was carried on by the whole circle.

This picture includes the greatest number of persons: Homer himself has grouped them, and marked the manner of the composition. This piece would excel in the different *airs of beauty* which might be given to the young men and women, and the graceful attitudes in the various manners of dancing: On which account the subject might be fit for *Guido*, or perhaps could be no where better executed than in our own country.

#### THE BORDER OF THE SHIELD.

[*Ἐ, 8 ἵρην πολυπότι, &c.*] ‘ Then lastly, he represented the rapid course of the great ocean, which he made to roll its waves round the extremity of the whole circumference.’

This (as has been said before) was only the Frame of the whole Shield, and is therefore but slightly touched upon, without any mention of particular objects.

I ought not to end this essay, without vindicating myself from the vanity of treating of an art, which I love so much better than I understand: But I have been very careful to consult both the best performers and judges in Painting. I can't neglect this occasion of saying, how happy I think myself in the favour of the most distinguished masters of that art. Sir Godfrey Kneller in particular allows me to tell the world, that he entirely agrees with my sentiments on this subject: And I can't help wishing, that he who gives this testimony to Homer, would ennable so great a design by his own execution of it. Vulcan never wrought for *Thetis* with more readiness and affection, than Sir Godfrey has done for me: And so admirable a picture of the whole universe could not be a more agreeable present, than he has obliged me with, in the portraits of some of those persons, who are to me the dearest objects in it.

*End of the THIRD VOLUME.*

